



No. 68

FOUR STAR HIT!  
BOY COMMANDOS



IND

THE BATMAN

# Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OCT.

# COMICS

10¢





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**GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING**

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

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**CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR BOOK REVIEWS!**

Boys and girls! Would you like to see your own book reviews printed on this page? Would you like to win cash prizes? Here's your chance!

The list of books below has been suggested by Mrs. Grace E. Cartmell, Supt. of Work with Children, of the Queensboro Public Library. Young people in her library have read them and liked them. Get one of these books from *your* library, send me a review of it in less than 200 words. The winning review will appear in this magazine, and the writer will receive a \$5.00 prize. You can win!

Send your review to me in care of this magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. Print your name and address plainly.

JOSETTE FRANK

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.....By Mary Jane Carr  
Black Stallion.....By Walter Farley  
Juneau the Sleigh Dog.....By West Lathrop  
Citadel of a Hundred Stairways.....By Alida Malkus  
Black Fire.....By Covelle Newcomb  
Way Down Cellar.....By Phil Stong  
Piang, the Moro Chieftain.....By Florence Stuart  
Happy Landing.....By Leonora M. Weber  
Haven for the Brave.....By Elizabeth Yates  
The Last of the Gauchos.....By Thames Williamson

**THE MAIL WAGON MYSTERY**

By May Justus

Illustrated by Lucia Patton

This is the story of a feud between two families in the mountain country of Tennessee.

When the six Murray children were left, during their mother's illness, to take care of themselves, they had a pretty hard time making ends meet and so they welcomed an invitation to come to Thunderhead Mountain to live with an uncle they had heard about but had never seen. They arrived in the midst of trouble, for their Uncle Matt had been accused of a mail robbery and was in jail awaiting trial. At the mines where many of the men of No-End Hollow earned their living there was strife, too, fanned higher as men took sides in the feud between the Murrays and the Coomers.

To Bob and Dick Murray it became important to solve the mystery of the theft of the miners' money from the mail wagon and thus clear their Uncle Matt's good name. To Harriet, it seemed important also to settle the feud that was keeping the whole mountainside stirred to fever pitch.

When these two plans work out together, the story comes to an exciting climax.

Get this book at your library.

**SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE**

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

M RIIH EQIVMGE. EQIVMGE RIIHW CSY.  
HS CSYV FMX!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



HAVE YOU MET **TWO-FACE**, THE MOST BIZARRE VILLAIN OF ALL HISTORY? HE USED TO BE HANDSOME DISTRICT ATTORNEY HARVEY KENT. ONE DAY A VENGEFUL RACKETEER HURLED ACID AT HIM, HORRIBLY SCARRING ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE! SHUNNED, BITTER, KENT IN TRUTH BECAME **TWO-FACE**... A LIVING JEKYL-HYDE!

ONE SIDE GOOD, CLEAN, HANDSOME...THE OTHER SIDE UGLY, RUTHLESS, CRIMINAL! EVEN HIS CRIMES WERE DECIDED BY THE TOSS OF A TWO-HEADED DOLLAR, ONE SIDE SHINY, THE OTHER SIDE MUTILATED... LIKE HIS OWN!

BUT WHEN THE **BATMAN** TOOK UP HIS TRAIL, **TWO-FACE** WAS FORCED TO FLIP FOR FREEDOM OR FOR JAIL... AND SO, WHERE OUR FIRST STORY ENDS, THIS ONE BEGINS...AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** CLASH A SECOND TIME WITH...

*"The Man Who Led a Double Life!"*

BOB  
KANE



A FLIPPED SILVER DOLLAR IRONICALLY STANDS ON ITS EDGE IN A CRACK BETWEEN THE ROOM'S FLOOR BOARDS AS TWO MEN PEEK AT IT!



AND THIS IS A BIZARRE ROOM... ALMOST AS BIZARRE AS THE MAN THE BATMAN WATCHES CLOSELY...**TWO-FACE!**

**TWO-FACE**, WE TOSSED THAT COIN TO DECIDE SOMETHING! IF THE GOOD SIDE WON... YOU WERE TO GIVE YOURSELF UP! IF THE SCARRED SIDE WON...YOU WOULD CONTINUE A LIFE OF CRIME!

YES...BUT THE COIN IS STANDING ON ITS EDGE, SO IT CAN'T DECIDE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!



**TWO-FACE** SCOOPS UP THE COIN...AND DROPS IT INTO THE BREAST POCKET OF HIS VEST...



WHY PUT THE COIN AWAY? WHY NOT FLIP OVER AGAIN?

I REPEAT, **BATMAN**. I ONLY TOSS ONCE AGAINST CHANCE! SINCE I CAN'T DECIDE FOR MYSELF, NOW IT'S UP TO FATE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE!



AND FATE COMES BANGING IN...AS A BULLET SPEEDS UNERRINGLY AT **TWO-FACE'S** BREAST!

IT'S OKAY, **BATMAN**... I WON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO FIRE THAT GUN!

NO, DON'T!

UGH!

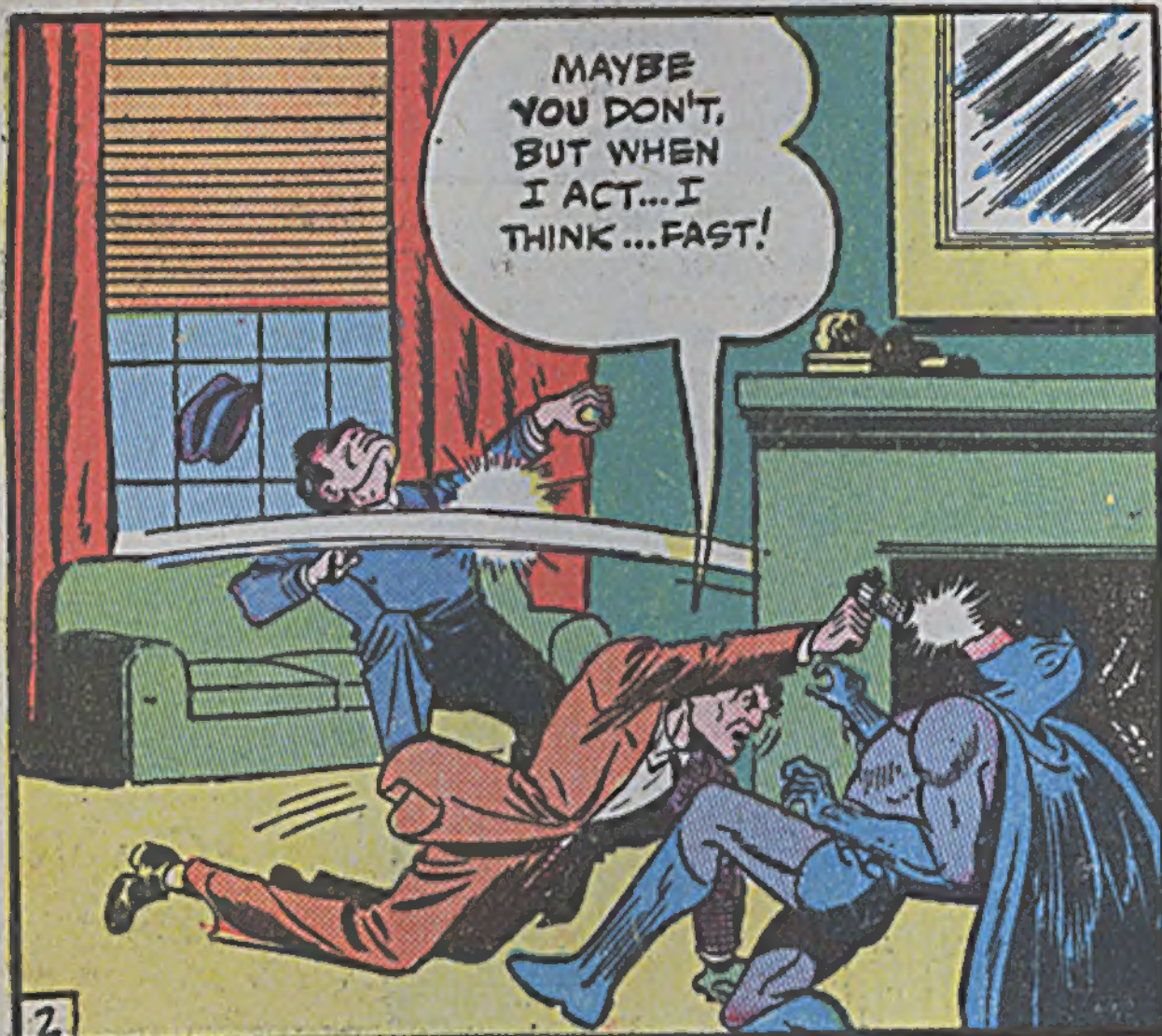


YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! I MIGHT HAVE REFORMED HIM YET!

SORRY, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN DANGER! I GUESS I ACTED TOO FAST TO THINK!



MAYBE YOU DON'T, BUT WHEN I ACT...I THINK...FAST!



A HEADLONG CRASH CARRIES **TWO-FACE** AWAY FROM THE GROGGY PURSUERS...

HA! GOT AWAY! THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED MY LIFE WAS THE COIN... BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE BULLET HIT! MY BREAST POCKET!



THE BULLET... IT HIT THE SCARRED SIDE! FATE'S GIVEN ME MY ANSWER! THE SCARRED SIDE SAVED MY LIFE...FOR A LIFE OF CRIME!



THIS IS THE PATH DESTINY'S CHOSEN FOR ME...GOOD-BYE FOREVER TO HARVEY KENT, D.A.... IT'S **TWO-FACE**, CRIME KING, FROM NOW ON!





MEN, LOOK AT THIS TWO-HEADED COIN! NOTE HOW MUCH LIKE ME IT IS WITH ITS TWO FACES...ONE FACE, CLEAN, HANDSOME, GOOD...

A hand holding a glowing yellow orb with radiating lines, set against a red background. The hand is green and the orb is yellow with radiating lines. The background is red.

A close-up illustration of a hand holding a round medallion. The medallion features a profile of a man with a mustache and a feather in his hair. The hand is rendered in a simple, stylized manner with pinkish skin. The background is dark and textured.

WHY...LOOK AT ALL THE MONEY SOME-ONE DONATED!

YES... AND IT WAS CONTRIBUTED BY TWO-FACE!

I'M SORRY  
YOU BOYS  
DIDN'T MAKE  
ANY MONEY  
ON THIS  
TENNIS  
JOB...BUT  
THE GOOD  
SIDE OF  
THE COIN  
WON!

YEAH! BUT I  
HOPE THE  
BAD SIDE  
WINS SOON!



HEADLINE NEWS HITS THE FRONT PAGES!

EXTRA DAILY GLOBE  
**HENRY LOGAN KIDNAPPED**

MATCH KING  
SNATCHED BE-  
FORE ADVER-  
TISING CLUB.



HENRY LOGAN

AT THAT  
VERY INSTANT...  
TWO LYNX-  
LIKE FIGURES  
FLASH LIKE  
TWIN COMETS  
OVER THE  
ROOFTOPS!

I'LL  
BET WE'RE  
PUT ON THAT  
LOGAN  
SNATCH!

SNAP  
IT UP,  
ROBIN...  
THAT'S  
HEADQUARTERS  
CALLING  
US!

... AND SURE ENOUGH...  
SOME TIME LATER...

WHY  
THIS  
MYSTERIOUS  
RIDE,  
COMMISSIONER  
GORDON?

TO  
THE  
HENRY  
LOGAN  
HOME!

SEE?  
I  
GUESSED  
RIGHT!

LATER...THE  
CAR HALTS...  
AND THE TRIO  
STEPS INTO A  
HUGE BARN-  
LIKE STRUCTURE...

OOPS!  
SLIPPED...  
ON A  
MATCH  
STICK!

GREAT SCOTT!  
ALL OF THE THINGS  
HERE ARE MADE OF  
MATCHSTICKS! WHAT  
IS THIS PLACE,  
ANYWAY?

MY HOBBY  
HOUSE.  
I COME HERE  
WHEN I DON'T  
WANT TO BE  
DISTURBED!

HENRY  
LOGAN!  
B-BUT  
YOU'VE  
BEEN  
KID-  
NAPPED!

USE YOUR  
EYES... I'M  
HERE! COULDN'T  
BE KIDNAPPED  
IF I'M HERE.  
BAH!

THEN  
WHO WAS  
KIDNAPPED?

IT  
WAS  
HIS  
DOUBLE!

YES... MY DOUBLE!  
I HATE GOING TO  
STUFFY DINNERS,  
CLUBS!... I SEND MY  
DOUBLE IN MY PLACE!...  
HE'S PERFECTLY  
TRAINED!... FOOLS MY  
BEST FRIENDS. HEE!  
HEE!

THE GROUCHY MILLIONAIRE  
THEN HANDS BATMAN  
A PAPER...

I've got your double!  
it'll cost you  
\$200,000 to get  
him back. I'll call  
you tonight for  
an answer—  
(signed)  
Two-Face

TWO-FACE!  
BUT HOW DID  
HE KNOW ABOUT  
THE DOUBLE IF  
IT WAS SUCH A  
SECRET?

WHEN HE WAS  
HARVEY KENT, D.A.,  
I CONFIDED  
IN HIM... HE  
PROMISED TO  
KEEP MY SECRET...  
NOW HE'S TAKING  
ADVANTAGE  
OF IT. HMPH!



I'M TAKING A CHANCE TELLING YOU AND GORDON! BUT I WANT MY DOUBLE... I'VE GOT TO BE FREE TO CONTINUE MY HOBBY! GET HIM BACK FOR ME!

YOU SELFISH OLD FOSSIL! YOU'RE ONLY THINKING OF YOURSELF, NOT OF THAT POOR MAN!

ALL RIGHT... BUT YOU DO AS I SAY! LISTEN...



TIME DRAGS ON IN THE ECCENTRIC MATCH-KING'S HOBBY HOUSE...

WHY, YOU INGRATE, IT WOULD ONLY TAKE ONE FIST TO MAKE YOU MORE POLITE!



CAREFUL, YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! YOU ALMOST PUSHED OVER MY EIFFEL TOWER! IT TOOK 25,000 MATCHSTICKS TO MAKE THAT!

THEN, AT LONG LAST...THE PHONE CALL FROM TWO-FACE.

ALL RIGHT...I'LL PAY... BUT ONLY WHEN I MYSELF SEE THAT MY DOUBLE IS UNHARMED!



FINE! I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY BOYS CALL FOR YOU AND THE DOUGH... BUT NO TRICKS!



WORKIN' THIS JOB ON YOUR FORMULA IS OKAY! TWO LOGANS... AND WE GET TWO HUNDRED GRAND!

HA! HA! YOU'RE LEARNING FAST! OKAY, JOE...GO PICK UP LOGAN! MEET US AT THE BARN!



SOME TIME AFTER... LOGAN AND A COMPANION ARE BROUGHT BEFORE AN OLD RAM-SHACKLE BARN...

INSIDE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUSH ME, YOU RUFFIAN!



DID THEY HURT YOU?

THAT'S THE DOUBLE GUY'S WIFE! SHE WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIM!

WIFE! HE'S A BACHELOR! IT'S A TRICK!

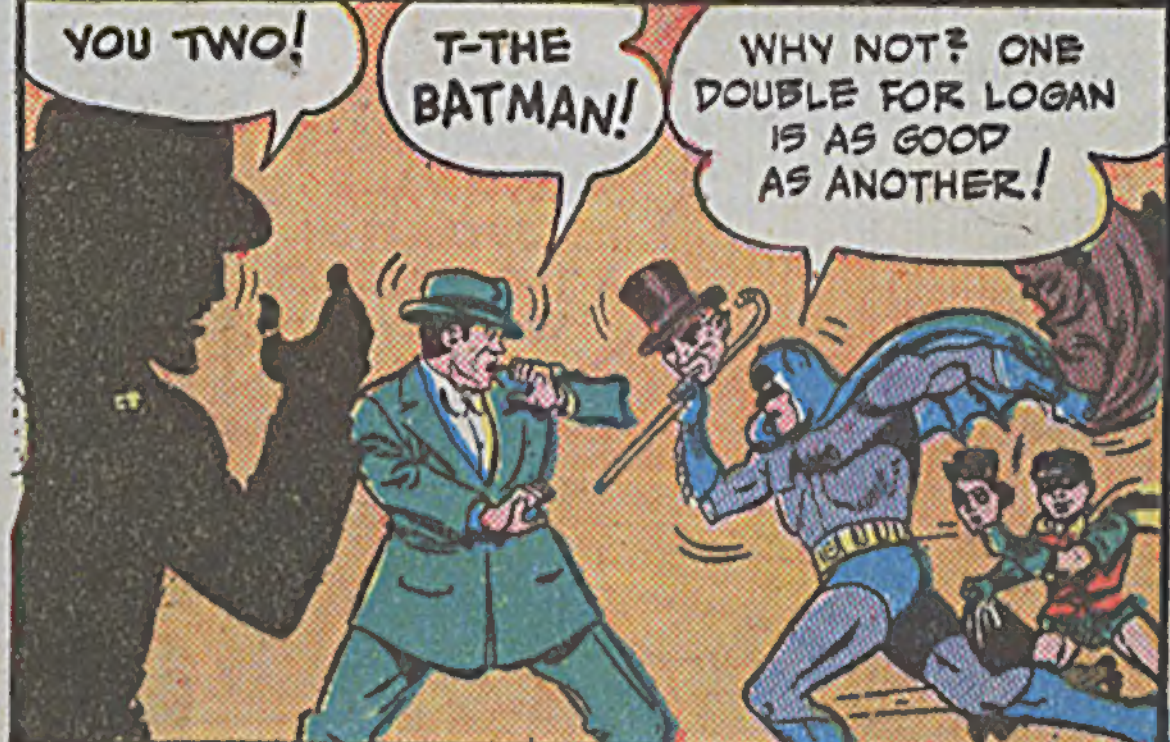


ABRUPTLY...FROM UNDER THE DISGUISES OF "LOGAN" AND THE "WIFE" EXPLODE TWO POWER-MUSCLED FRAMES..BATMAN AND ROBIN!

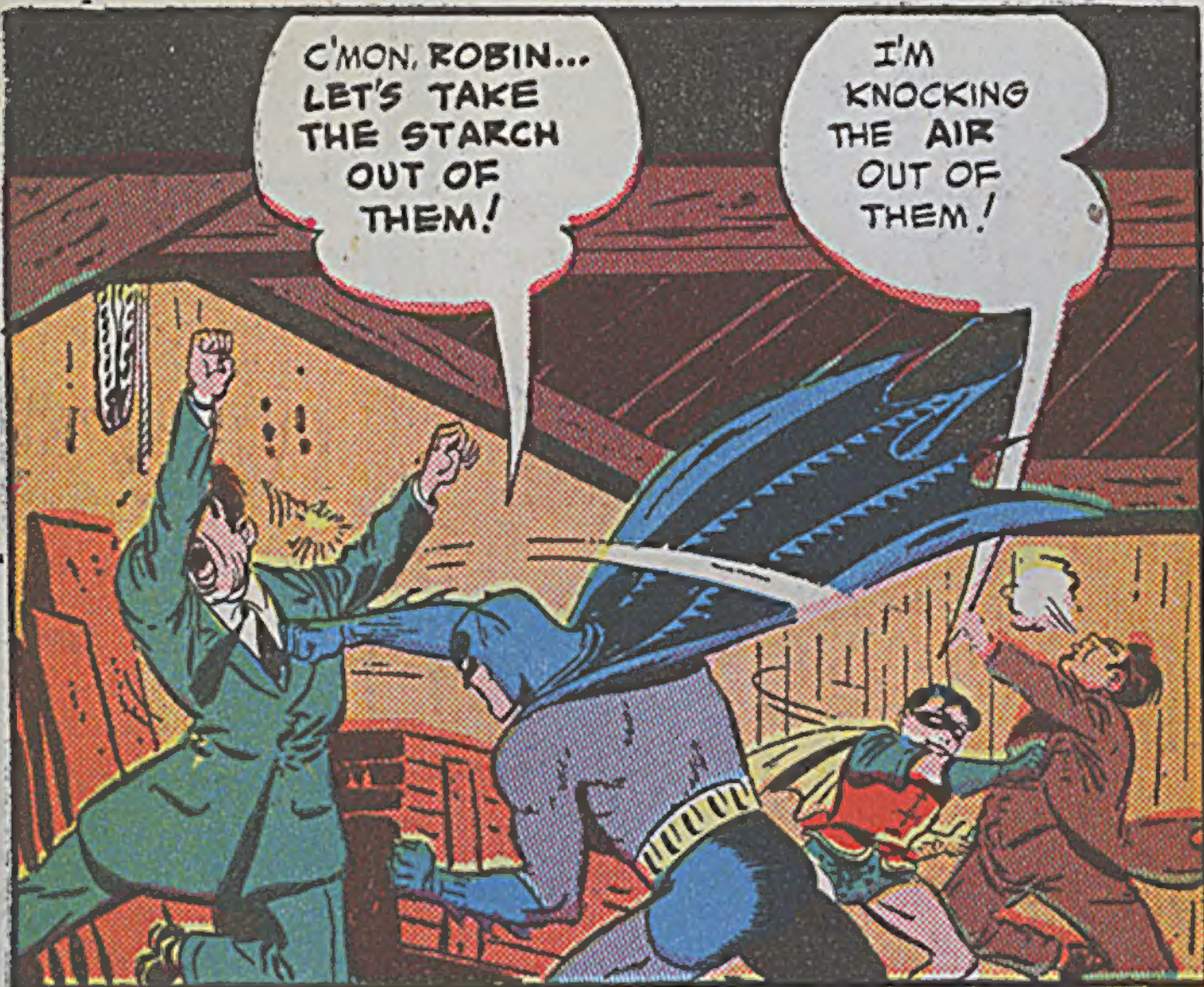
YOU TWO!

T-THE BATMAN!

WHY NOT? ONE DOUBLE FOR LOGAN IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!







C'MON, ROBIN...  
LET'S TAKE  
THE STARCH  
OUT OF  
THEM!

I'M  
KNOCKING  
THE AIR  
OUT OF  
THEM!



TWO-FACE,  
I'M GOING  
TO END  
YOUR CRIME  
CAREER RIGHT  
NOW!

AND  
I'M GONNA  
END  
YOURS,  
BATMAN!

Suddenly...  
A PITCHFORK  
HISSES AT THE  
COWARDLY KILLER,  
PINS HIS  
SLEEVE TO THE  
WALL!...



WHAT SORT OF  
ADVENTURE WOULD  
THIS BE IF BATMAN  
OR ROBIN DIDN'T  
SWING ON A ROPE  
AT LEAST  
ONCE?



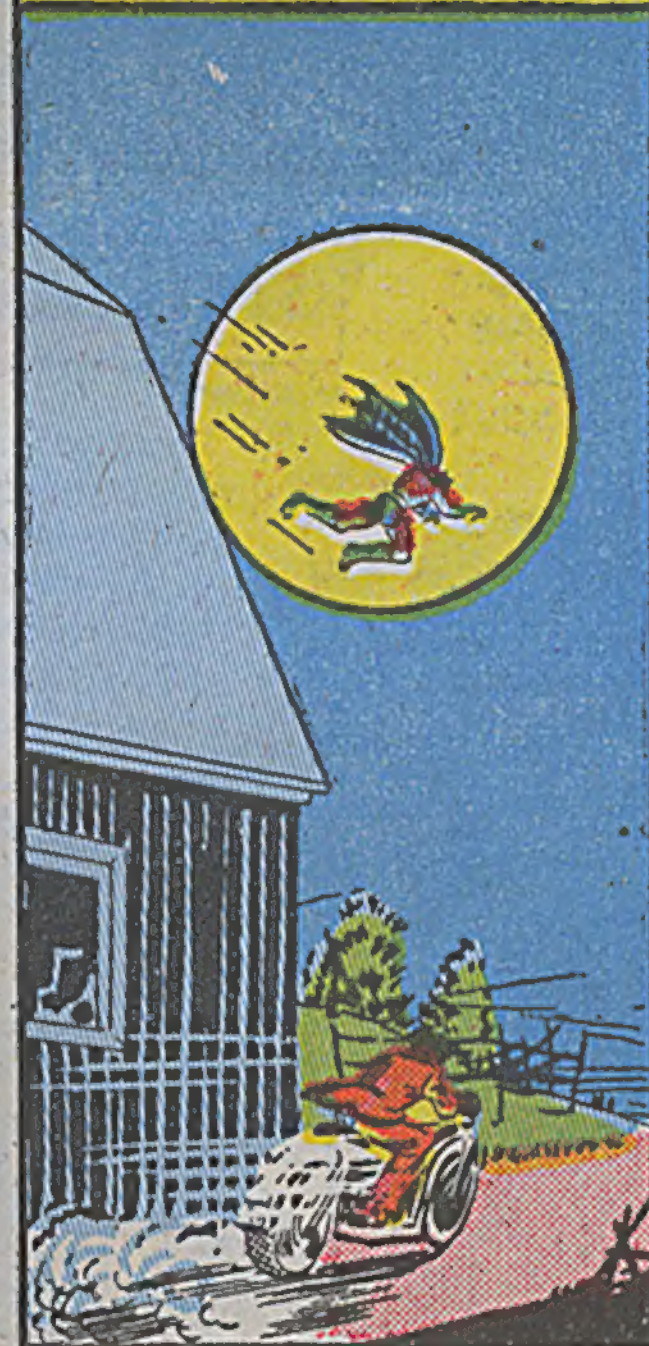
THEN...  
CATASTROPHE!  
AN AVALANCHE  
OF HAY SPILLS  
OVER ROBIN...

GLUB...  
GLUB...

HAW!  
DON'T TELL  
ME THAT AIN'T  
HAY, BROTHER!

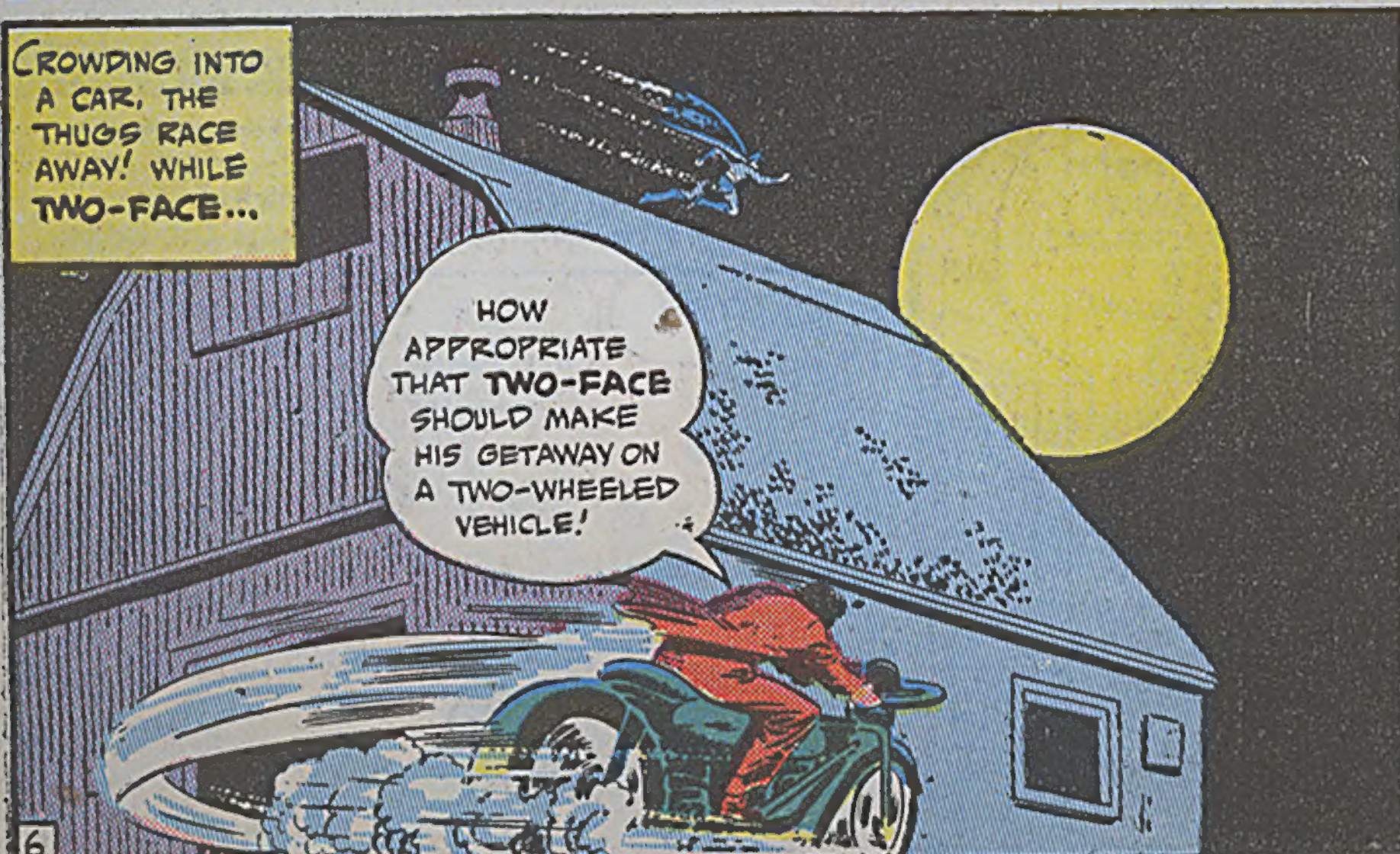
CUT THE PUNNING! GET  
GOING WHILE THE GOING'S  
GOOD! WE'LL SPLIT UP AS  
PLANNED ORIGINALLY IN  
CASE POLICE ARE ABOUT!

A FLYING TAKE-OFF...AND  
A WING-CAPED SHAPE  
HURTTLES THROUGH EMPTY  
SPACE!

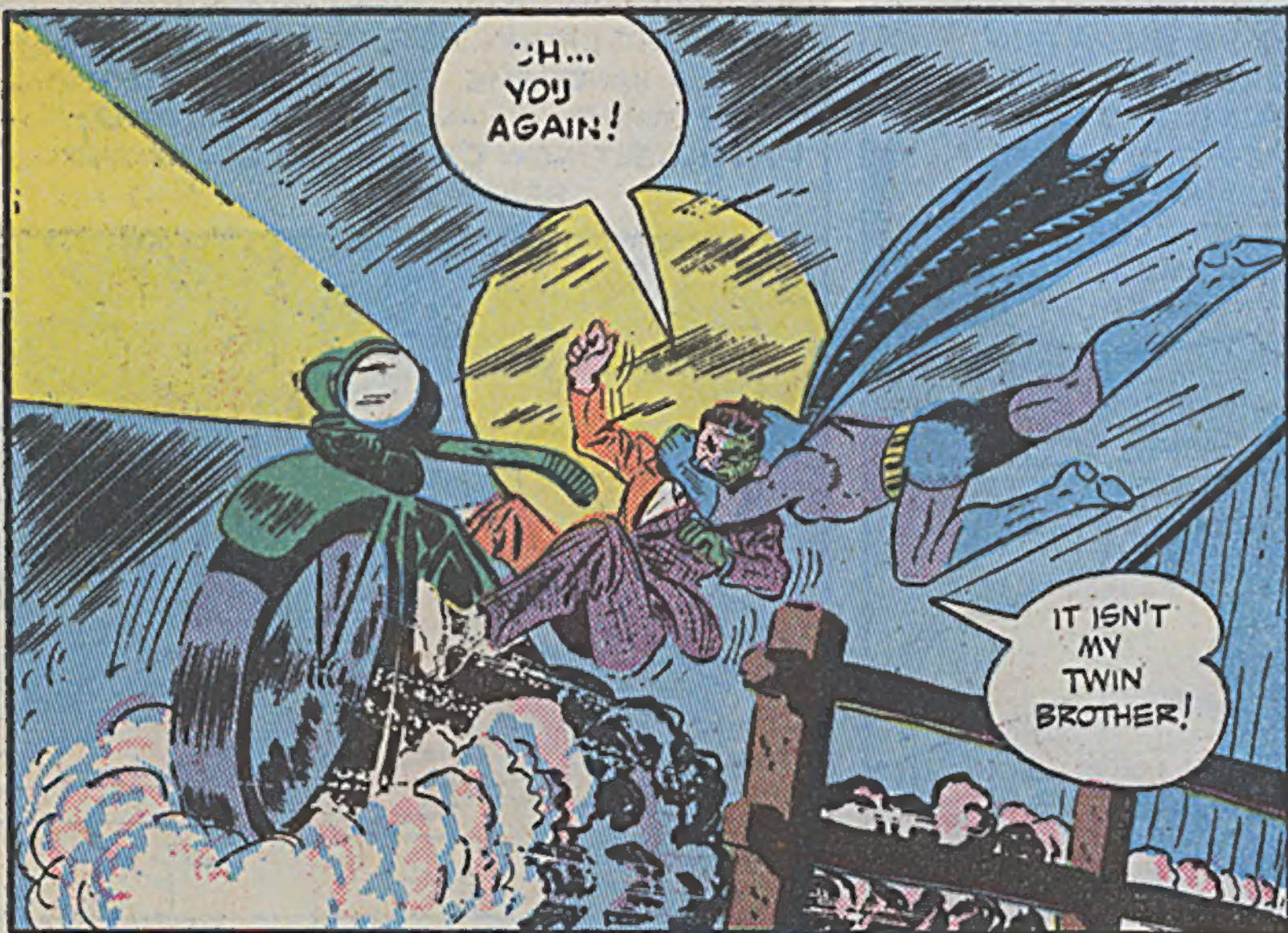


CROWDING INTO  
A CAR, THE  
THUGS RACE  
AWAY! WHILE  
TWO-FACE...

HOW  
APPROPRIATE  
THAT TWO-FACE  
SHOULD MAKE  
HIS GETAWAY ON  
A TWO-WHEELED  
VEHICLE!







OH...  
YOU  
AGAIN!

IT ISN'T  
MY  
TWIN  
BROTHER!

## TWO-FISTED BATMAN VS. TWO-FACE!



WHO KNOWS?  
MAYBE I CAN STILL  
KNOCK SOME SENSE  
INTO YOU!

BUT THE OVER-  
EAGER BATMAN  
DOES NOT SPY  
A FUGITIVE DIPPING  
INTO A VEST  
POCKET!



SOMETHING STREAKS  
THROUGH THE AIR  
LIKE A SILVER  
COMET... AND THUDS  
HEAVILY AGAINST  
THE BATMAN'S  
TEMPLE!

THIS HEAVY SILVER  
DOLLAR OF MINE CAME  
IN HANDY AGAIN! I  
COULD KILL THE BATMAN...  
BUT I'M NOT A KILLER YET...  
BESIDES, HE WAS MY  
FRIEND! WELL... I'LL GET GOING  
BEFORE I GIVE IN TO TEMPTATION!



SOME TIME LATER...THE RECOVERED BATMAN  
AND ROBIN RETURN TO THE MATCH-KING'S  
HOBBY HOUSE...

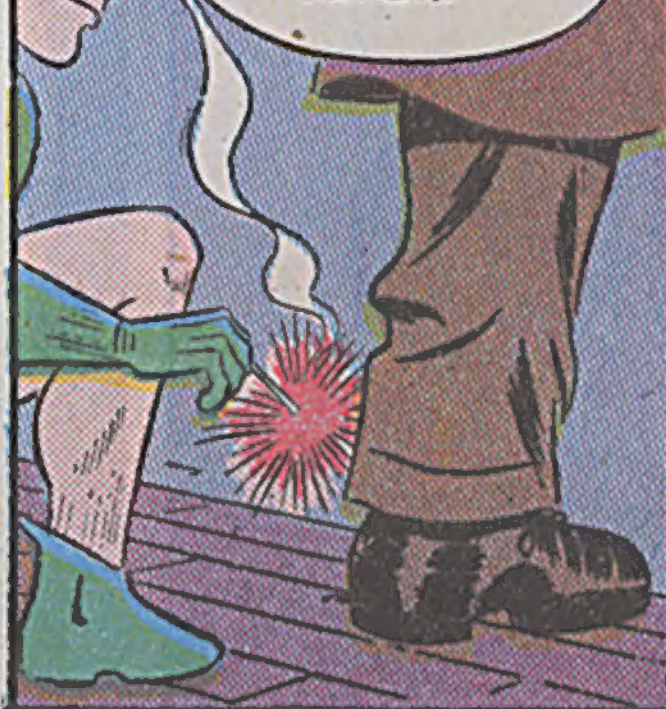
WELL, LOGAN...  
I'VE COME BACK  
WITH YOUR DOUBLE!

UH?... OH YES...  
DON'T ANNOY ME  
NOW... CAN'T YOU  
SEE I'M BUSY!  
GET OUT... GET  
OUT!

WHY, YOU COLD,  
SELFISH, MEAN, OLD  
CRAB! I'M RUNNING  
OUT OF ADJECTIVES. HE  
DIDN'T EVEN ASK  
HOW HIS DOUBLE  
FELT OR ANY-  
THING!



HUMPH...  
PEOPLE ALWAYS  
BOTHERING ME...  
WISH THEY'D  
LEAVE ME ALONE!  
HMM... NOW  
ANOTHER MATCH  
HERE...



ROBIN! YOU NAUGHTY BOY!  
TCH-TCH - YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE GIVEN LOGAN A  
"HOT FOOT"... EVEN THOUGH  
HE DID DESERVE IT!

ONOOO!

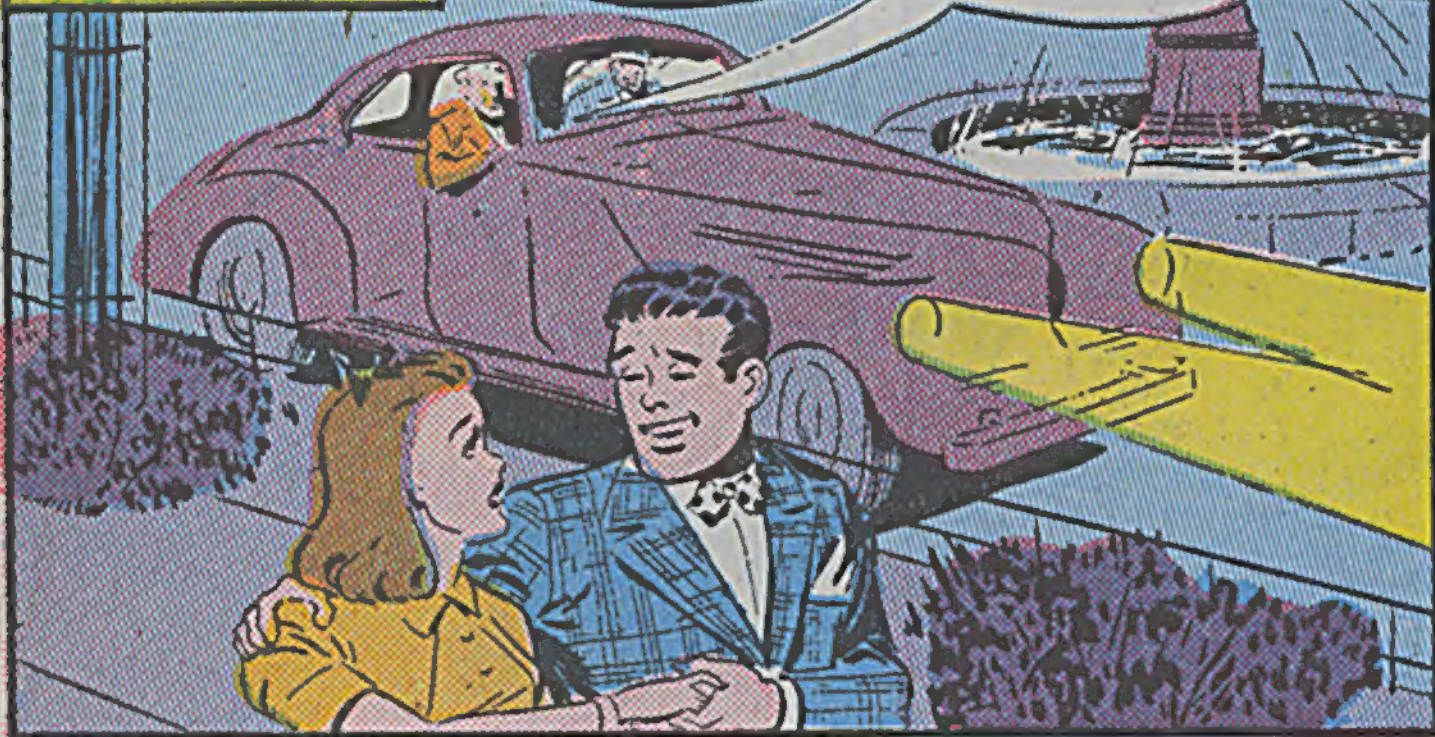
HE LIKES TO  
PLAY AROUND  
WITH MATCHES  
SO MUCH... LET  
HIM TRYING  
PLAYING AROUND  
WITH THAT!



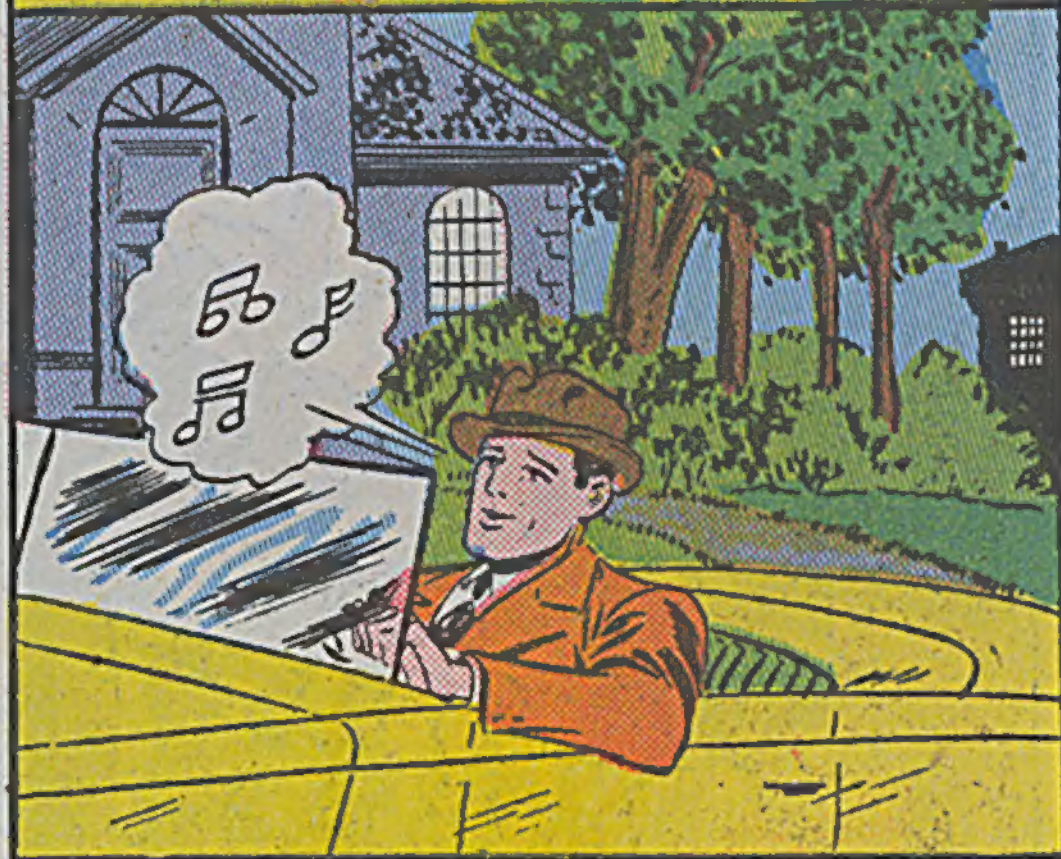


THE NEXT NIGHT... A SULTRY SUMMER NIGHT... FRAGRANT AND ROMANTIC UNDER A FULL MOON...

THAT MIGHT BE GILDA AND MYSELF... WERE IT NOT FOR MY SCARRED FACE! IF I HAD A HEALED FACE SHE MIGHT LOVE ME AGAIN... PLASTIC SURGERY IS HOPELESS... BUT MAYBE... HMM...



ONE NIGHT LATER... BEFORE GILDA'S HOME STOPS A HANDSOME CAR AND SEATED AT THE WHEEL A HANDSOME MAN... TWO-FACE... BUT NOW ONE FACE, CLEAN AND HANDSOME!



HARVEY! YOU'VE COME BACK! I... YOUR FACE! IT'S LIKE IT USED TO BE!

PLASTIC SURGERY! A MIRACLE! I WAS AS SURPRISED AS YOU WERE!



THE FLESH LOOKS SO... SO CLEAN!... I FEEL LIKE TOUCHING IT!

NO!... UH... I MEAN... WELL... THE FLESH IS STILL SENSITIVE... I... I... JUST TOOK THE BANDAGES OFF TODAY!



JOYFULLY, HAPPY GILDA PREPARES AN INTIMATE DINNER...

OH, DARLING... I'M SO HAPPY! NOW YOU WILL GIVE YOURSELF UP TO THE LAW AND END THIS... THIS INSANE CRIMINAL LIFE!

BUT, GILDA!... I'LL HAVE TO SERVE TIME! ARE YOU WILLING TO WAIT FOR ME?



FOREVER IF NECESSARY NOW THAT YOU... OH... OH!... YOUR FACE... YOUR FACE!

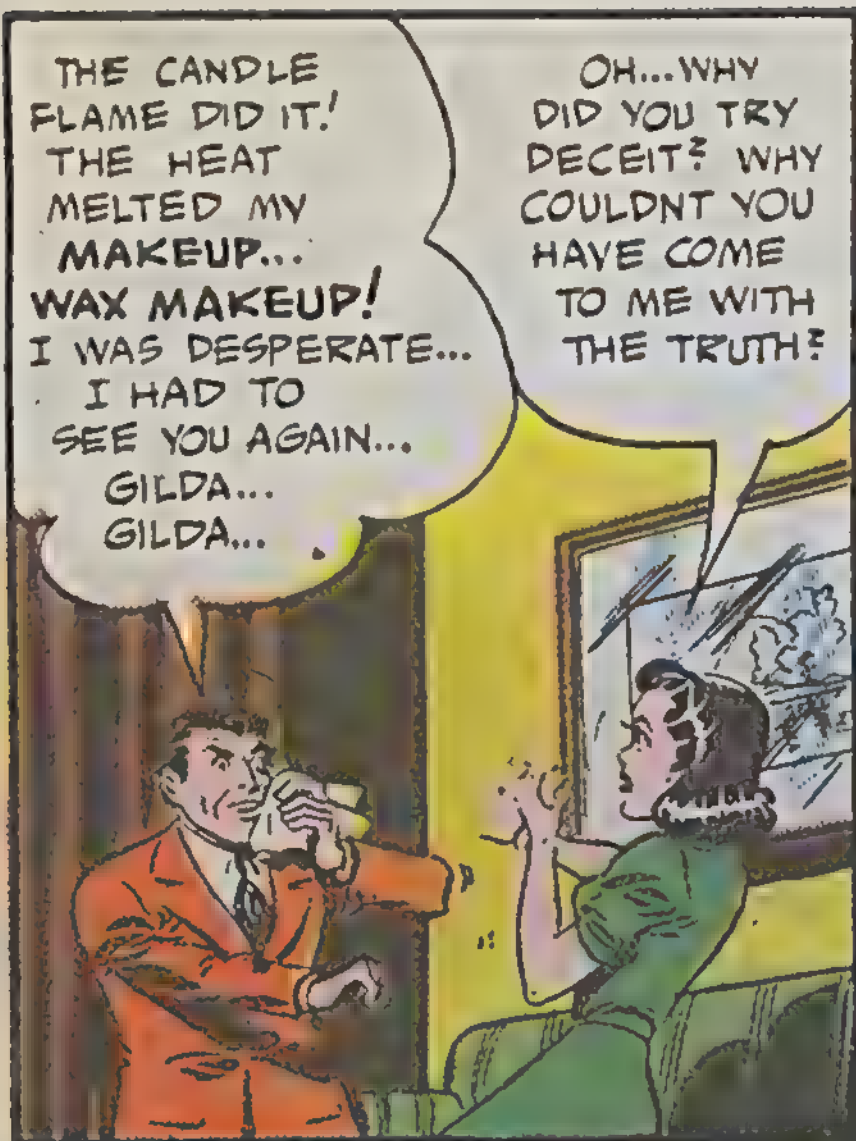
GILDA! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?



ONE SIDE OF YOUR FACE... IT'S MELTING!

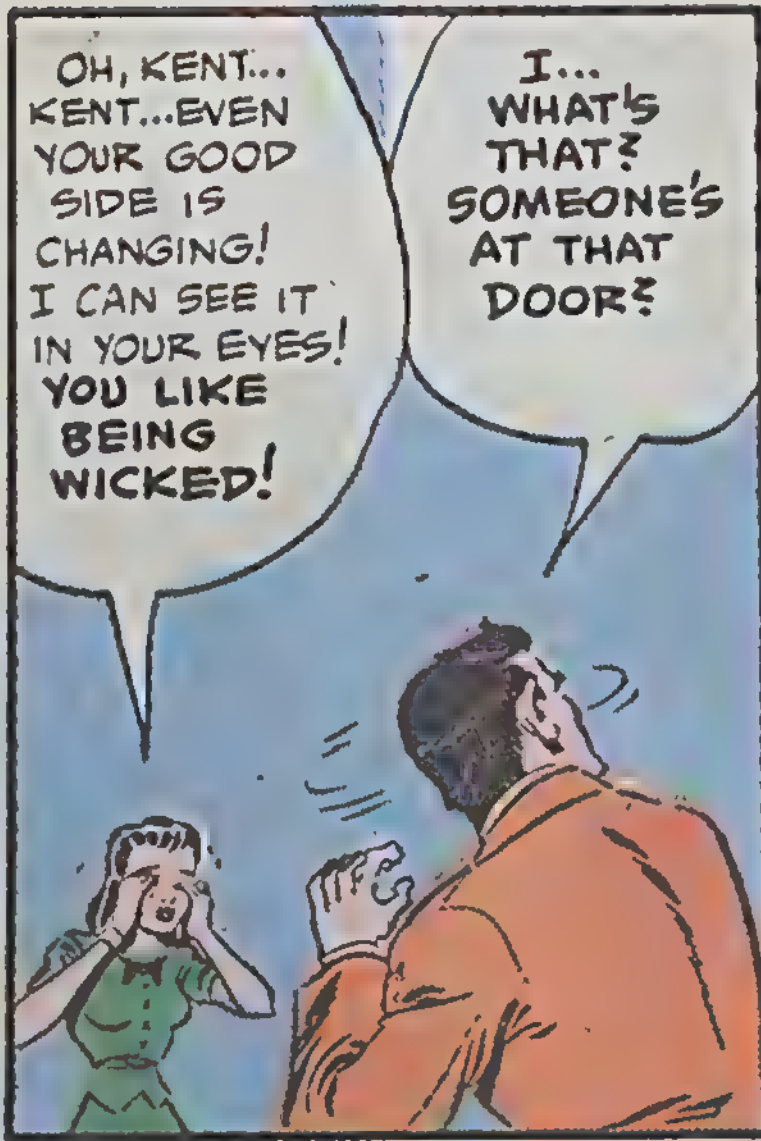






THE CANDLE  
FLAME DID IT!  
THE HEAT  
MELTED MY  
MAKEUP...  
WAX MAKEUP!  
I WAS DESPERATE...  
I HAD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN...  
GILDA...  
GILDA...

OH...WHY  
DID YOU TRY  
DECEIT? WHY  
COULDN'T YOU  
HAVE COME  
TO ME WITH  
THE TRUTH?



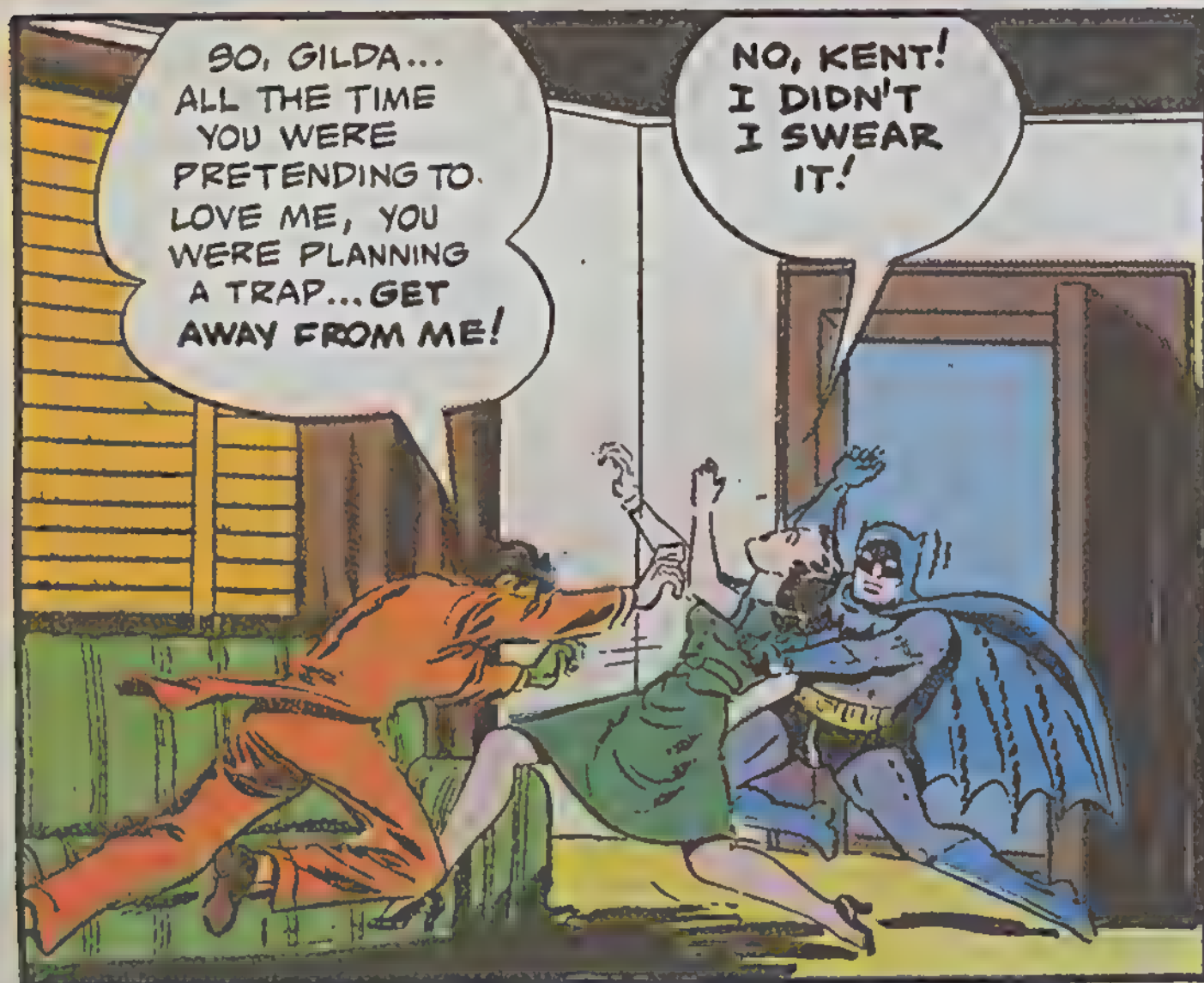
OH, KENT...  
KENT...EVEN  
YOUR GOOD  
SIDE IS  
CHANGING!  
I CAN SEE IT  
IN YOUR EYES!  
YOU LIKE  
BEING  
WICKED!

I...  
WHAT'S  
THAT?  
SOMEONE'S  
AT THAT  
DOOR?



HELLO,  
KENT!

BATMAN!



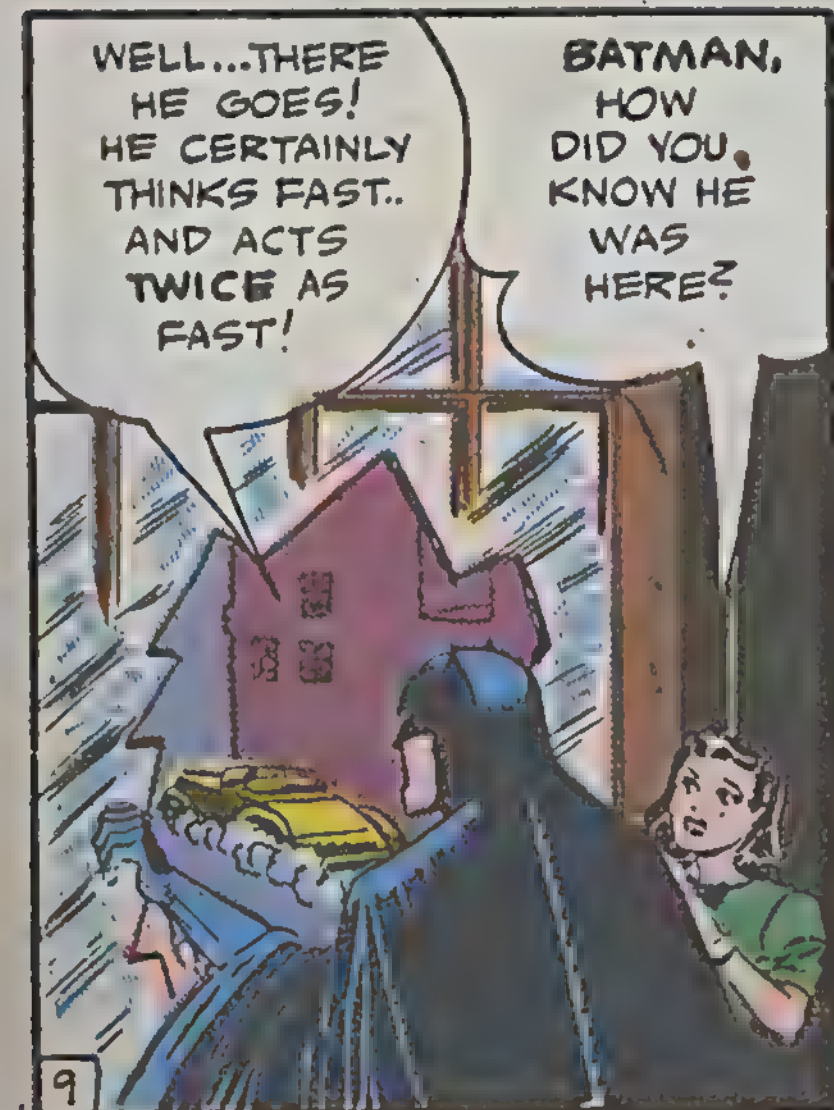
SO, GILDA...  
ALL THE TIME  
YOU WERE  
PRETENDING TO  
LOVE ME, YOU  
WERE PLANNING  
A TRAP...GET  
AWAY FROM ME!

NO, KENT!  
I DIDN'T  
I SWEAR  
IT!



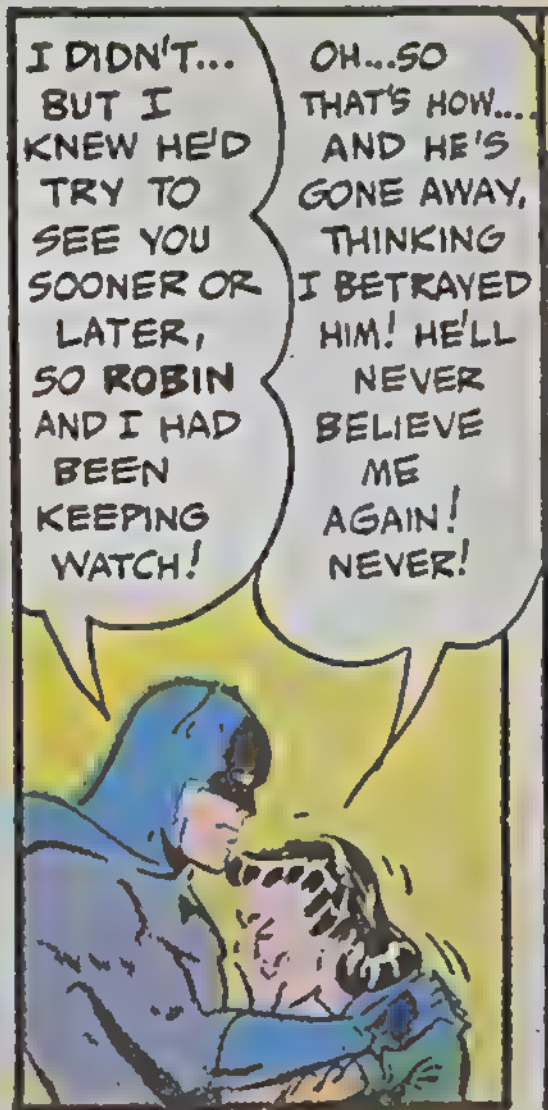
A WINDOW--  
SHATTERING LEAP...  
AND KENT FELS  
PLUCKY ROBIN!

HAH! IT  
TAKES MORE  
THAN YOU TO  
CATCH ME  
NAPPING!



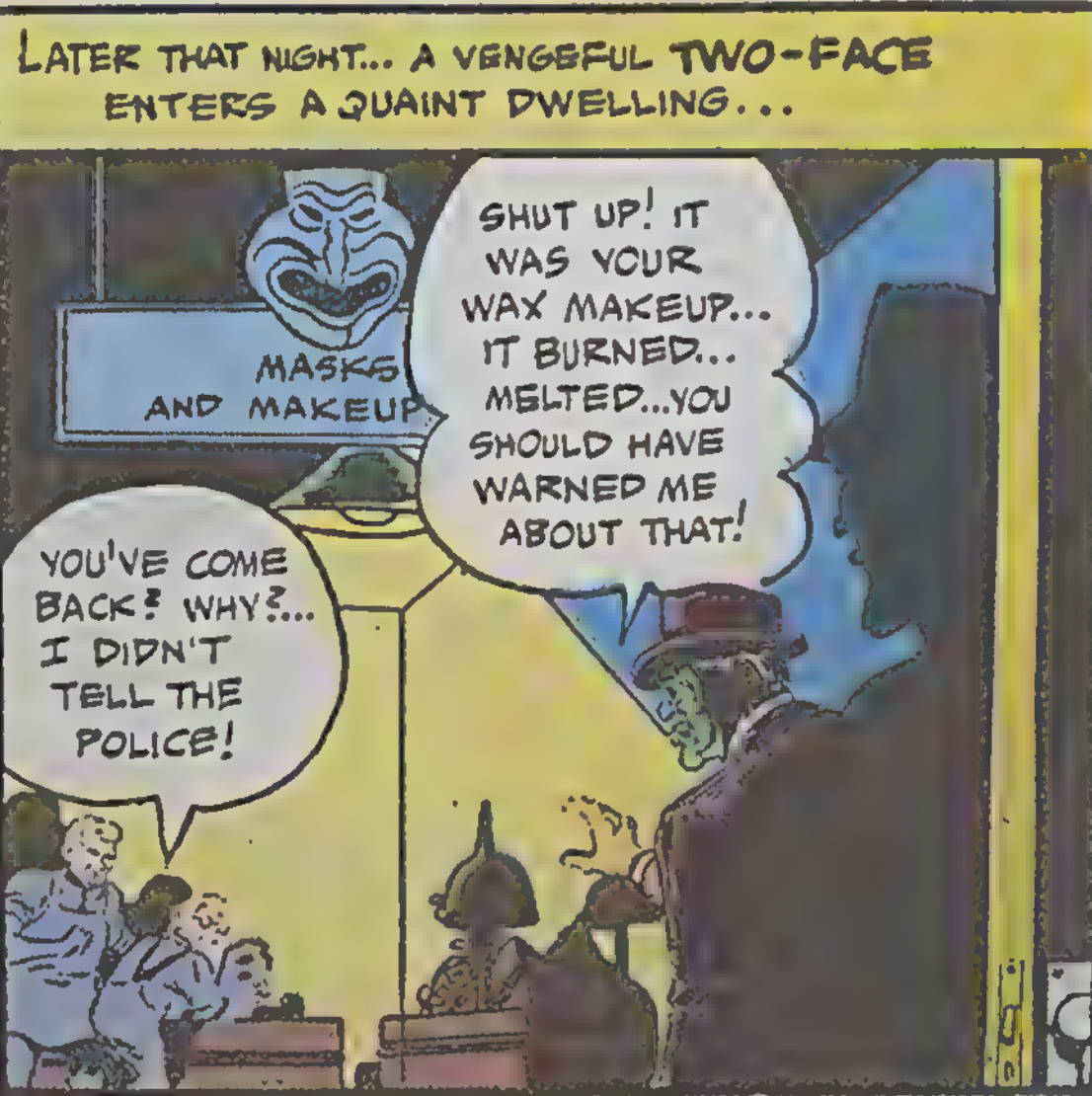
WELL...THERE  
HE GOES!  
HE CERTAINLY  
THINKS FAST..  
AND ACTS  
TWICE AS  
FAST!

BATMAN,  
HOW  
DID YOU  
KNOW HE  
WAS  
HERE?



I DIDN'T...  
BUT I  
KNEW HE'D  
TRY TO  
SEE YOU  
SOONER OR  
LATER,  
SO ROBIN  
AND I HAD  
BEEN  
KEEPING  
WATCH!

OH...SO  
THAT'S HOW...  
AND HE'S  
GONE AWAY,  
THINKING  
I BETRAYED  
HIM! HE'LL  
NEVER  
BELIEVE  
ME  
AGAIN!  
NEVER!



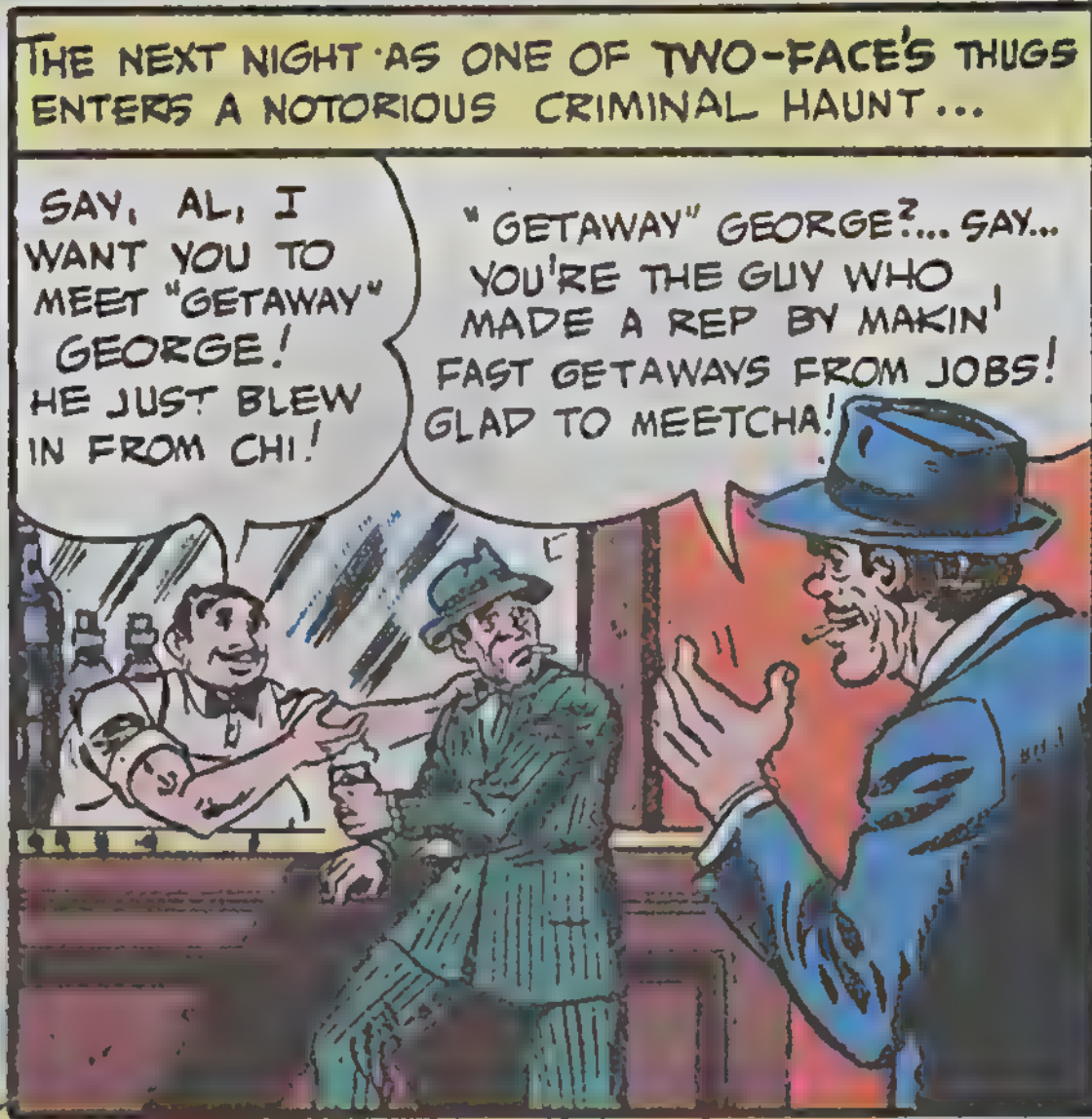
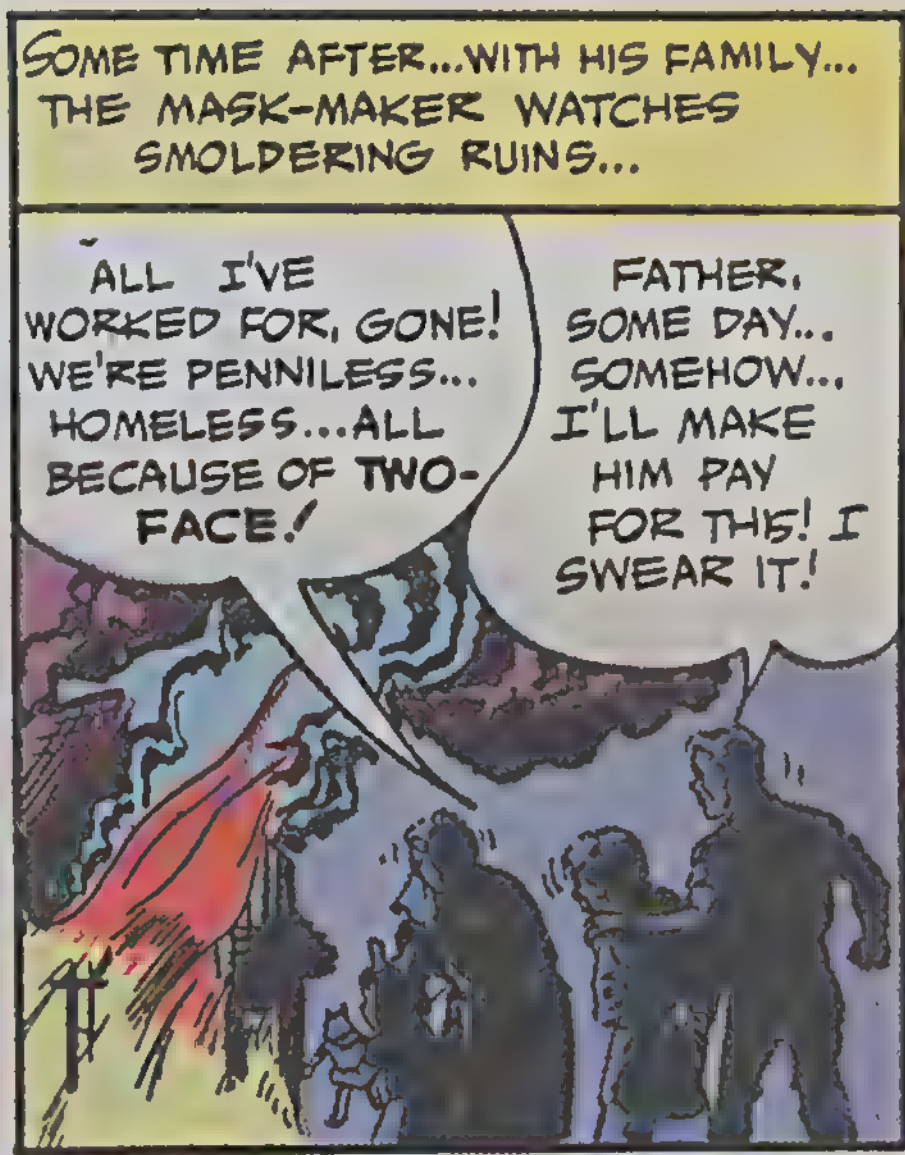
LATER THAT NIGHT... A VENGEFUL TWO-FACE  
ENTERS A QUAIN'T DWELLING...

MASKS  
AND MAKEUP

SHUT UP! IT  
WAS YOUR  
WAX MAKEUP...  
IT BURNED...  
MELTED...YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
WARNED ME  
ABOUT THAT!

YOU'VE COME  
BACK? WHY?...  
I DIDN'T  
TELL THE  
POLICE!







AW! THE GOOD SIDE WINS! THAT MEANS WE PULL OUR JOB IN THE DAYTIME...AND DON'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF IT!

AH, YES, WE WILL... A BIG LAUGH! WE'RE GOING TO ROB THE PROCEEDS OF THAT DOUBLE-HEADER BASEBALL GAME BETWEEN THE FIRE AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS!

HAW! WE ROB THE COPS AT THEIR OWN BASEBALL GAME! HAW! HAW!

WE LEAVE RIGHT NOW! "GETAWAY," YOU PARK THE CAR OUTSIDE AND WAIT FOR US! WE'LL MIX WITH THE SPECTATORS!

IT'S "BATTER UP" AT THE BASEBALL STADIUM...WHERE THE FANS WATCH THE FIREMEN VS. POLICEMEN!

C'MON, YOU BATMAN!

ZZZZ

STRIKE 'IM OUT, BATMAN!

SEC 10

BATMAN PITCHING? AND ROBIN CATCHING? RIGHT!... FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO ARE HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!

STRIKE ONE!

ATTABOY, PAL! YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE GROOVE!

IT IS A HARD-FOUGHT, TIE-SCORE GAME THAT LASTS FOR FOURTEEN INNINGS UNTIL THE BATMAN IS AT BAT!

IT'S A HOMER!

THE POLICE WIN!

INTERMISSION... AND THE FIRE DEPARTMENT PUTS ON A THRILLING EXHIBITION OF THEIR FIRE-FIGHTING SKILL!

LATER...THE MAYOR MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE PLEASED TO REPORT THAT THIS BOX CONTAINS OVER \$50,000 IN PAID ADMISSIONS WHICH WILL BE TURNED OVER TO OUR BENEFIT FUND!



Suddenly... CHARGING FROM THE STADIUM SEATS... DESCEND TWO-FACE AND COMPANY!

I'LL TAKE THAT, MR. MAYOR! IF ANYBODY SO MUCH AS TWITCHES, MY MEN WILL MACHINE-GUN THE AUDIENCE!



BUT SUDDENLY... A TON OF WATER BATTERS THE THUGS TO SEND THEM ROLLING LIKE TUMBLE-WEED!

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, TWO-FACE!

GLUG!



AH! A DOUBLE-PLAY!



AS POLICE SURROUND TWO-FACE, THE MAD-MAN ACTS!

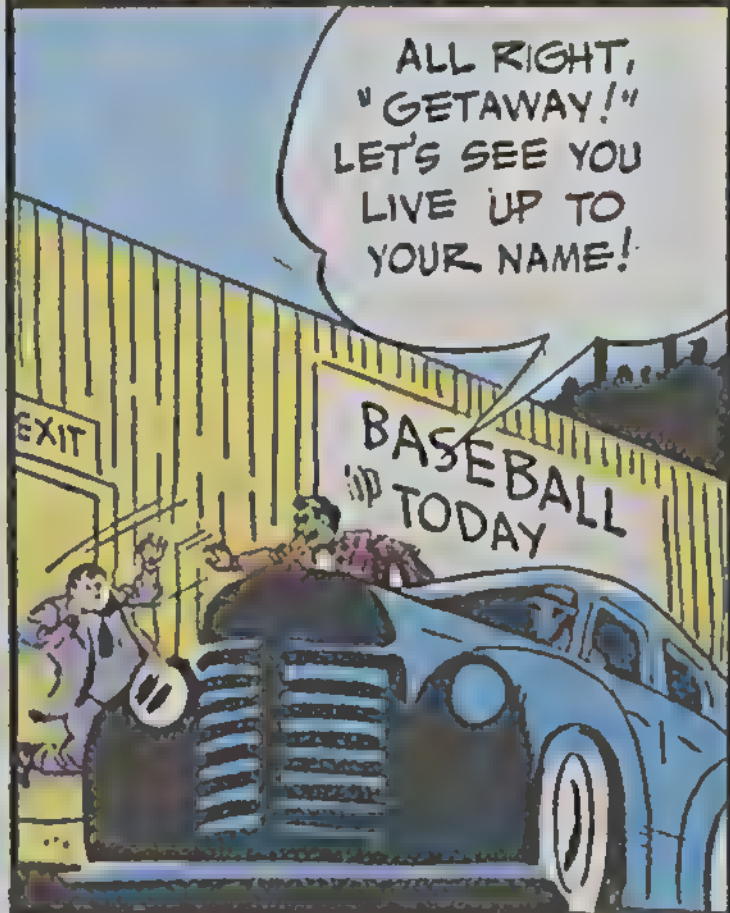
STOP... OR I'LL BLOW THE MAYOR'S HEAD OFF! I'M A DESPERATE MAN AND I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!

DON'T, MEN! HE MEANS IT!



USING THE MAYOR AS A SHIELD, TWO-FACE GAINS THE EXIT...

ALL RIGHT, "GETAWAY!" LET'S SEE YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR NAME!



SOME TIME AFTER... AT TWO-FACE'S HIDEOUT...

A TRAP! ROBIN AND THE POLICE WERE EXPECTING US... BUT HOW? UNLESS... SOMEONE SQUEALED! BUT ALL THE BOYS WERE CAPTURED EXCEPT YOU....





SLOWLY, A GLIMMER OF DOUBT FORMS IN TWO-FACE'S MIND.

ALL EXCEPT YOU! AND WHERE WAS BATMAN ALL THE TIME IN THAT STADIUM FIGHT? MAYBE I WAS RIGHT... MAYBE YOU'RE THE BATMAN AFTER ALL!



PUTTY! A FALSE NOSE! YOU ARE WEARING MAKEUP! DON'T MOVE, BATMAN...I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT YOUR REAL FACE LOOKS LIKE!



MAKEUP AND WIG PEEL OFF... AND A FACE UNCOVERED... THE FACE OF...

THE MASK-MAKER'S SON! THEN, YOU'RE NOT THE BATMAN, AFTER ALL!



OBTAINING I'M NOT!

BUT... I AM!



THIS TIME YOU DON'T GET AWAY, KENT!



A THOROUGHLY SUBDUED TWO-FACE LISTENS IN SURPRISE ...

I WANTED TO GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR RUINING MY FATHER, SO I MADE UP AS "GETAWAY" TO GET INTO YOUR MOB AND GET INSIDE INFORMATION!

AT THE BALL GAME, HE MANAGED TO SLIP AWAY AND TOLD ME YOUR PLANS! I TIPPED OFF ROBIN!



BUT TO CHECK-MATE YOU, I HID IN THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR! SO HERE I AM... AND YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!

HA! WHAT IRONY! I BASED ALL MY CRIMES ON THE NUMBER TWO AND END UP FINALLY BEING DOUBLE-CROSSED BY ONE OF MY OWN MOB!



AND SO, AT LONG LAST, TWO-FACE GOES TO JAIL...

TWO-FACE... YOUR DOUBLE-LIFE IS OVER! FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL LEAD ONLY ONE EXISTENCE... AS HARVEY KENT, PRISONER!

THAT'S ONLY YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY! BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS TWO SIDES TO A STORY. I'LL ESCAPE, BATMAN...AND I'LL BET YOU ON THAT, DOUBLE OR NOTHING!



The End



# SILLY WILLY

HENRY  
BOLTINOFF

DON'T BOTHER WRAPPING  
IT - I THINK I'LL WEAR  
IT HOME!

COSTUMES  
FOR  
HIRE

HERE IS THE COSTUME YOU  
ORDERED FOR THE BALL!

WHY SHOULD I GET  
MY CLOTHES ALL  
WET!

## EXTRA! BATMAN AND ROBIN SPLIT UP!

**WHAT** CAUSED THIS GREATEST OF CRIME-  
BUSTING TEAMS TO BREAK UP?  
**WHY** DID THE FRIENDSHIP OF BATMAN  
AND ROBIN DISSOLVE IN BITTERNESS?  
**HOW** CAN THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED  
WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?  
**WILL** THEY GET TOGETHER AGAIN---  
OR IS THEIR PARTING FINAL?

YOU'LL FIND THE  
STARTLING ANSWERS  
TO ALL THESE THRILLING  
QUESTIONS IN  
"THE BATMAN PLAYS  
A LONE HAND"

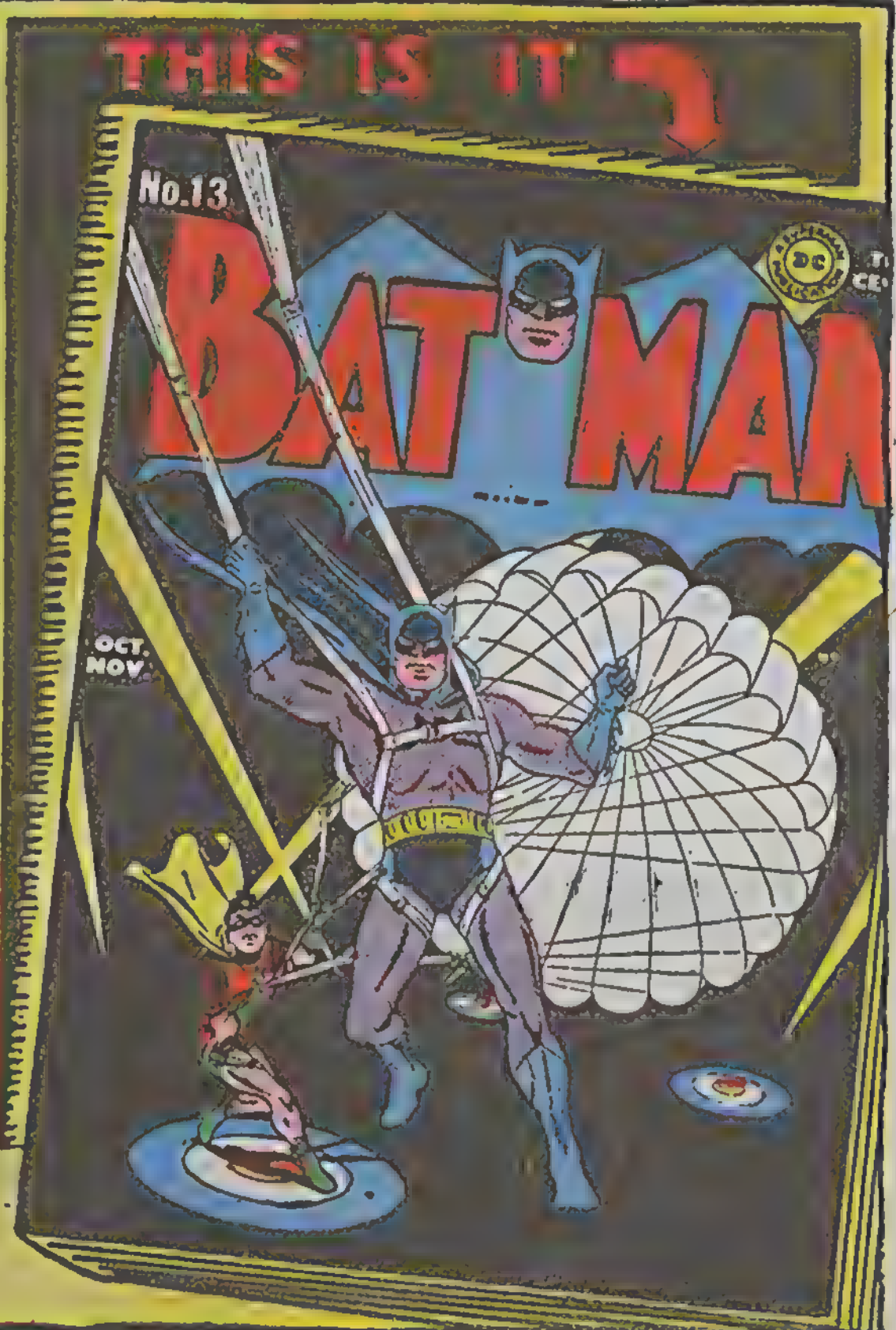
---WHICH IS JUST

ONE  
OF THE  
FOUR

TERRIFIC BATMAN STORIES

IN  
BATMAN No.13

ON SALE AUG.12<sup>TH</sup>





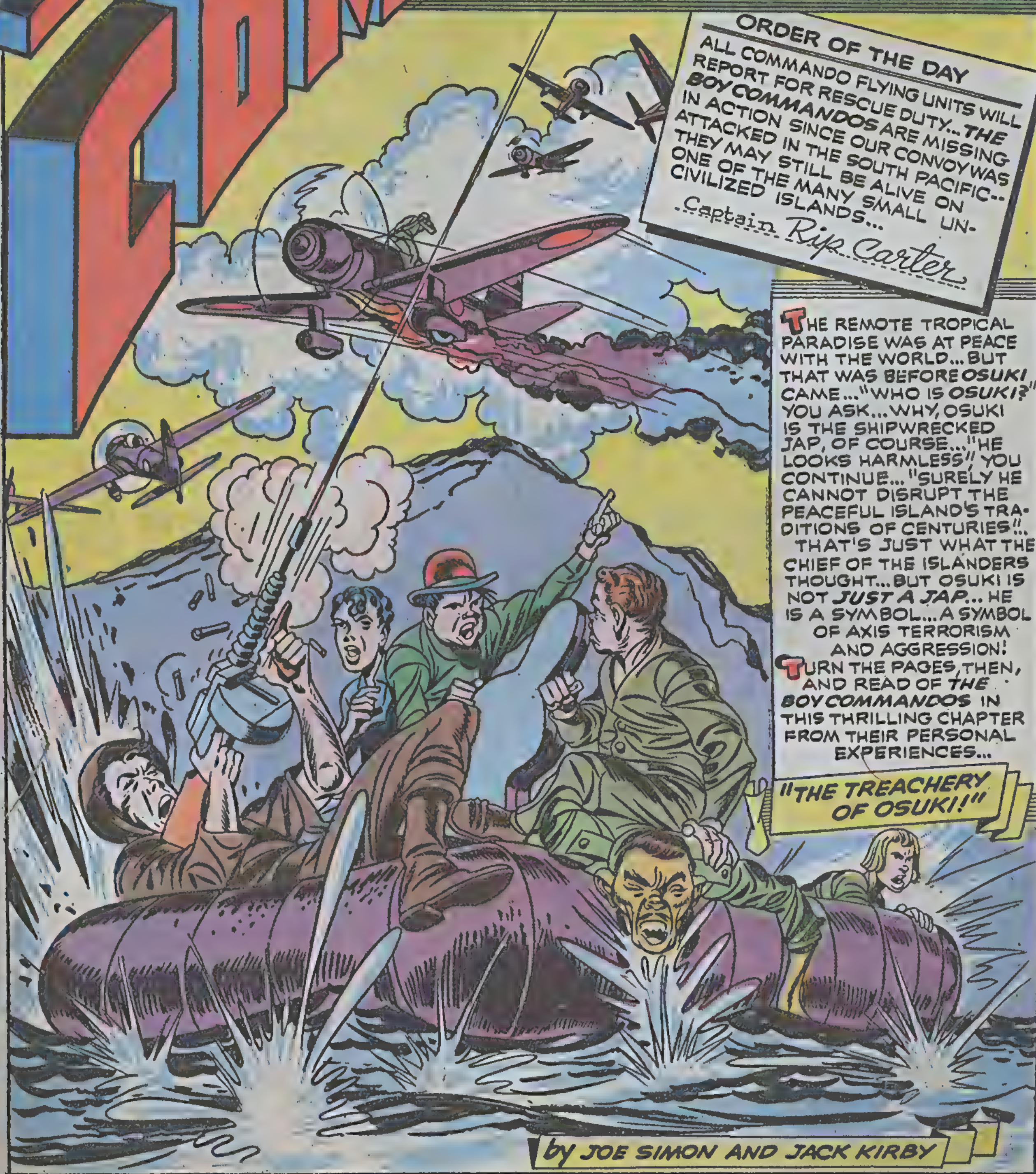
# THE BOY COMMANDOS

with RIP CARTER

**ORDER OF THE DAY**  
ALL COMMANDO FLYING UNITS WILL REPORT FOR RESCUE DUTY... **THE BOY COMMANDOS** ARE MISSING IN ACTION SINCE OUR CONVOY WAS ATTACKED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC... THEY MAY STILL BE ALIVE ON ONE OF THE MANY SMALL UN-CIVILIZED ISLANDS...  
*Captain Rip Carter*

**T**HE REMOTE TROPICAL PARADISE WAS AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD... BUT THAT WAS BEFORE OSUKI! CAME... "WHO IS OSUKI?" YOU ASK... WHY, OSUKI IS THE SHIPWRECKED JAP, OF COURSE... "HE LOOKS HARMLESS," YOU CONTINUE... "SURELY HE CANNOT DISRUPT THE PEACEFUL ISLAND'S TRADITIONS OF CENTURIES!" THAT'S JUST WHAT THE CHIEF OF THE ISLANDERS THOUGHT... BUT OSUKI IS NOT **JUST A JAP**... HE IS A SYMBOL... A SYMBOL OF AXIS TERRORISM AND AGGRESSION!  
**T**URN THE PAGES, THEN, AND READ OF **THE BOY COMMANDOS** IN THIS THRILLING CHAPTER FROM THEIR PERSONAL EXPERIENCES...

**"THE TREACHERY OF OSUKI!"**



by JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY



**T**HE SURVIVORS CLING TO  
THE DRIFTING WRECKAGE...

**A**S COOL BREEZES BLOW GENTLY  
ACROSS THE MOONLIT WATERS OF  
THE BLUE PACIFIC.....**OH!** YOU  
RECOGNIZE THESE OPENING LINES!!

**WHY NOT?** YOU'VE SEEN  
THEM A THOUSAND TIMES....THE  
OLD FORMULA . . . . WHICH A WEARY  
AUTHOR FALLS BACK UPON WHEN  
HE RUNS OUT OF PLOTS... WE  
REALIZE THAT, TOO, DEAR READER!  
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? --- YOU SEE..  
THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED...

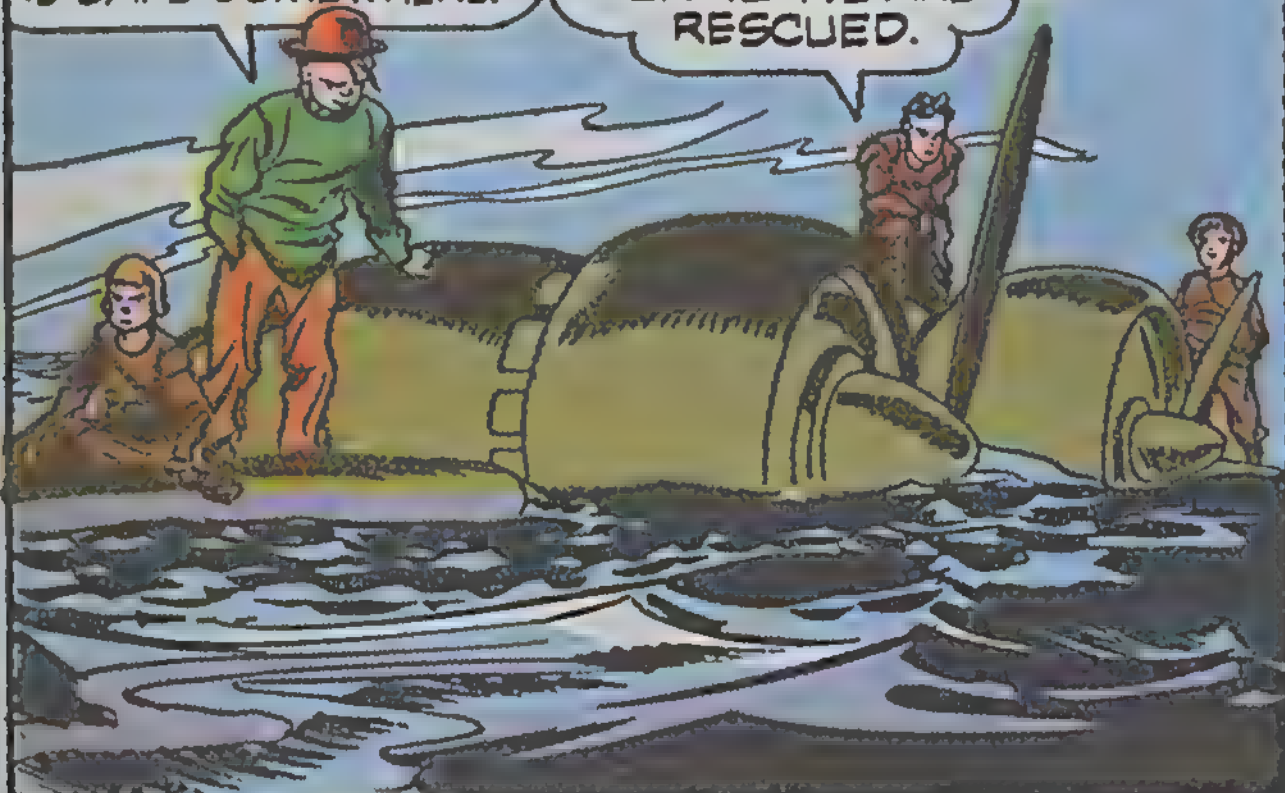
OUR OPENING SCENE IS LAID SOMEWHERE IN THE  
BROAD, WATERY EXPANSE THAT IS THE PACIFIC....  
WHERE FOUR TATTERED LITTLE FIGURES CLING  
TO THE FLOATING WRECKAGE OF A HUGE SEAPLANE!

WHAT A MESS!  
OUR FIRST MISSION TO  
AUSTRALIA--AND WE  
END UP A WRECK  
AFTER SHOOTING DOWN  
THOSE JAP PLANES!



THE LAST I SAW  
OF RIP, HE WAS  
YELLIN' FOR US TO  
BAIL OUT...I HOPE HE  
IS SAFE SOMEWHERE!

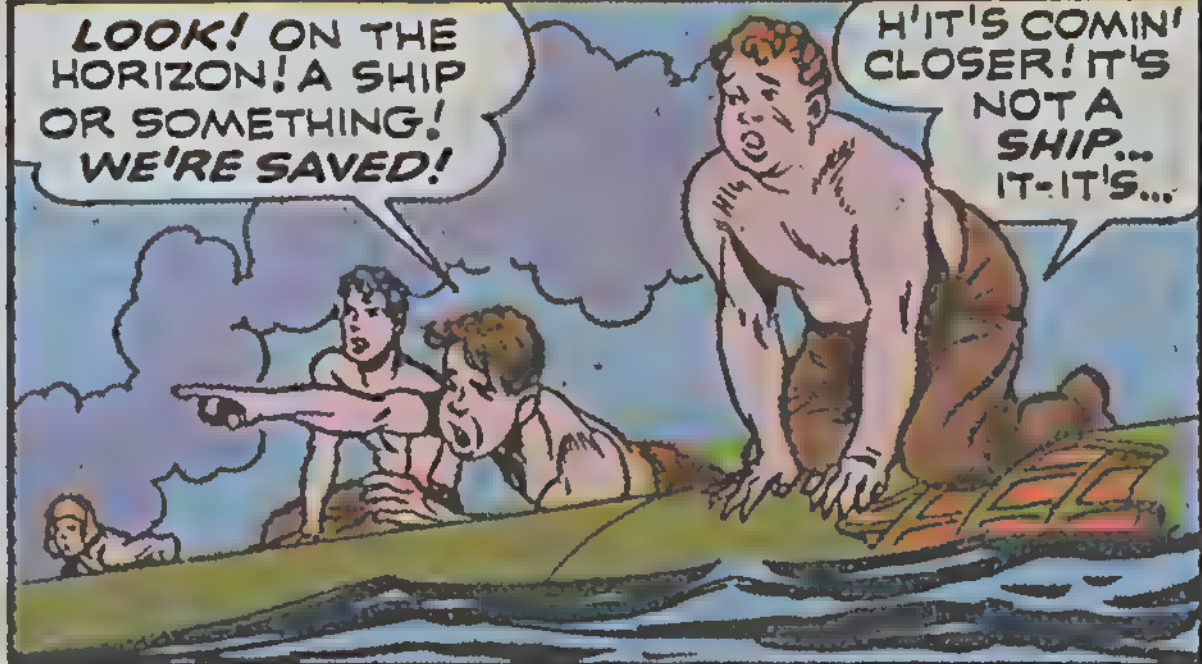
IT IS GOOD WE  
FOUND THE WRECKED  
PLANE! IT IS BOUYANT  
ENOUGH TO HOLD US  
UNTIL WE ARE  
RESCUED.



BUT TIME, ON THIS GREAT VASTNESS OF HUGE  
WAVES CAN BE NOTHING BUT UNLIMITED HOR-  
IZONS... DEEP, EMPTY DARKNESS...A MERCI-  
LESS, SCORCHING SUN...GNAWING HUNGER  
AND DREADFULL THIRST! ALL THESE TORTURES  
ARE THE LOT OF THE WRETCHED CREW OF  
THE ONCE PROUD SKY-GIANT!...AND ON  
THE THIRD DAY OF DRIFTING...

LOOK! ON THE  
HORIZON! A SHIP  
OR SOMETHING!  
WE'RE SAVED!

H'IT'S COMIN'  
CLOSER! IT'S  
NOT A  
SHIP...  
IT-IT'S...



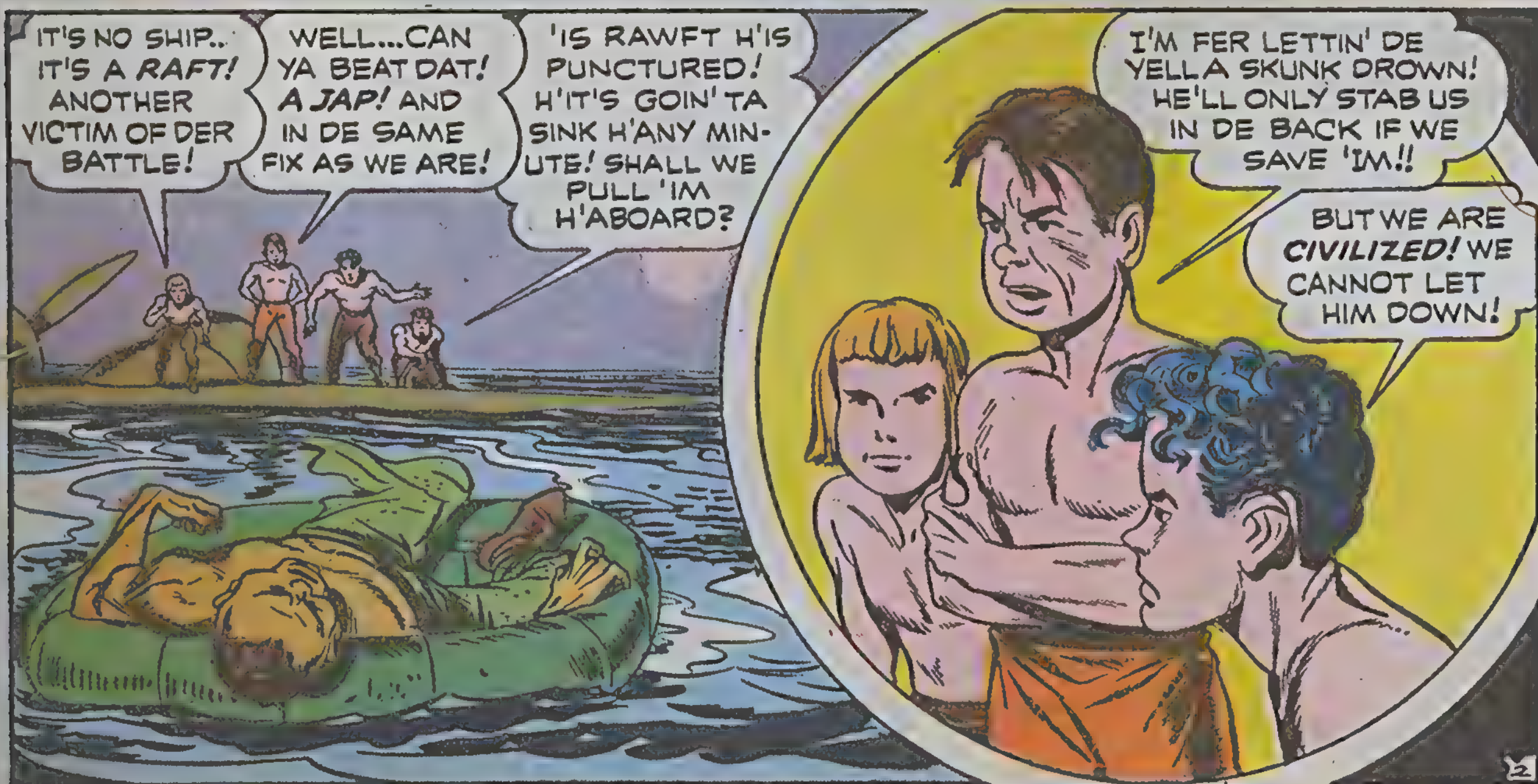
IT'S NO SHIP..  
IT'S A RAFT!  
ANOTHER  
VICTIM OF DER  
BATTLE!

WELL...CAN  
YA BEAT DAT!  
A JAP! AND  
IN DE SAME  
FIX AS WE ARE!

'IS RAWFT H'IS  
PUNCTURED!  
H'IT'S GOIN' TA  
SINK H'ANY MIN-  
UTE! SHALL WE  
PULL 'IM  
H'ABOARD?

I'M FER LETTIN' DE  
YELLA SKUNK DROWN!  
HE'LL ONLY STAB US  
IN DE BACK IF WE  
SAVE 'IM!!

BUT WE ARE  
CIVILIZED! WE  
CANNOT LET  
HIM DOWN!







SAVE THIS MISERABLE ONE...OR I DIE! I WILL BE YOUR PRISONER...YOURS TO COMMAND...

HMPH!

HE ISS BADLY HURT! WHAT HARM CAN HE DO TO US?

AFTER ALL, WE ARE ALL IN ZE SAME BOAT, NO?

WONDER WHAT YOU BOIDS'LL SAY WHEN HE TOINS ON US! RIGHTO! WE MUST SYVE 'IM! H'ITS H'INTER-NATIONAL LAW!

THUS THE VERY PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN-ITARIANISM WHICH THE GANGSTERS OF THE AXIS HAVE SO ABUSED SAVE THE LIFE OF A JAPANESE AVIATOR!

SAPS!

THAT'S THE LAST OF THE WATER!

MY SHIRT WILL MAKE A GOOD BANDAGE!

GIFF HIM A DRINK!

CAPTAIN OSUKI, OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE AIR FORCE, WILL NOT FORGET THIS KINDNESS! I PLEDGE THE HONOR OF MY RACE THAT YOU SHALL BE AMPLY REPAID!

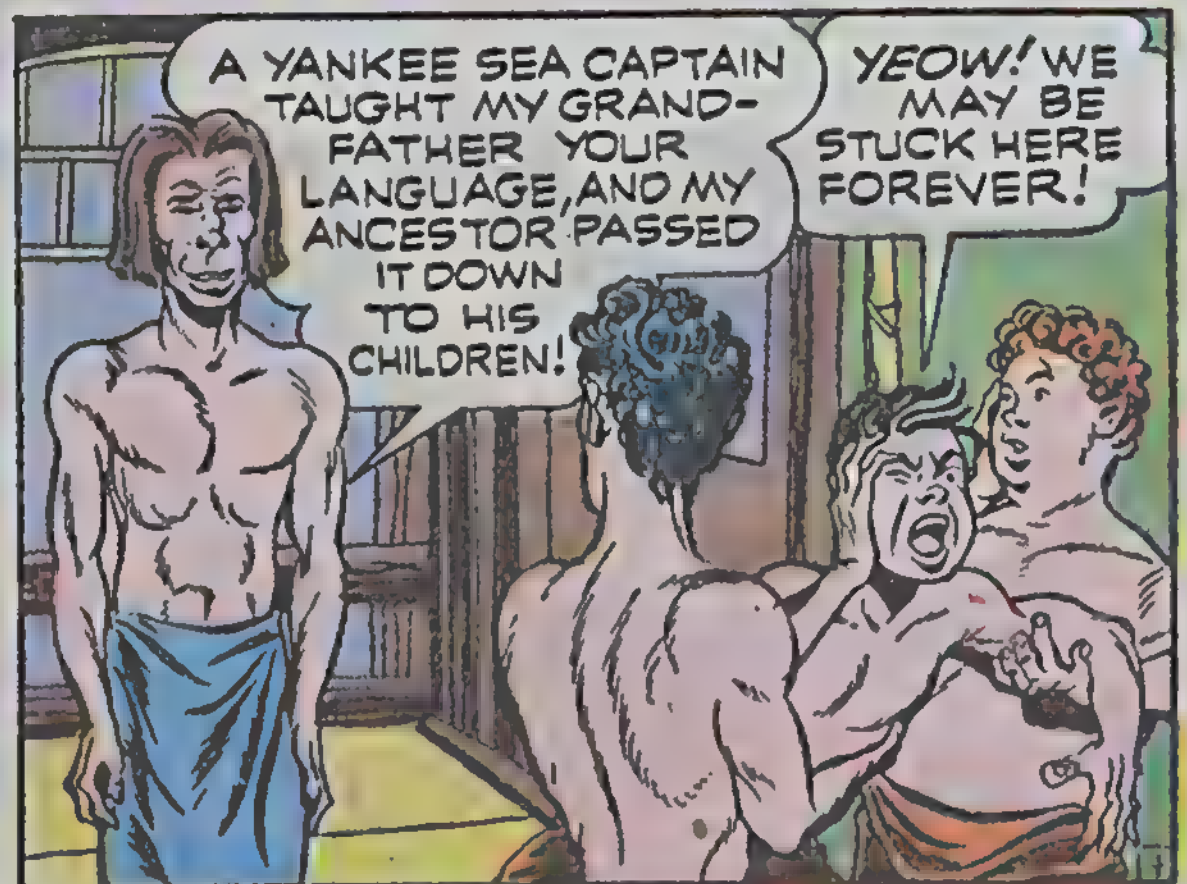
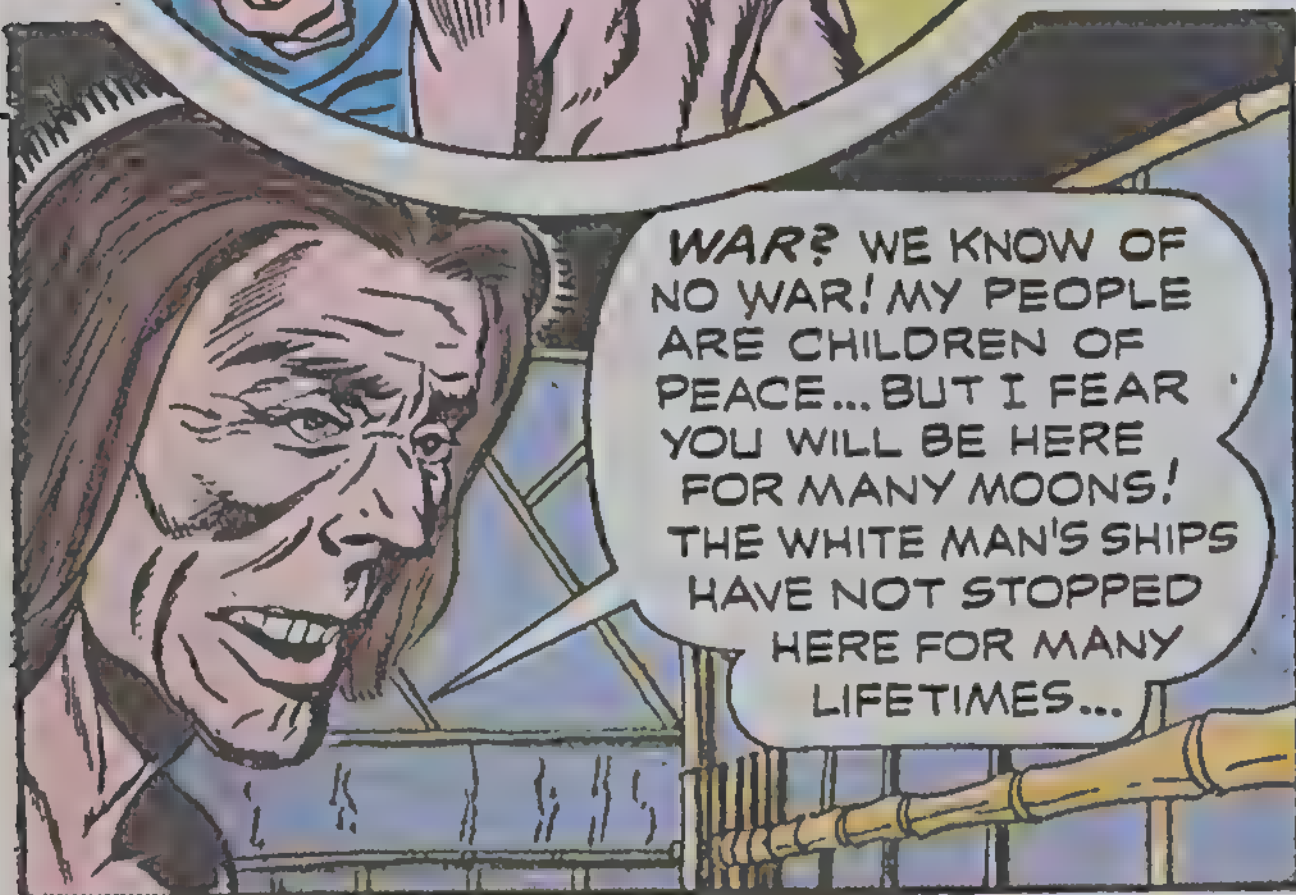
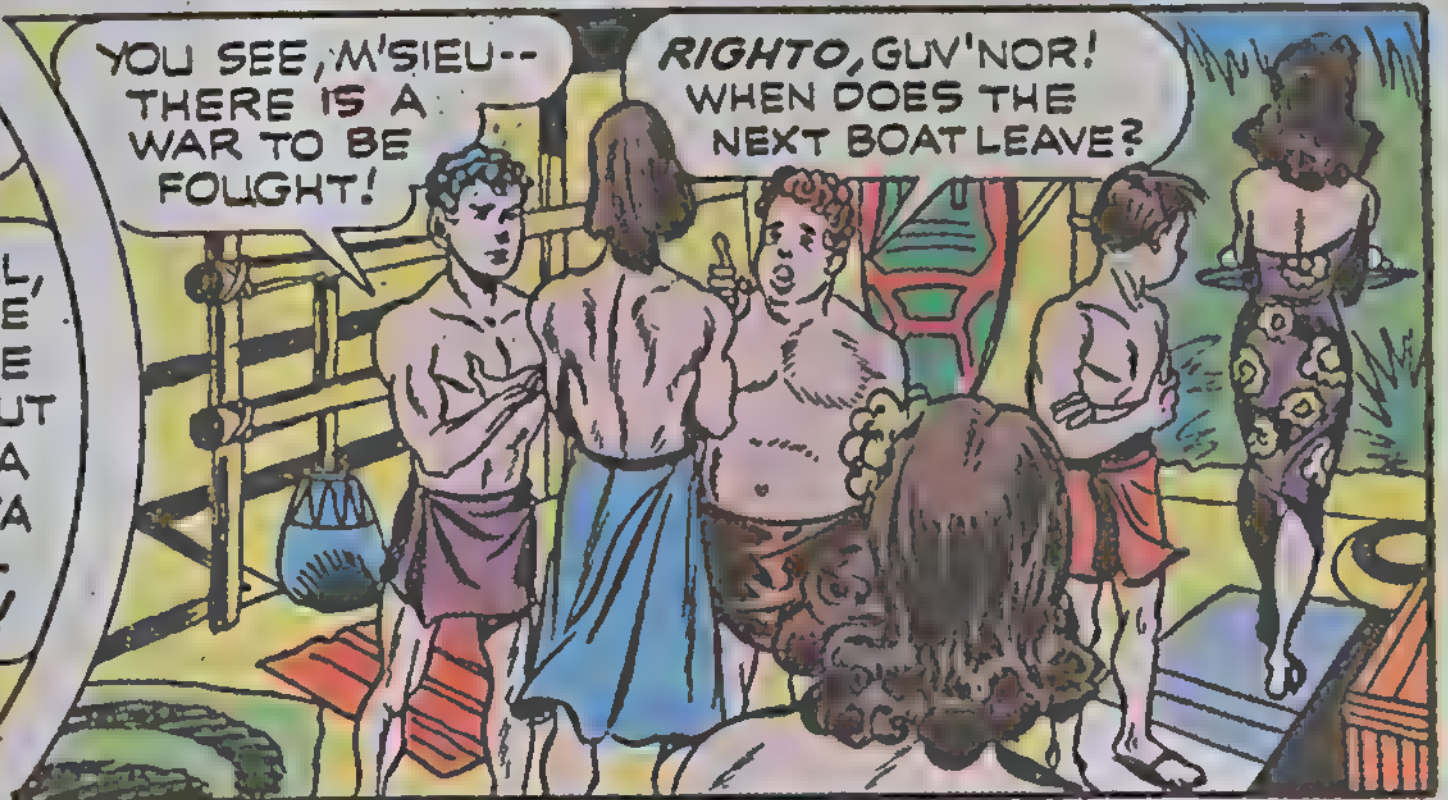
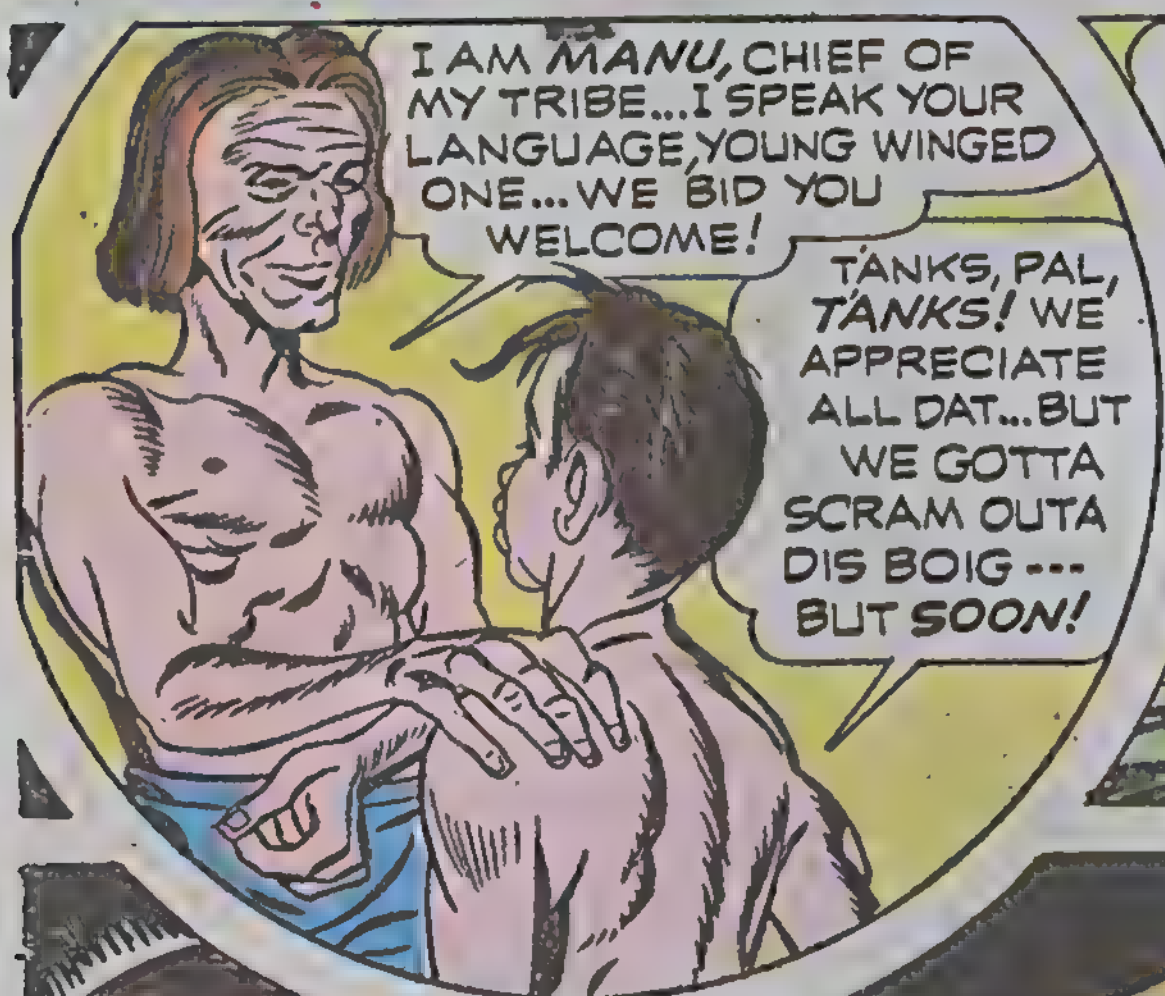
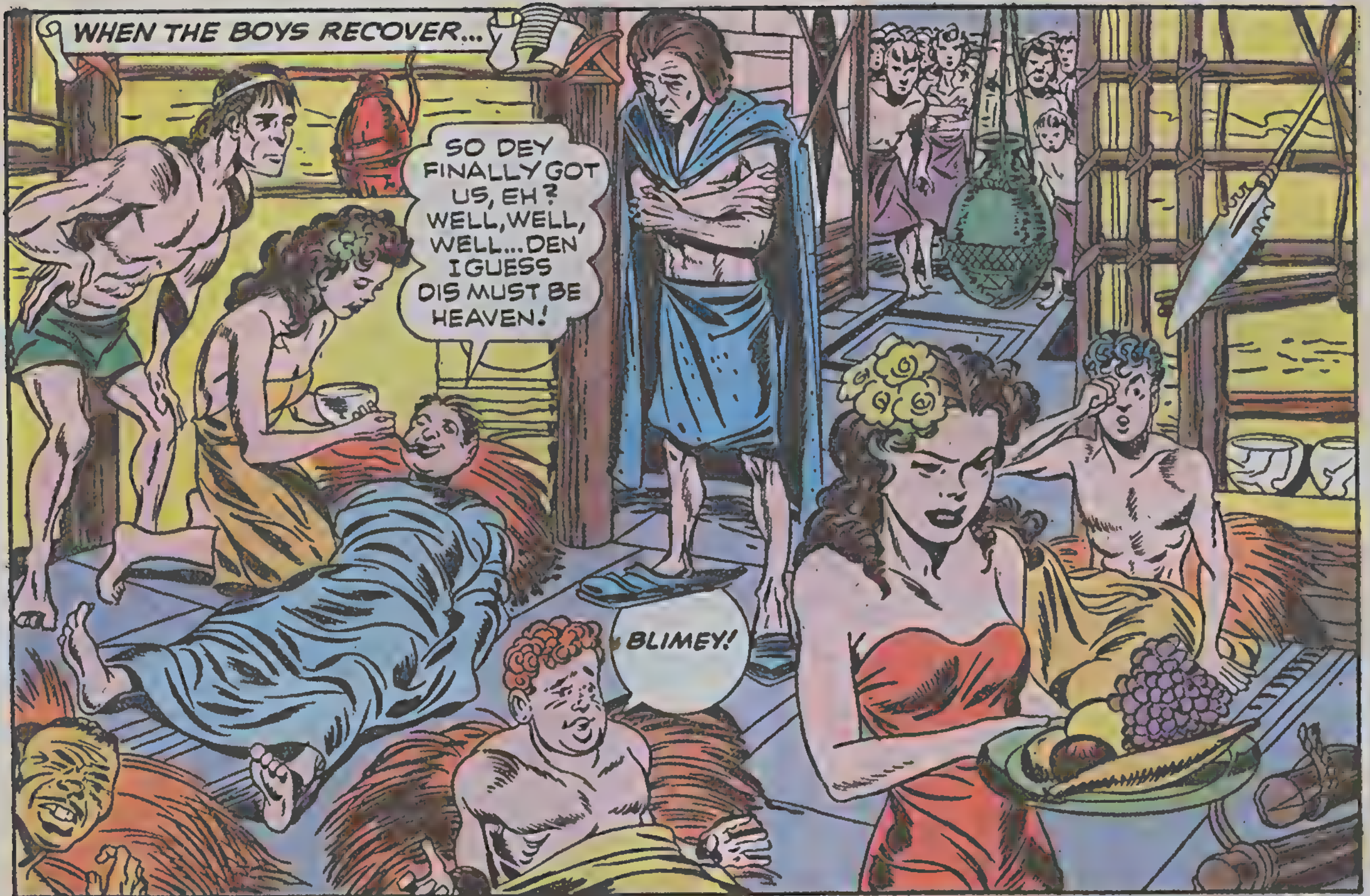
YEAH-- LIKE DE BOYS AT POIL HARBOR!

...AND SO, A STRANGE CREW ON A STRANGE CRAFT DRIFTS ONWARD...UNTIL A DAY OR TWO LATER... ON ONE OF THE MANY SMALL ISLANDS THAT DOT THE PACIFIC, WATCHFUL EYES OBSERVE THE FLOATING CASTAWAYS!

MINUTES LATER, TENDER HANDS LIFT THE WRECKED PLANE'S OCCUPANTS TO WELCOME SOIL!

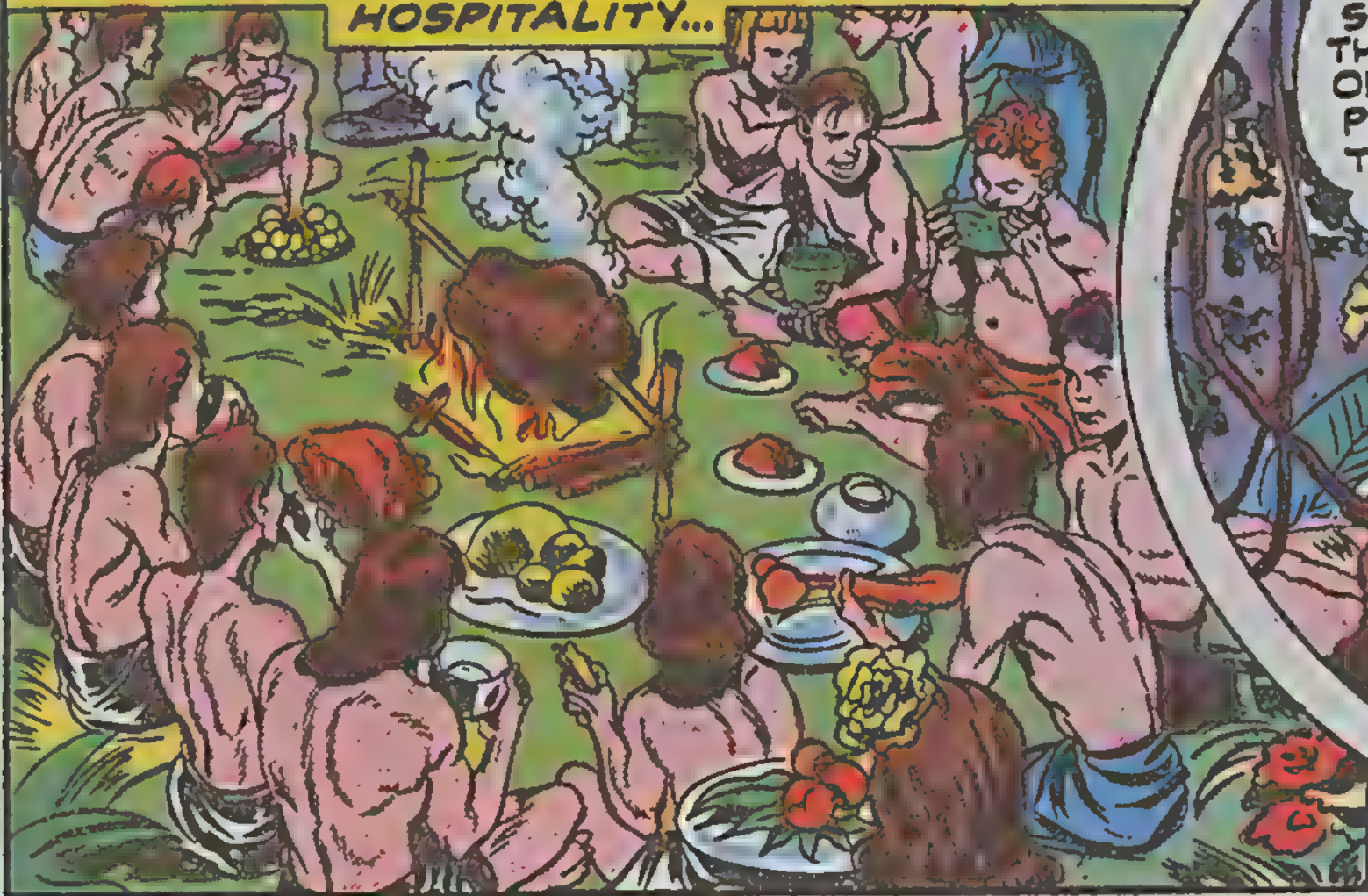






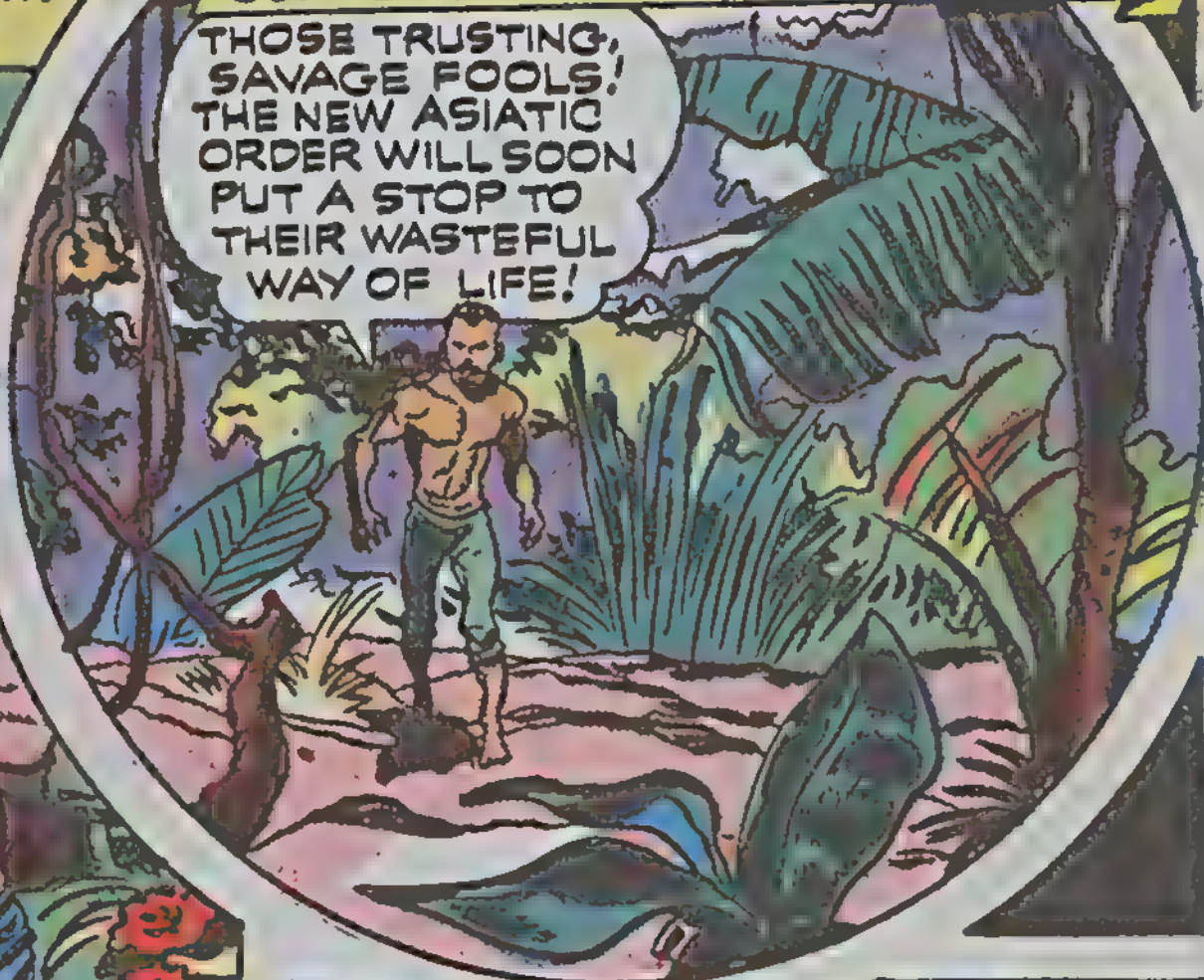


IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE BOY COMMANDOS RESIGN THEMSELVES TO THEIR FATE... MIXING WITH THE NATIVES... GRATEFULLY ACCEPTING THEIR HOSPITALITY...

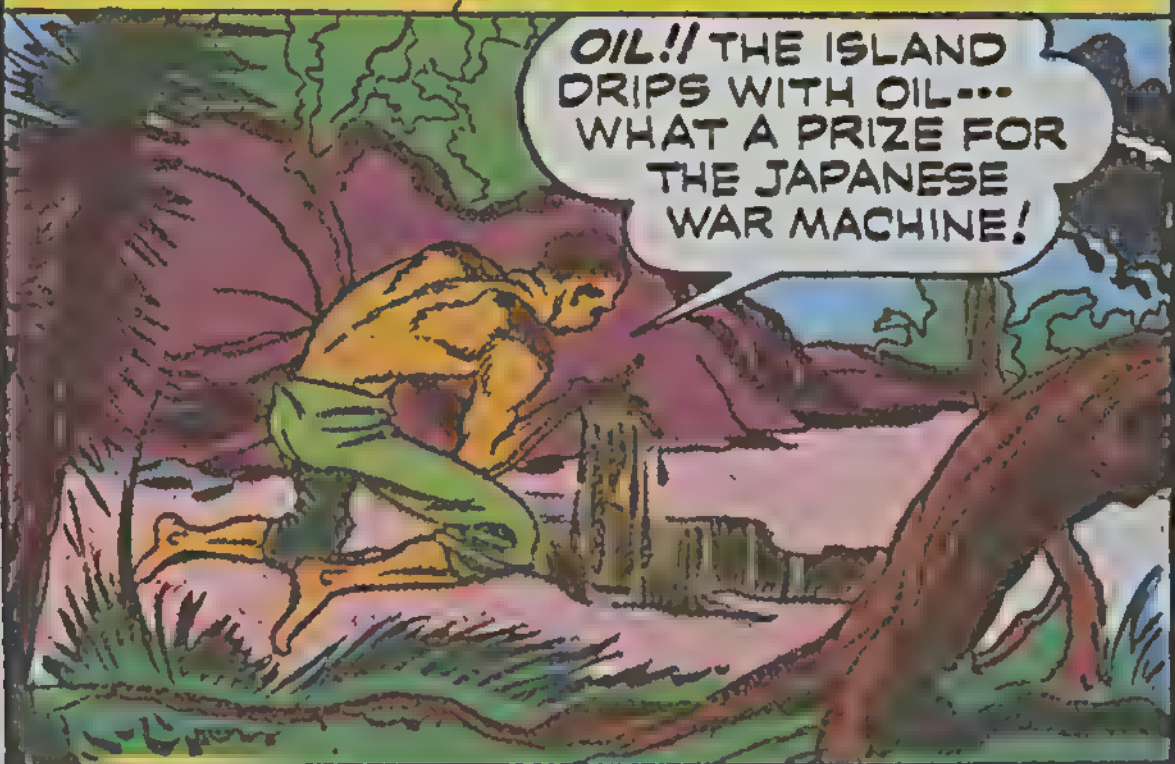


BUT CAPTAIN OSUKI HOLDS ONLY CONTEMPT FOR HIS KIND HOSTS...

THOSE TRUSTING, SAVAGE FOOLS! THE NEW ASIATIC ORDER WILL SOON PUT A STOP TO THEIR WASTEFUL WAY OF LIFE!



SUDDENLY OSUKI HALTS... HE GAZES AT A DARK BLOTCH IN THE EARTH... AND STOOPS TO EXAMINE IT...



OIL!! THE ISLAND DRIPS WITH OIL... WHAT A PRIZE FOR THE JAPANESE WAR MACHINE!

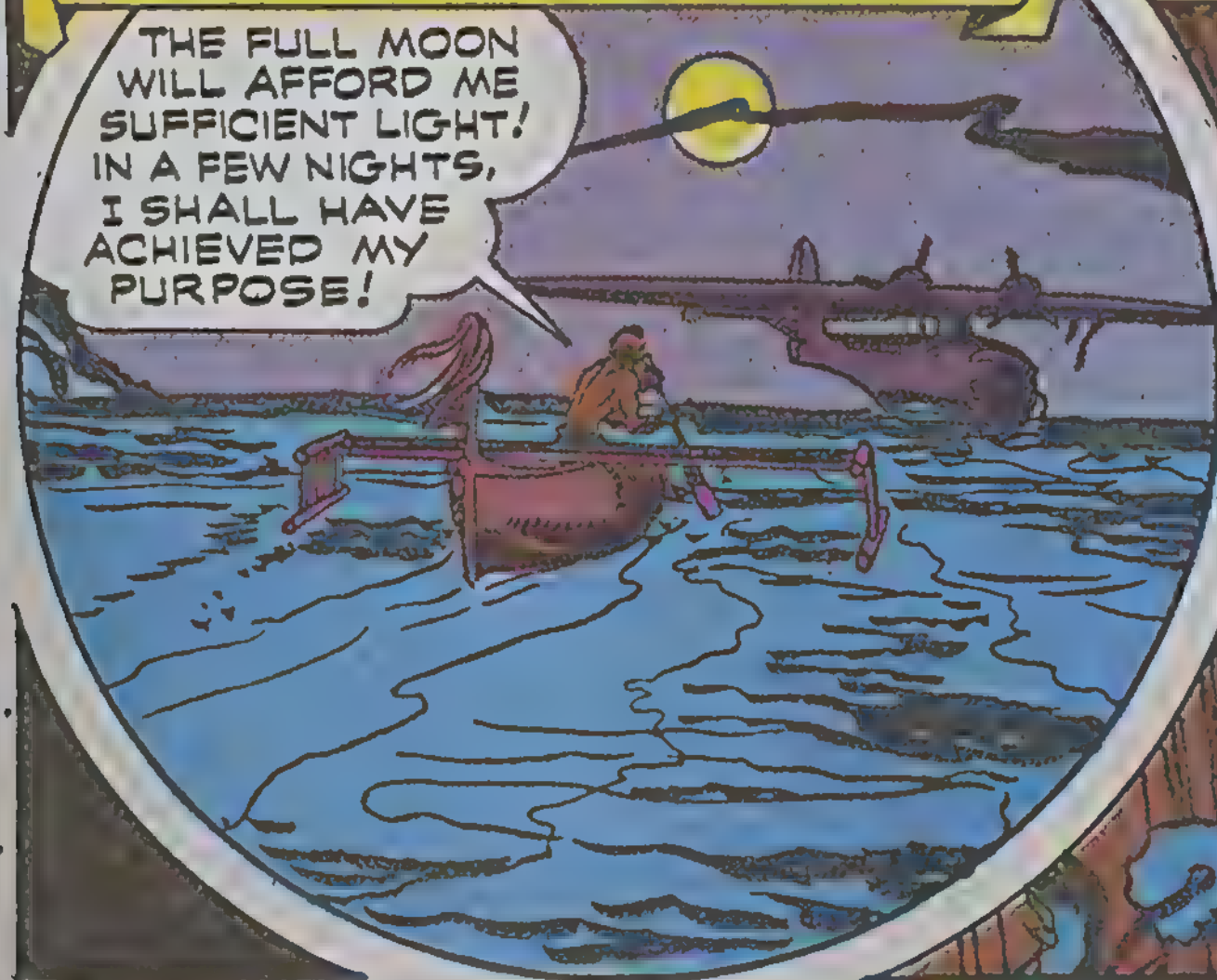
I MUST GET WORD TO THE IMPERIAL FLEET! THE WRECKED PLANE... IT HAS A RADIO... IF I CAN REPAIR IT, I MIGHT---



HIS DISCOVERY ACTS AS AN INCENTIVE TO THE WILY NIPPONESE... IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, HE SLINKS OFF TO PATCH UP THE WRECKED PLANE'S RADIO!

BUT THE FULL MOON ALSO CASTS SHADOWS... SHADOWS WHICH DO NOT GO UNNOTICED BY THE BOY COMMANDOS... WHO ARE TRAINED TO SLEEP WITH ONE EYE OPEN!

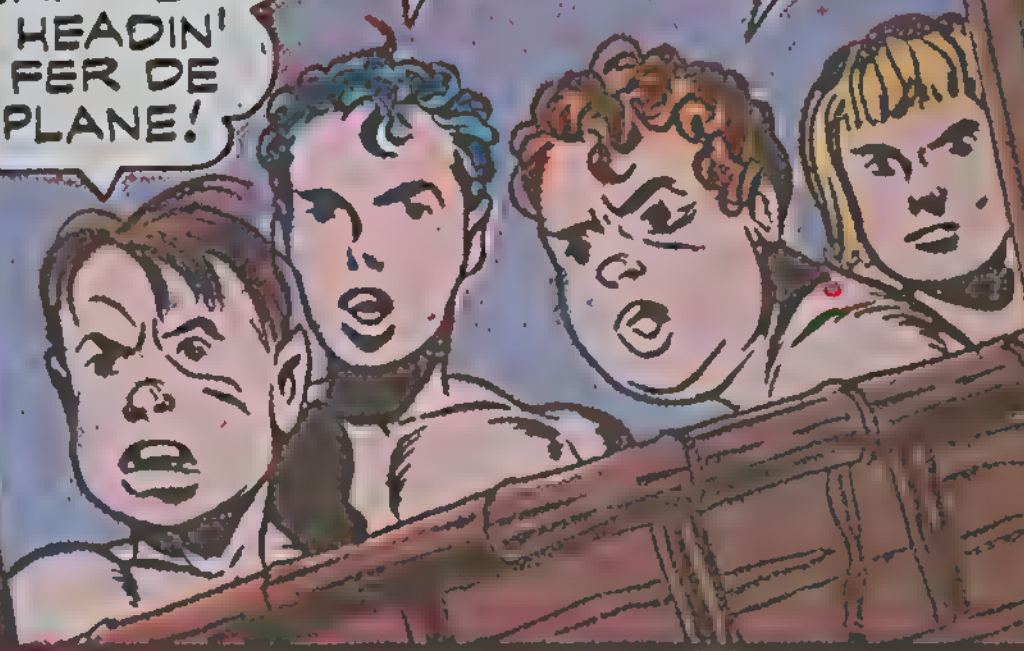
THE FULL MOON WILL AFFORD ME SUFFICIENT LIGHT! IN A FEW NIGHTS, I SHALL HAVE ACHIEVED MY PURPOSE!



SAY... DERE GOES DAT JAP! HE'S HEADIN' FER DE PLANE!

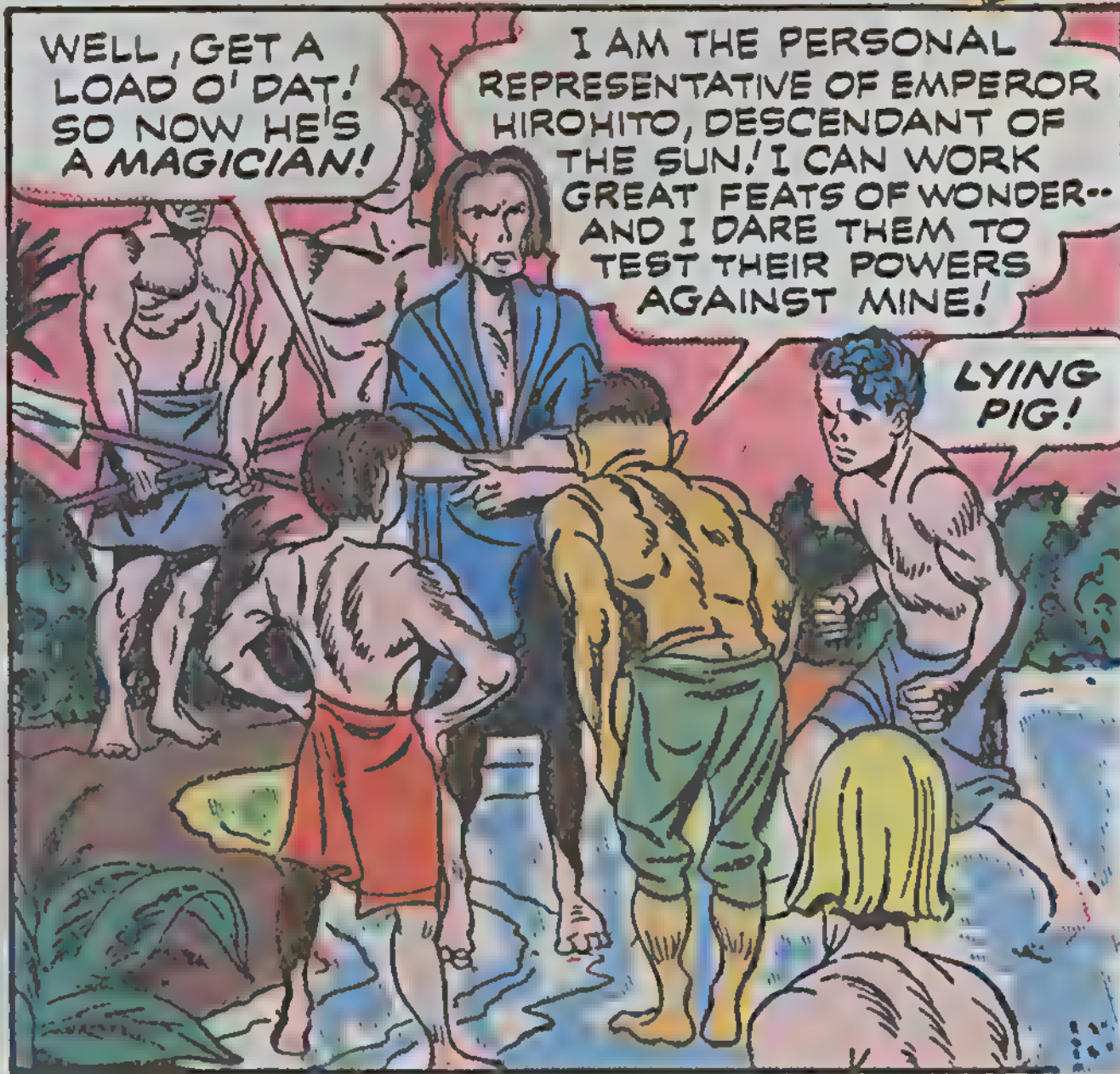
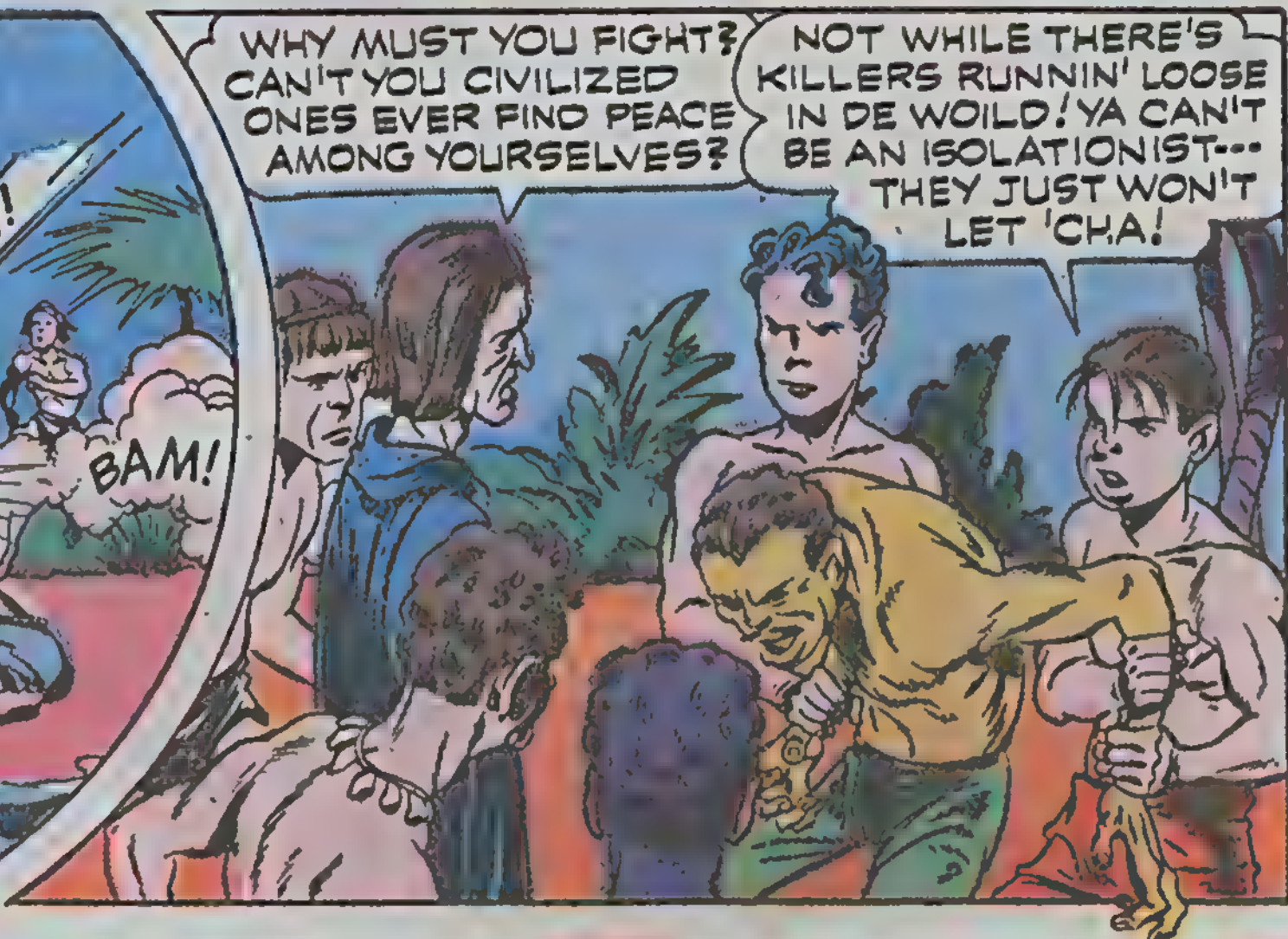
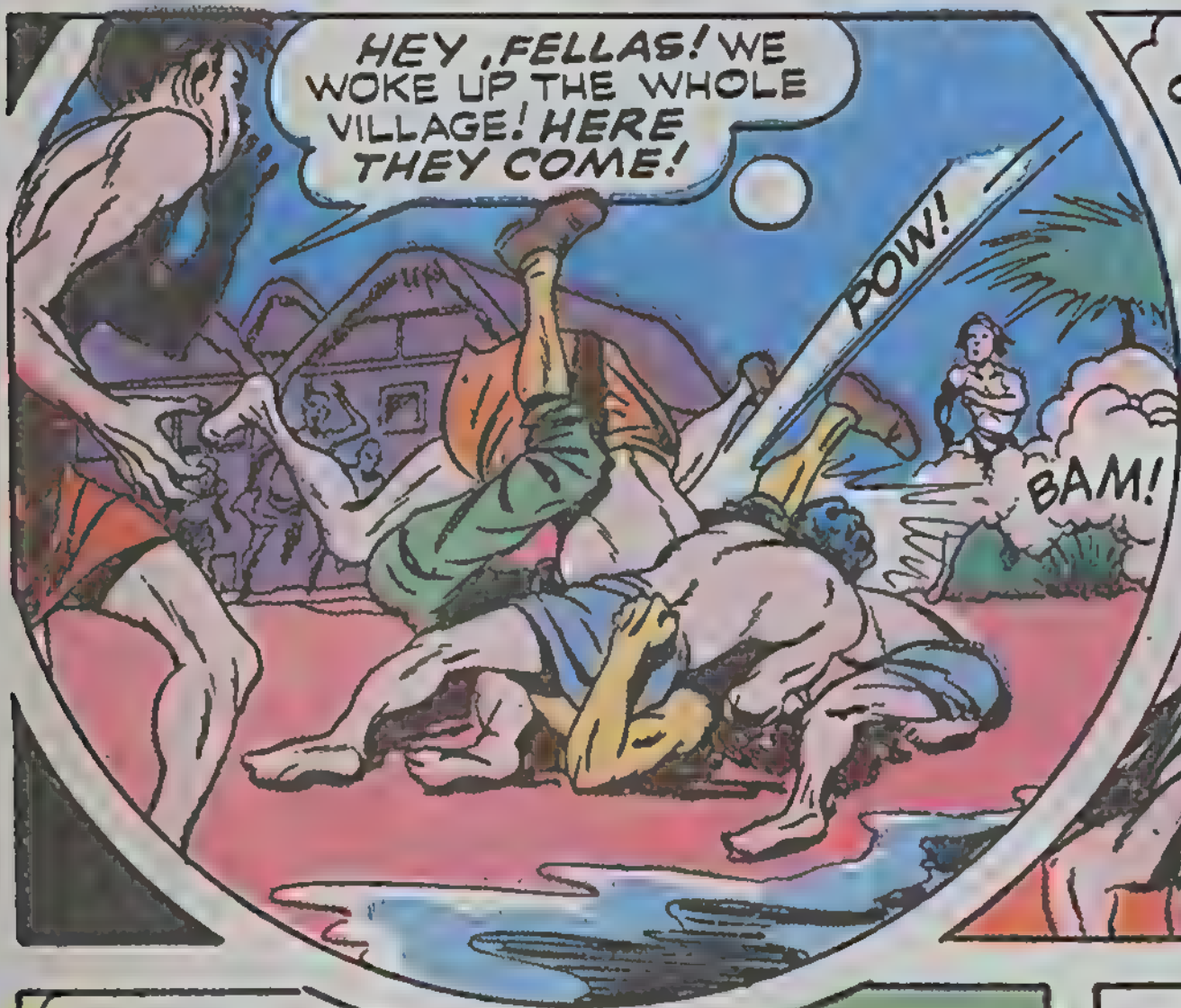
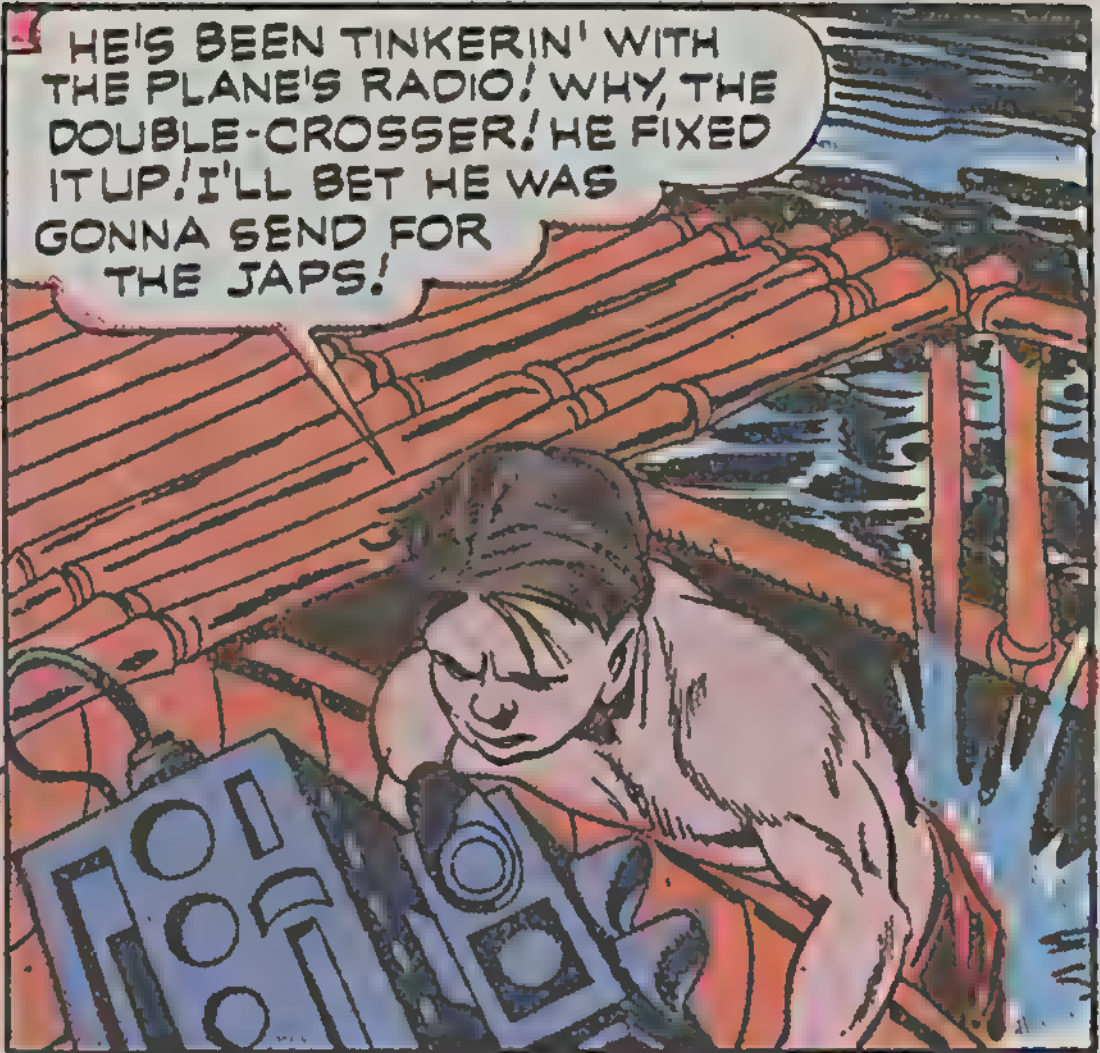
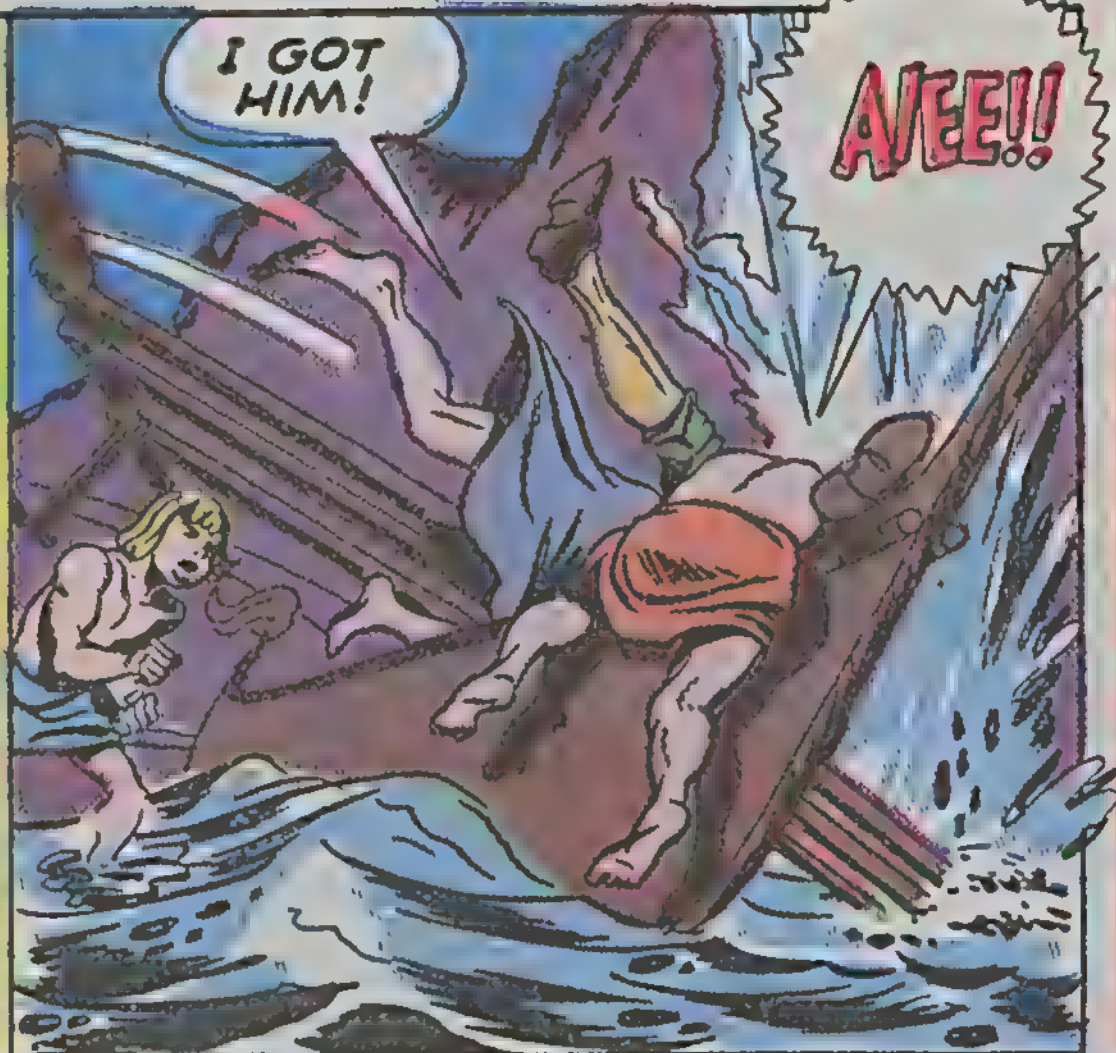
WHAT IS HE DOING AT THIS HOUR?

'E MUST BE H'UP TO SUM'THIN'.. LET'S GO AWFTER 'IM!

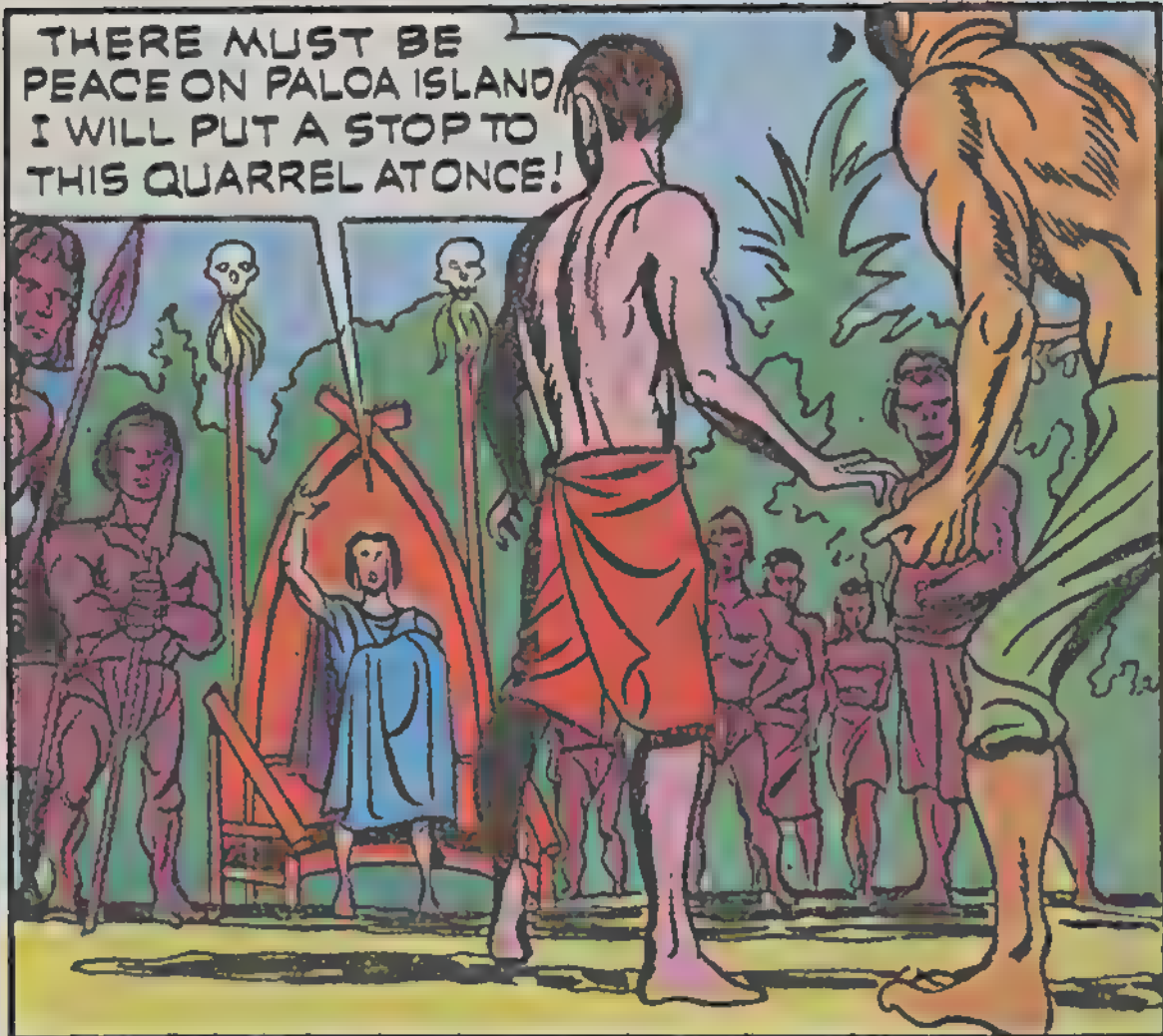




**THE**  
NEXT  
MOMENT,  
THE  
PEACEFUL  
SILENCE  
OF THE  
LONELY  
ISLAND  
IS  
SHATTERED  
AS  
FOUR  
HARDENED  
YOUNGSTERS  
POUNCE  
UPON A  
SHRIEKING  
JAPANESE  
WARRIOR!



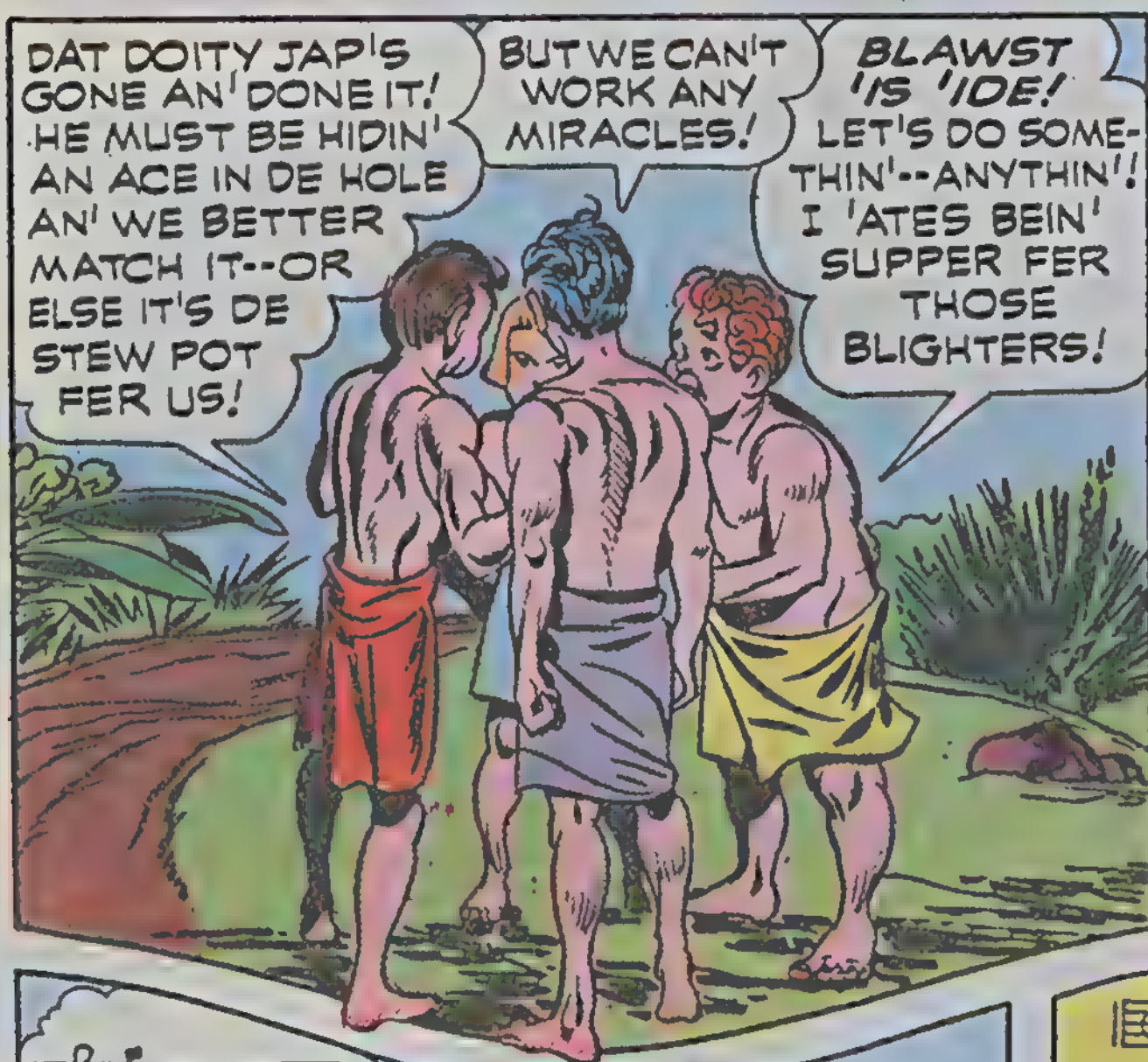




THERE MUST BE  
PEACE ON PALOA ISLAND!  
I WILL PUT A STOP TO  
THIS QUARREL AT ONCE!



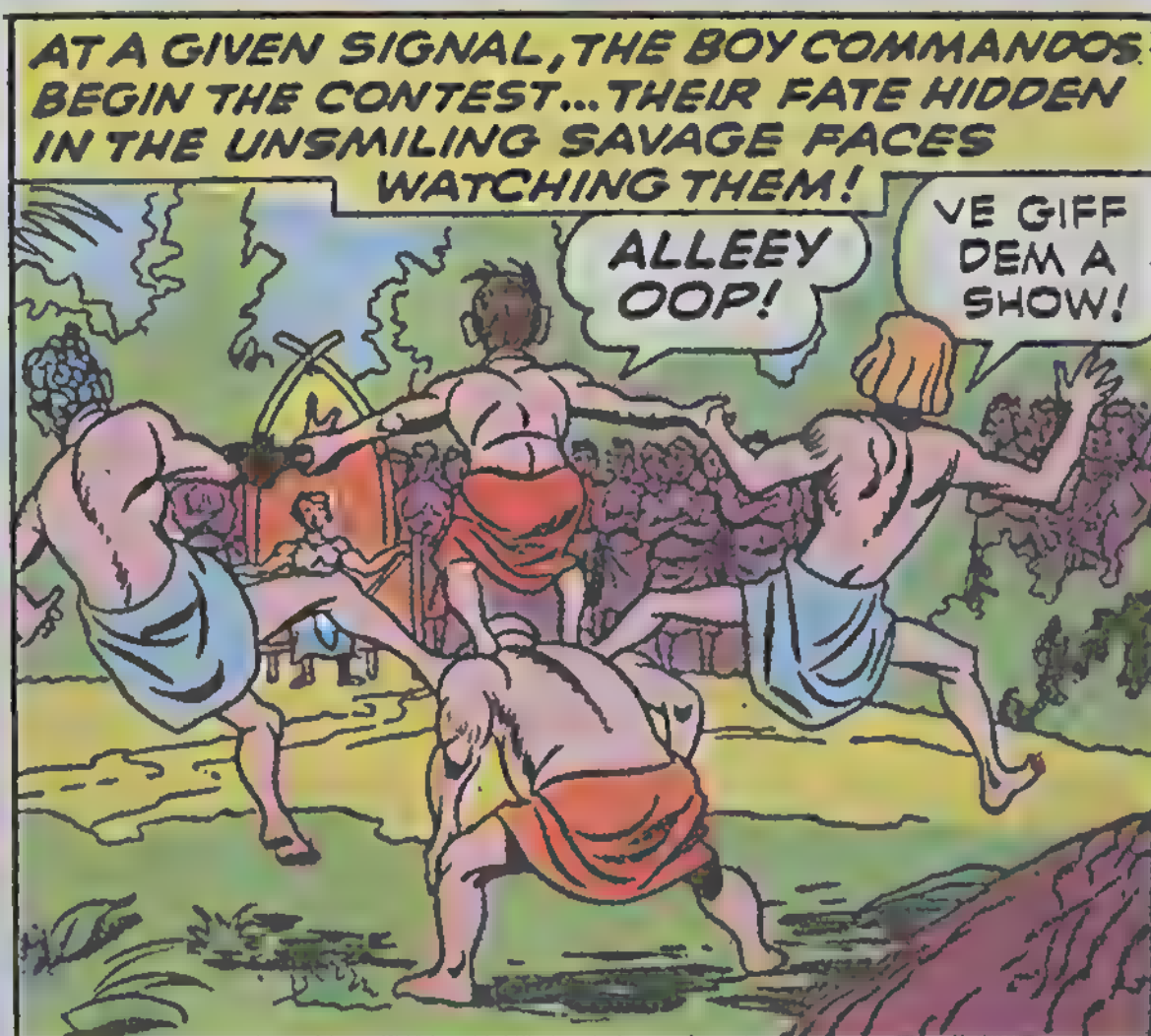
WE WILL KEEP THE PEACE BY  
DESTROYING ONE OF THE TWO  
FIGHTING FACTIONS! WE SHALL  
TEST THE POWERS OF BOTH!  
THE LOSER WILL BE SACRIFICED  
TO THE JHUKA IDOL OF  
VENGEANCE!



DAT DOITY JAP'S  
GONE AN' DONE IT!  
HE MUST BE HIDIN'  
AN ACE IN DE HOLE  
AN' WE BETTER  
MATCH IT--OR  
ELSE IT'S DE  
STEW POT  
FER US!

BUT WE CAN'T  
WORK ANY  
MIRACLES!

BLAWST  
'IS 'IDE!  
LET'S DO SOME-  
THIN'--ANYTHIN'!  
I 'ATES BEIN'  
SUPPER FER  
THOSE  
BLIGHTERS!



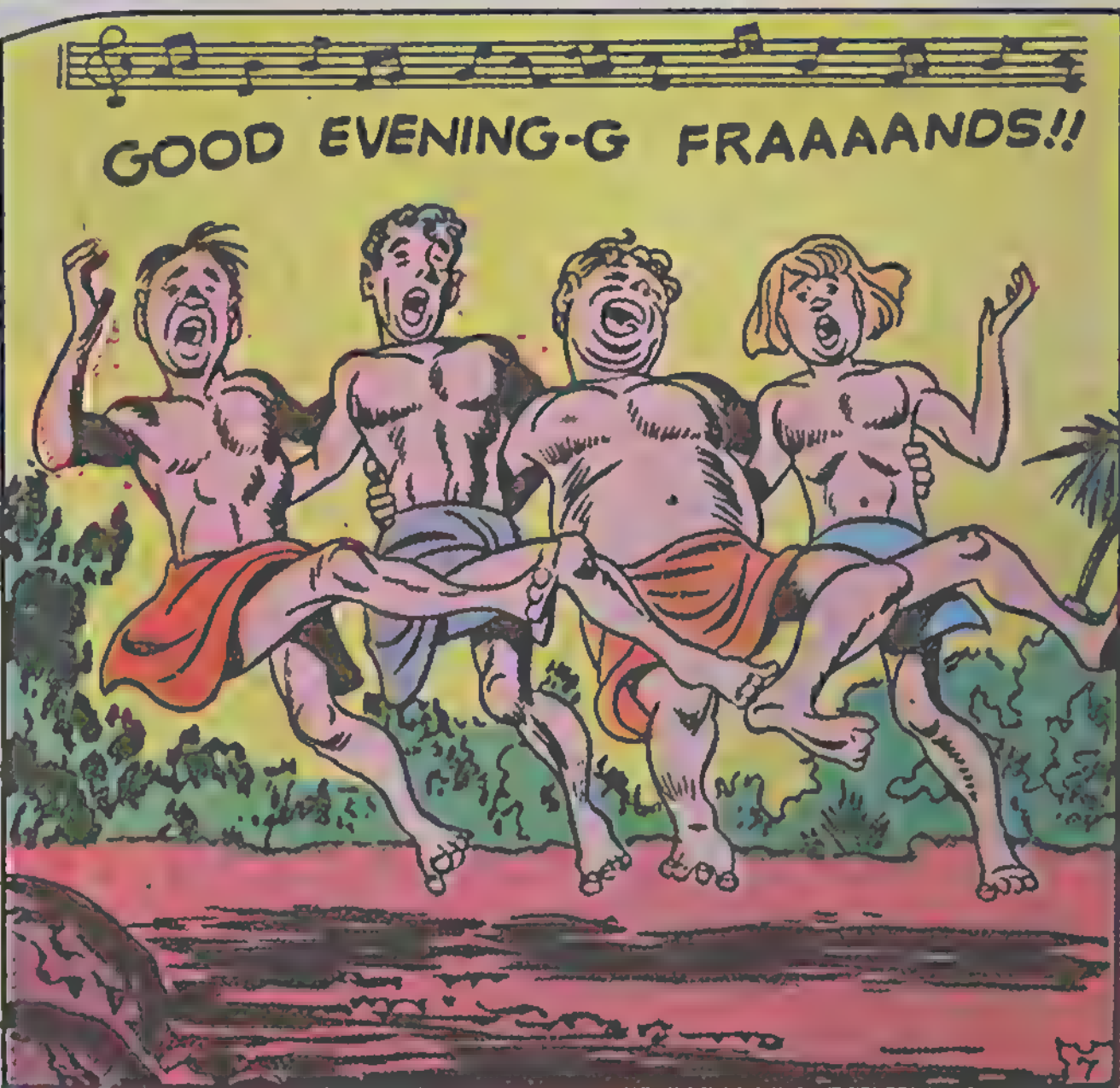
AT A GIVEN SIGNAL, THE BOY COMMANDOS  
BEGIN THE CONTEST... THEIR FATE HIDDEN  
IN THE UNSMILING SAVAGE FACES  
WATCHING THEM!

ALLEY  
OOP!

VE GIFF  
DEM A  
SHOW!

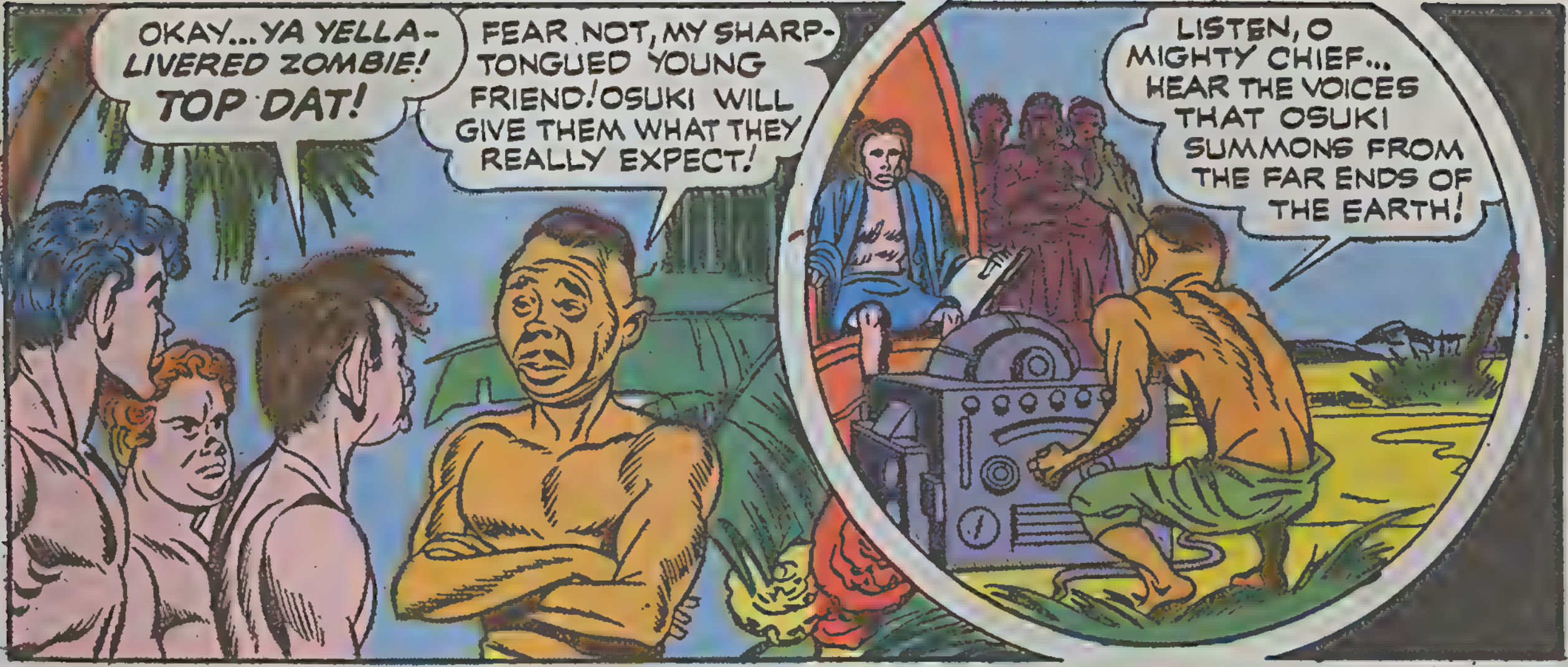


OH... THE  
SOUSE  
AMERICAN  
WAY...



GOOD EVENING-G FRAAAANDS!!

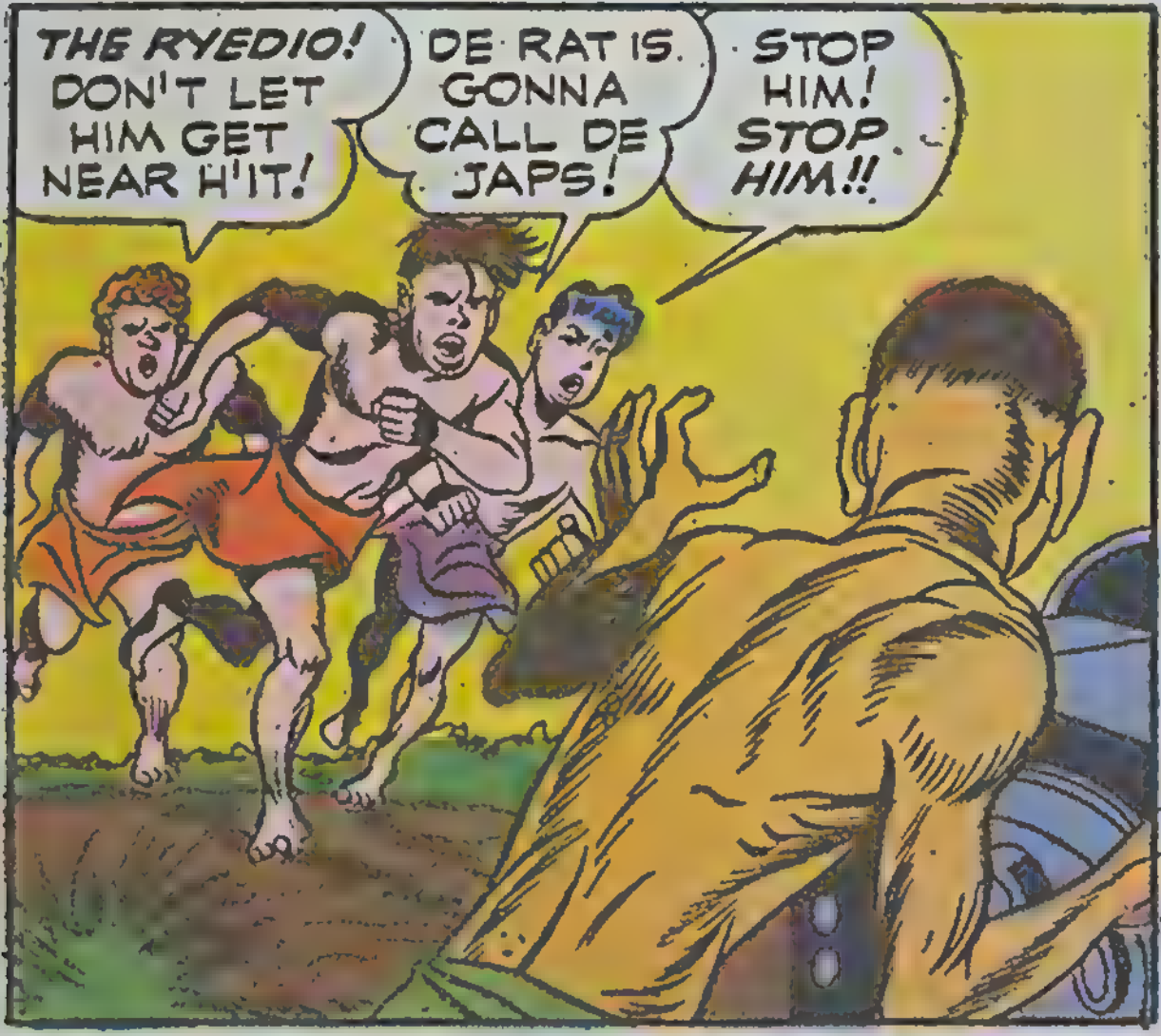




OKAY...YA YELLA-LIVERED ZOMBIE!  
**TOP DAT!**

FEAR NOT, MY SHARP-TONGUED YOUNG FRIEND! OSUKI WILL GIVE THEM WHAT THEY REALLY EXPECT!

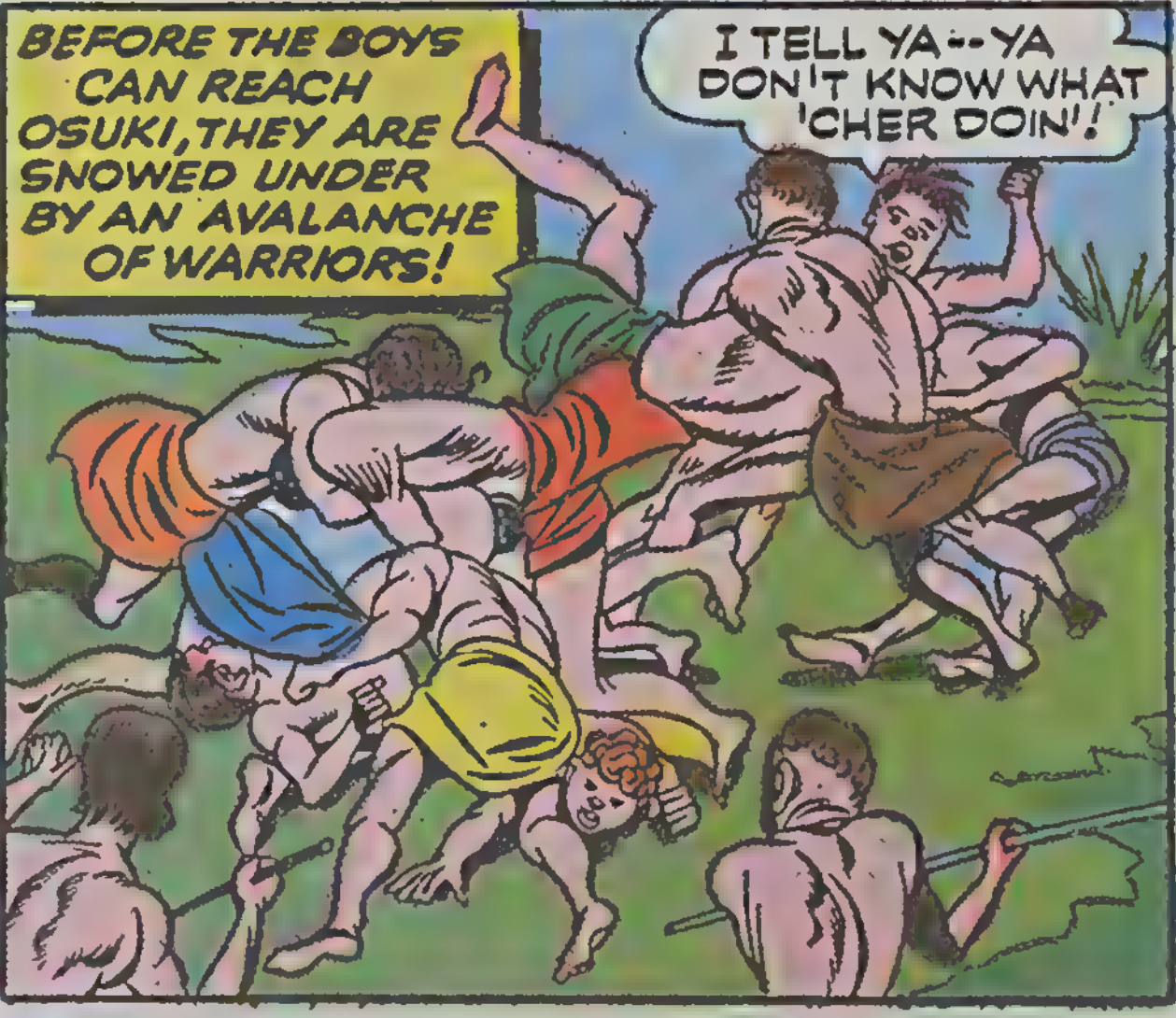
LISTEN, O MIGHTY CHIEF... HEAR THE VOICES THAT OSUKI SUMMONS FROM THE FAR ENDS OF THE EARTH!



THE RYEDIO! DON'T LET HIM GET NEAR H'IT!

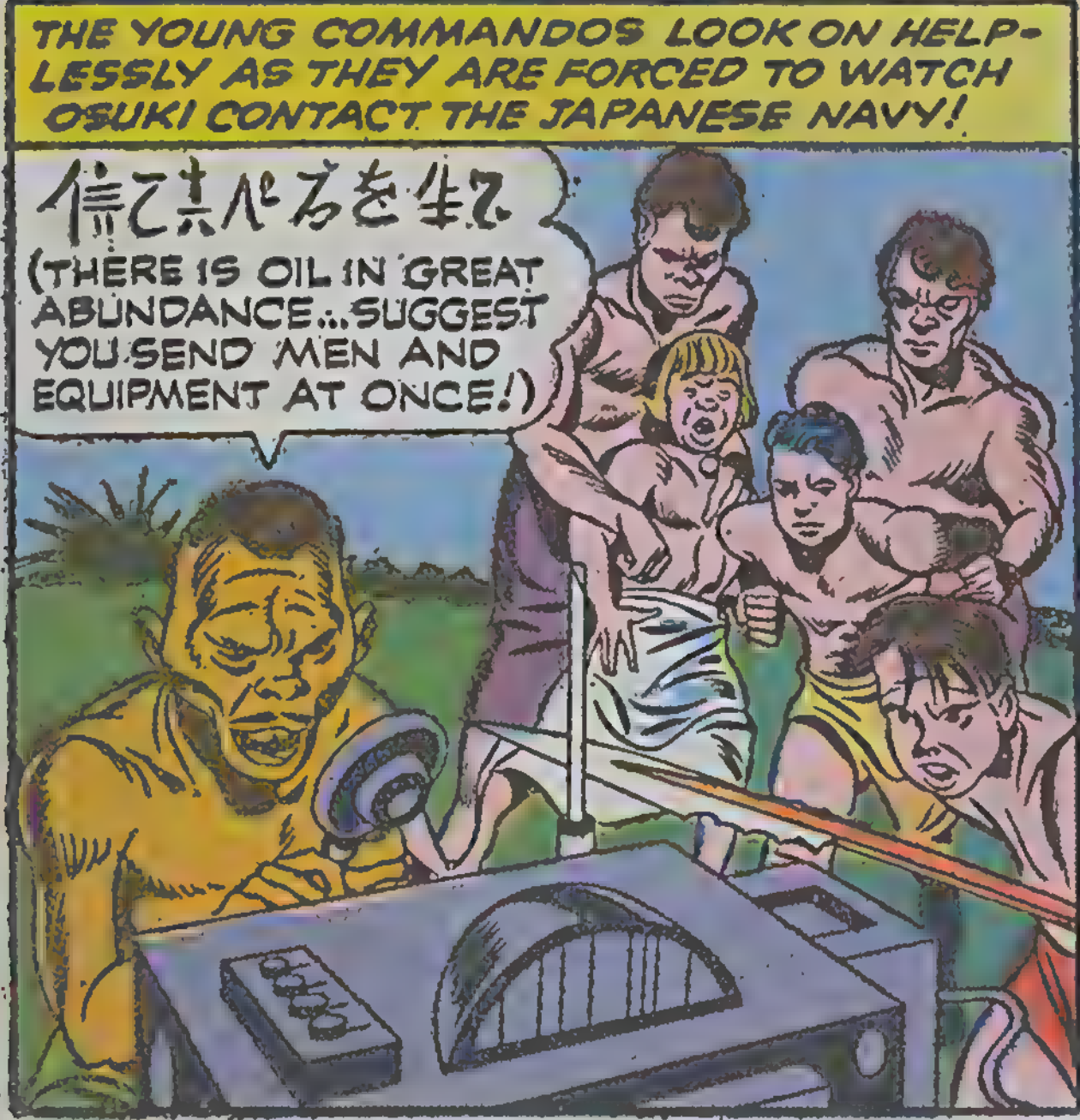
DE RAT IS GONNA CALL DE JAPS!

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!!



BEFORE THE BOYS CAN REACH OSUKI, THEY ARE SNOWED UNDER BY AN AVALANCHE OF WARRIORS!

I TELL YA--YA DON'T KNOW WHAT 'CHER DOIN'!



THE YOUNG COMMANDOS LOOK ON HELPLESSLY AS THEY ARE FORCED TO WATCH OSUKI CONTACT THE JAPANESE NAVY!

停て来るを生  
(THERE IS OIL IN GREAT ABUNDANCE...SUGGEST YOU SEND MEN AND EQUIPMENT AT ONCE!)

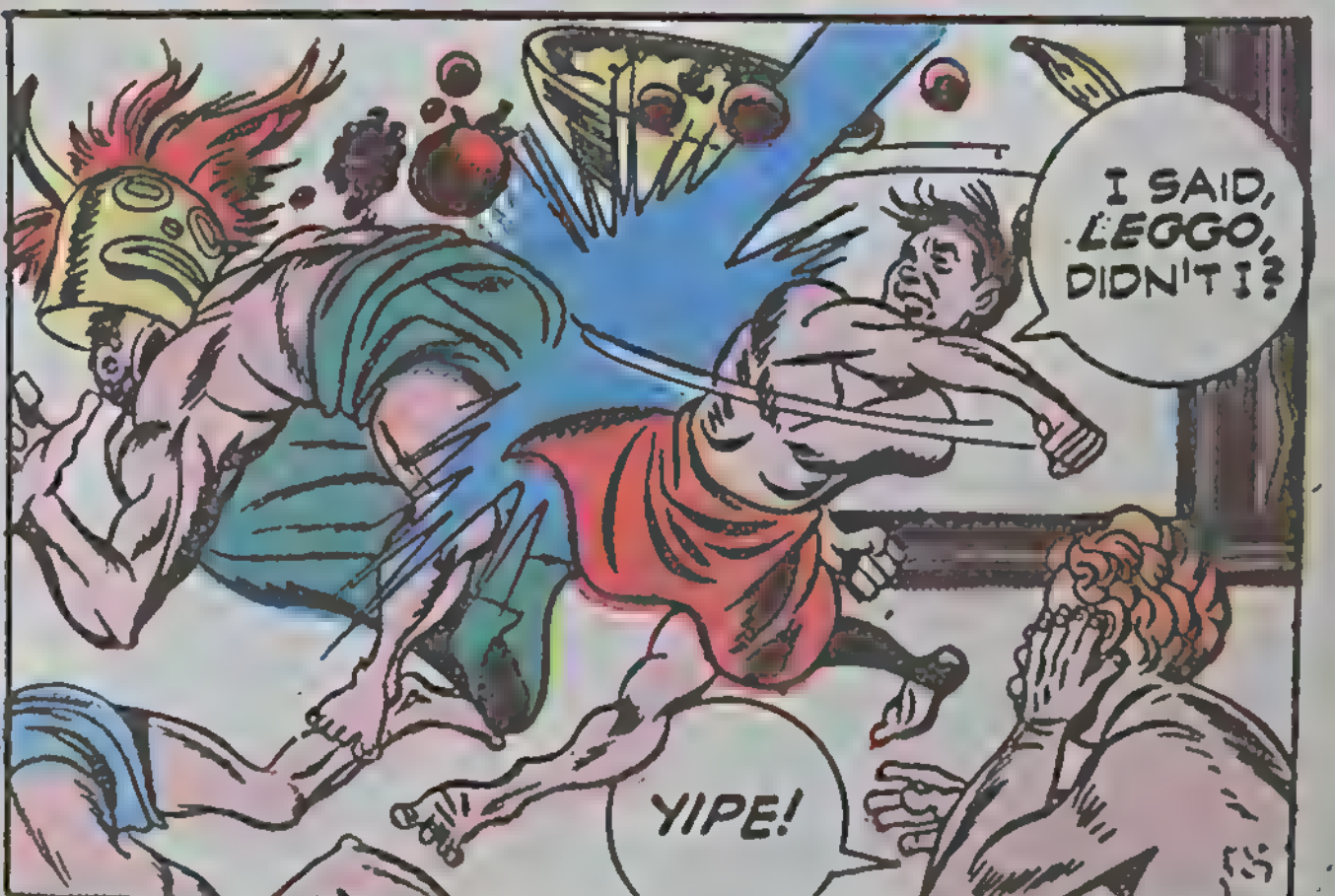
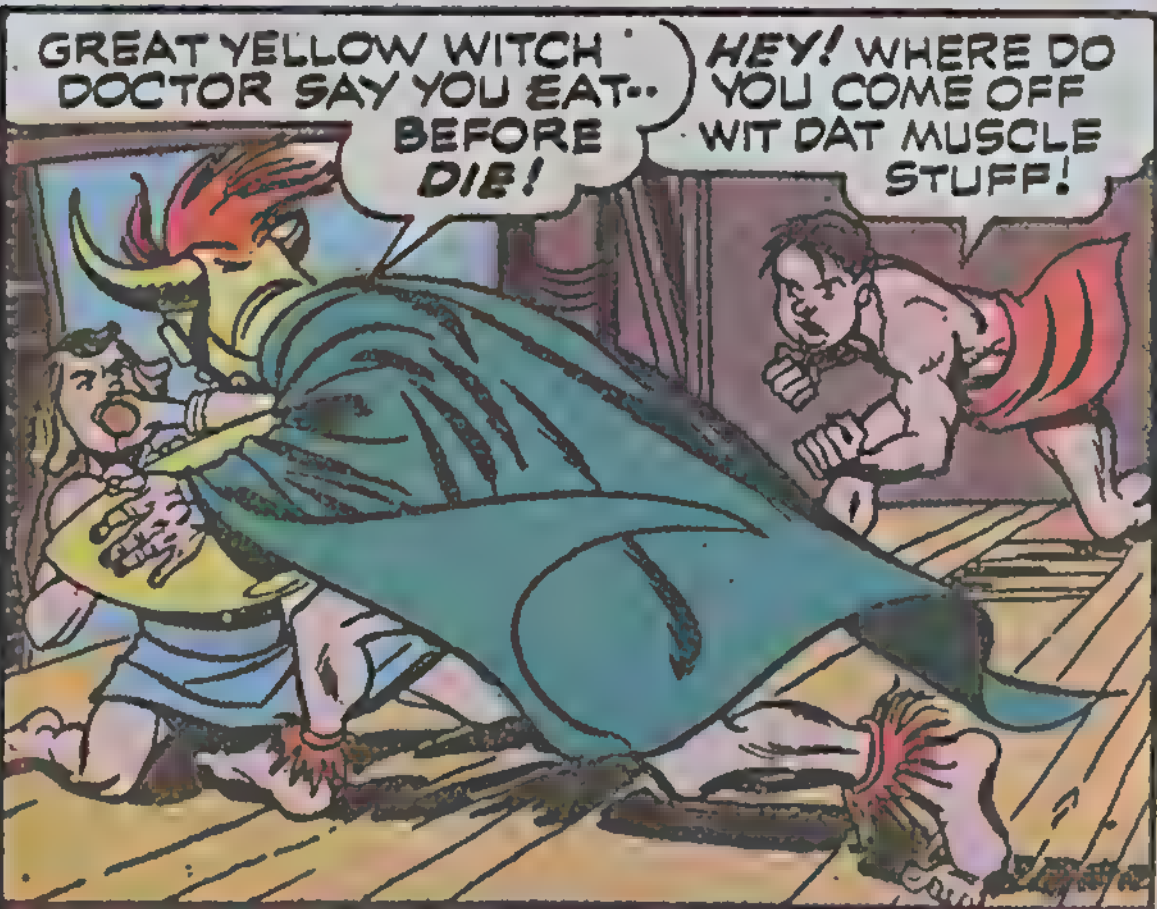
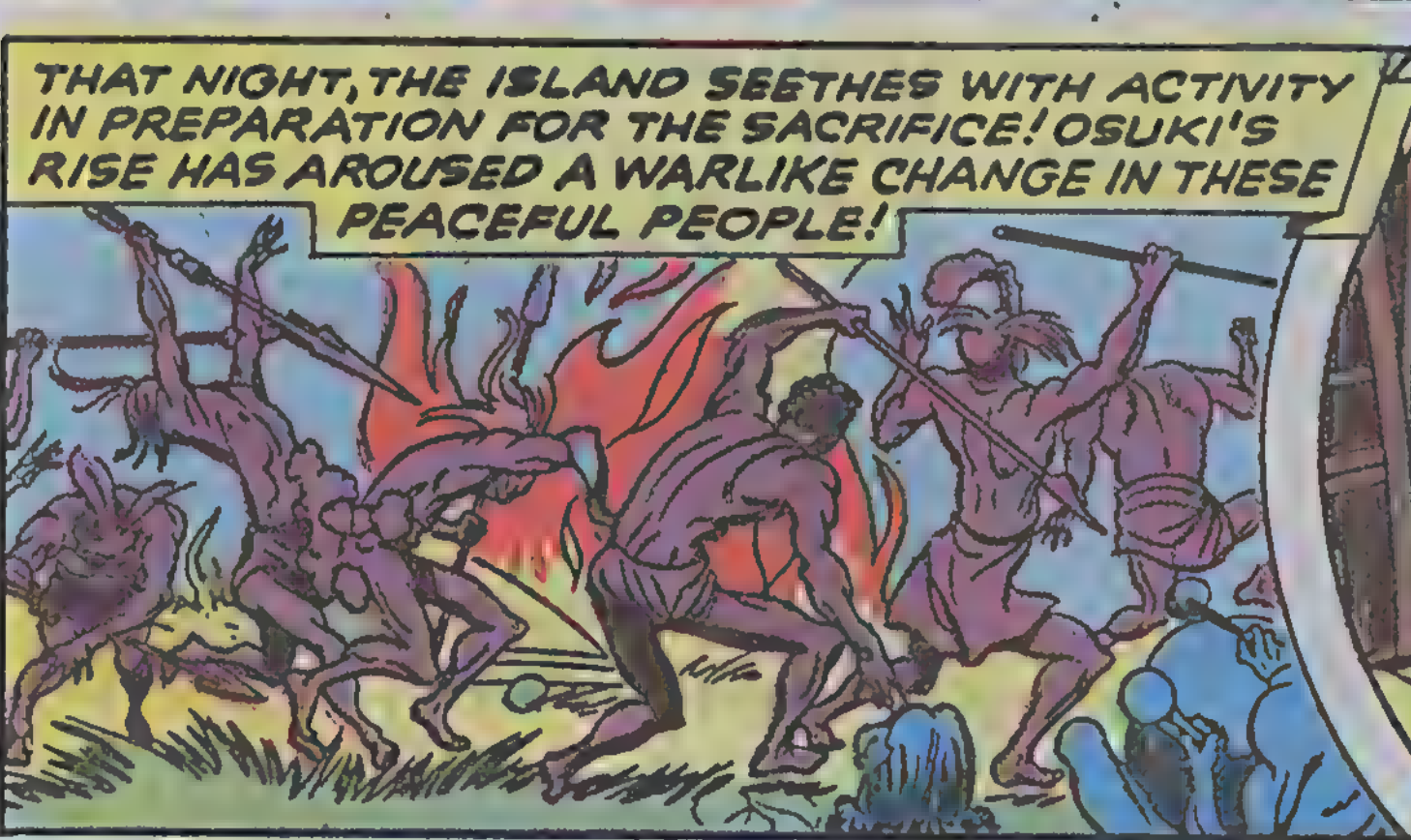
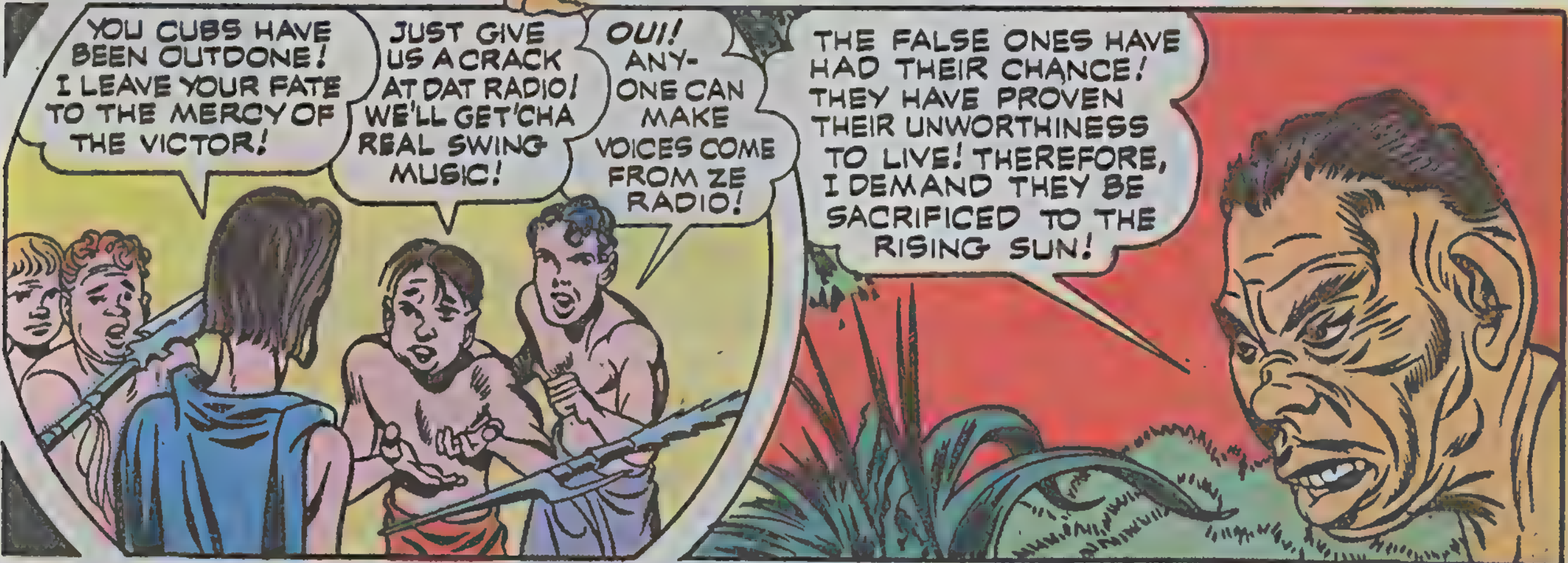
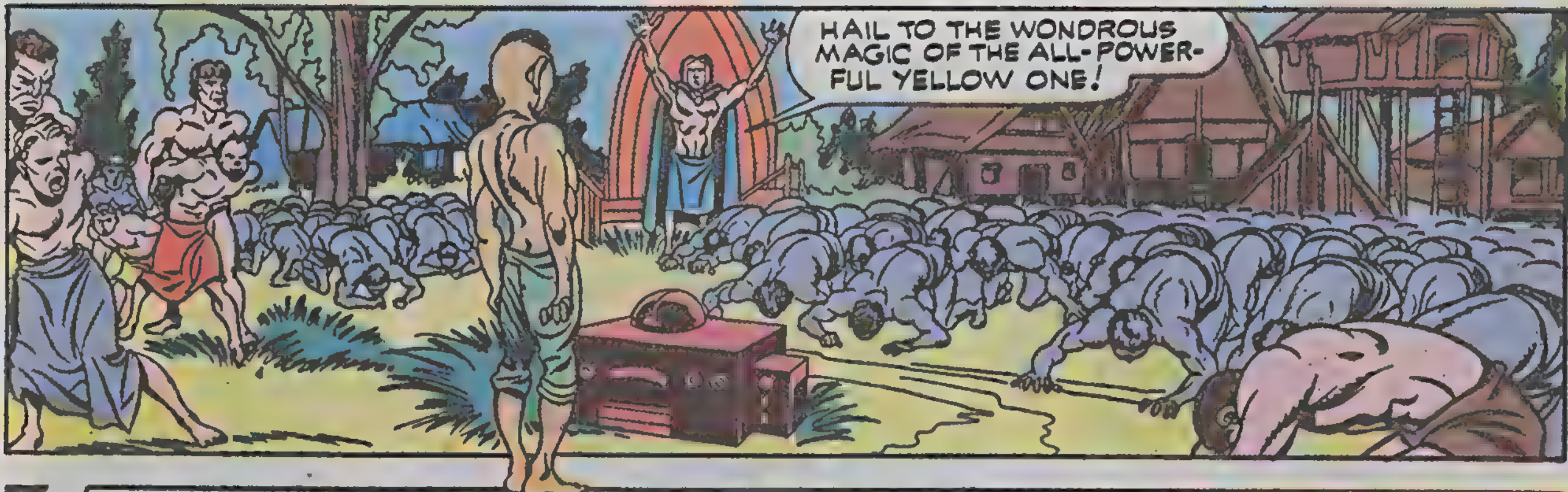


WE SHALL FOLLOW YOUR SUGGESTIONS... GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN OSUKI!! BANZAI!!!

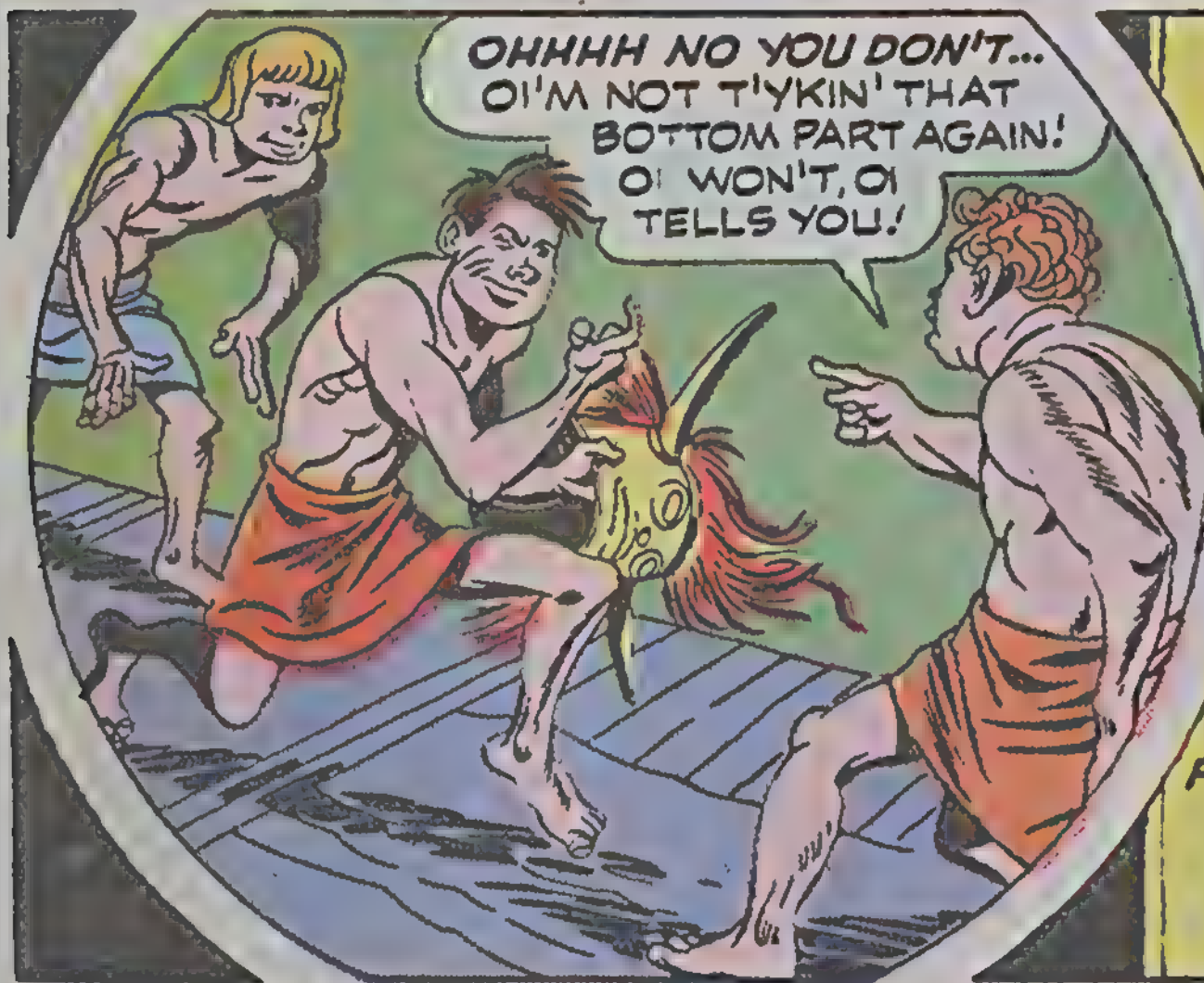
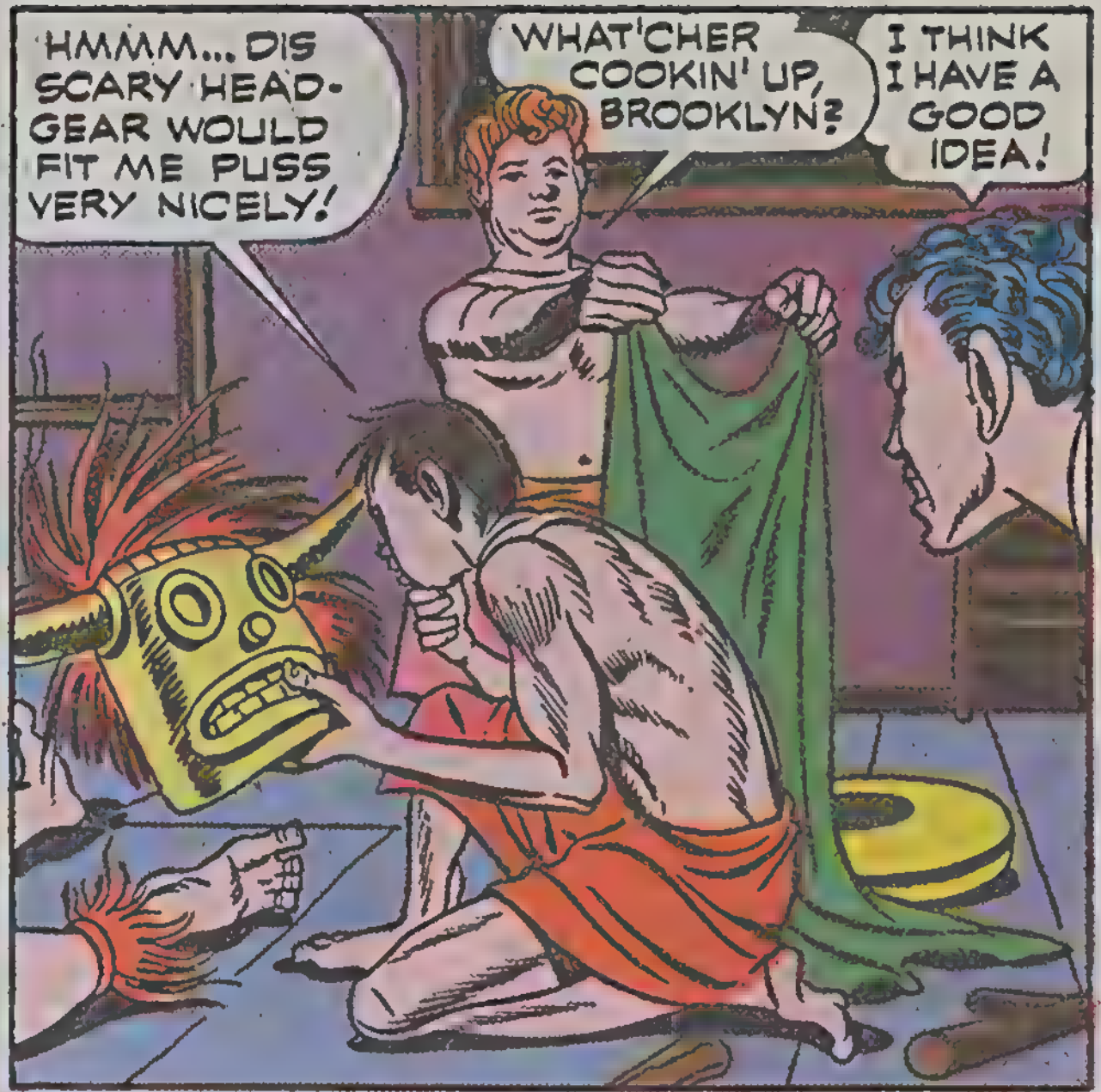
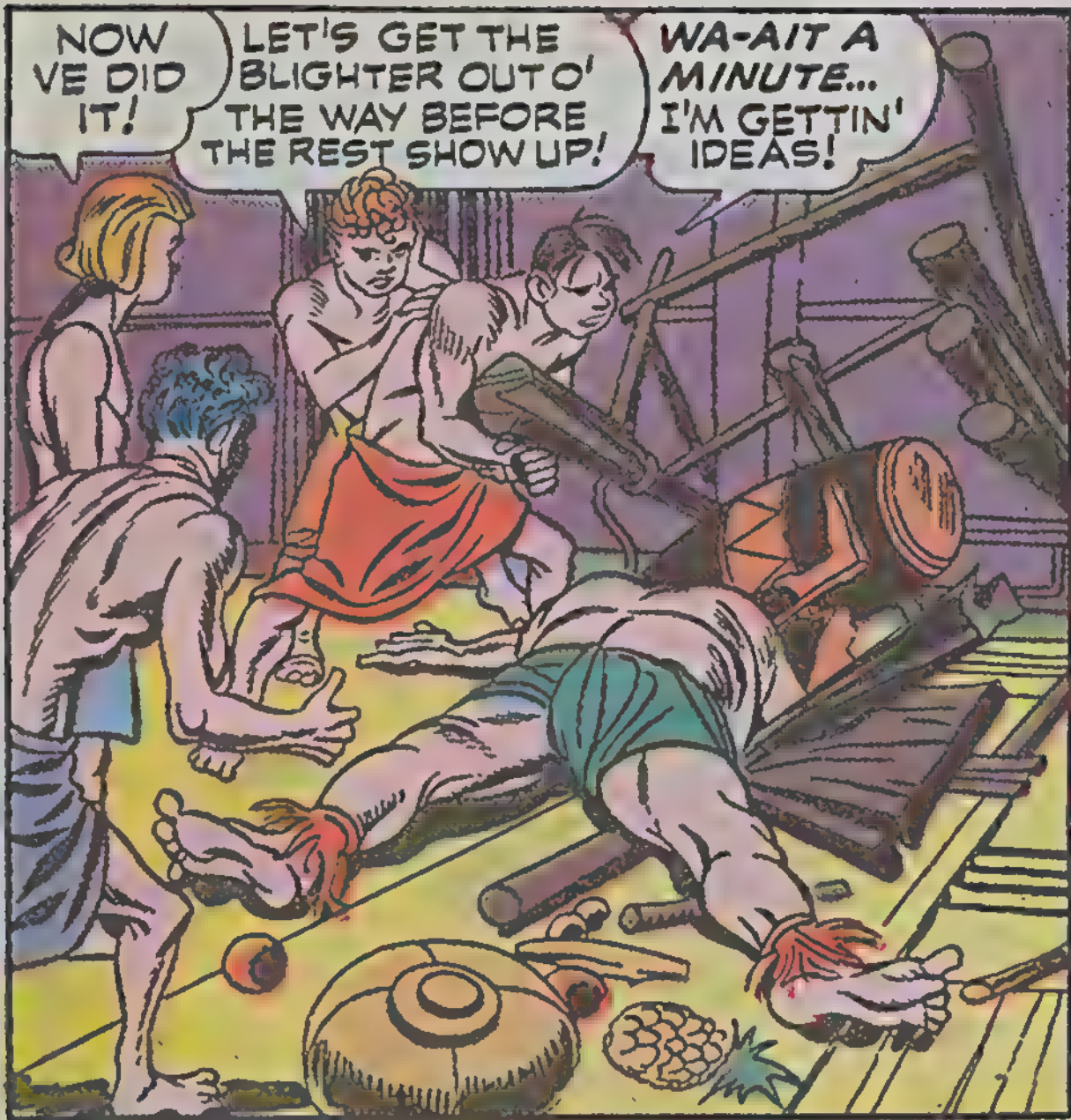
A VOICE FROM THE AIR!

AI...IT IS A TRUE MIRACLE!







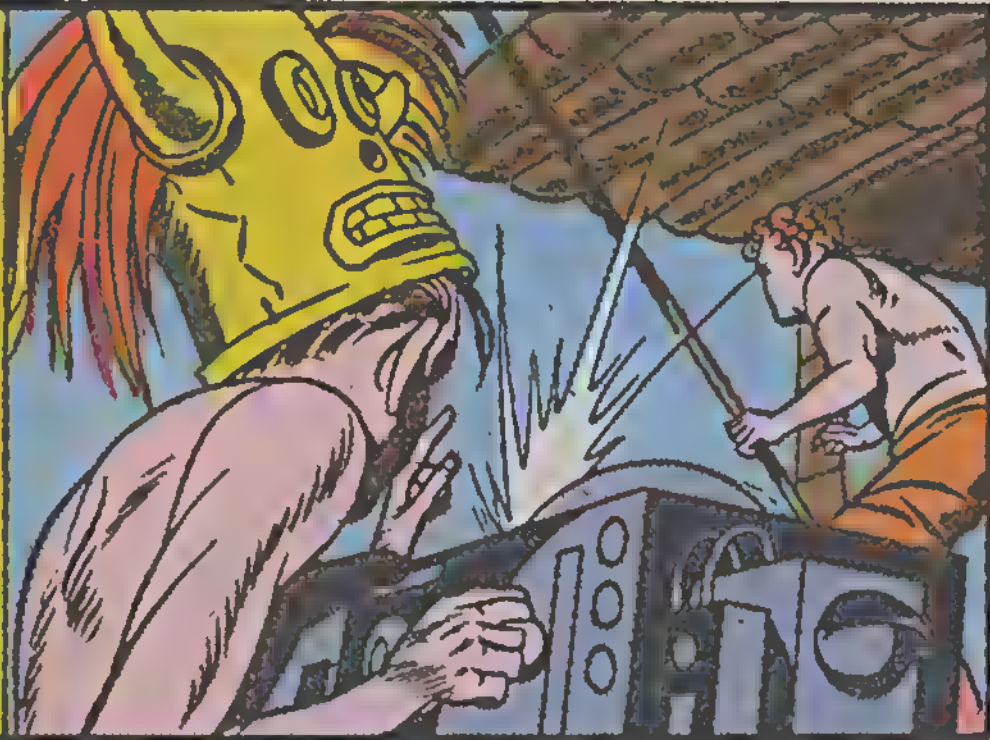


**THIS SPACE DENOTES THE PASSING OF EXACTLY TWO AND ONE-HALF MINUTES OF VERY PRECIOUS TIME!**





**SECONDS LATER, ALFY AND BROOKLYN ARE AT THE RADIO, SENDING A DESPERATE PLEA FOR HELP...WOULD FATE SMILE ON THEIR EFFORTS?**



**FOR IT'S RIP CARTER, HIMSELF, WHO RECEIVES BROOKLYN'S MESSAGE... AND THE FURY IN RIP'S EYES CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...ACTION!!!**



**BROOKLYN! THIS IS YOUR UNCLE RIP!! TELL THE KIDS TO HANG ON... THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!**

**BUT ALMOST ALWAYS, FATE IS ON THE SIDE OF THE RIGHTEOUS!**



**NEED HELP AT ONCE OR WE'RE DONE FOR...**

**BUT TIME AND THE GRIM REAPER WAIT FOR NO MAN! FOR ON THE HORIZON OF PALOA APPEAR UNITS OF THE JAP FLEET-- AND WITH THE LANDING OF THE NIPPONESE MARINES, DOOM AND DESTRUCTION IS WREAKED ON THE ONCE PEACEFUL TRIBE!**



**GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN OSUKI! AS SOON AS WE TEACH THESE SWINE THE BLESSINGS OF OUR NEW ORDER, WE SHALL PROCEED TO TAP THE ISLAND OF ITS OIL!**



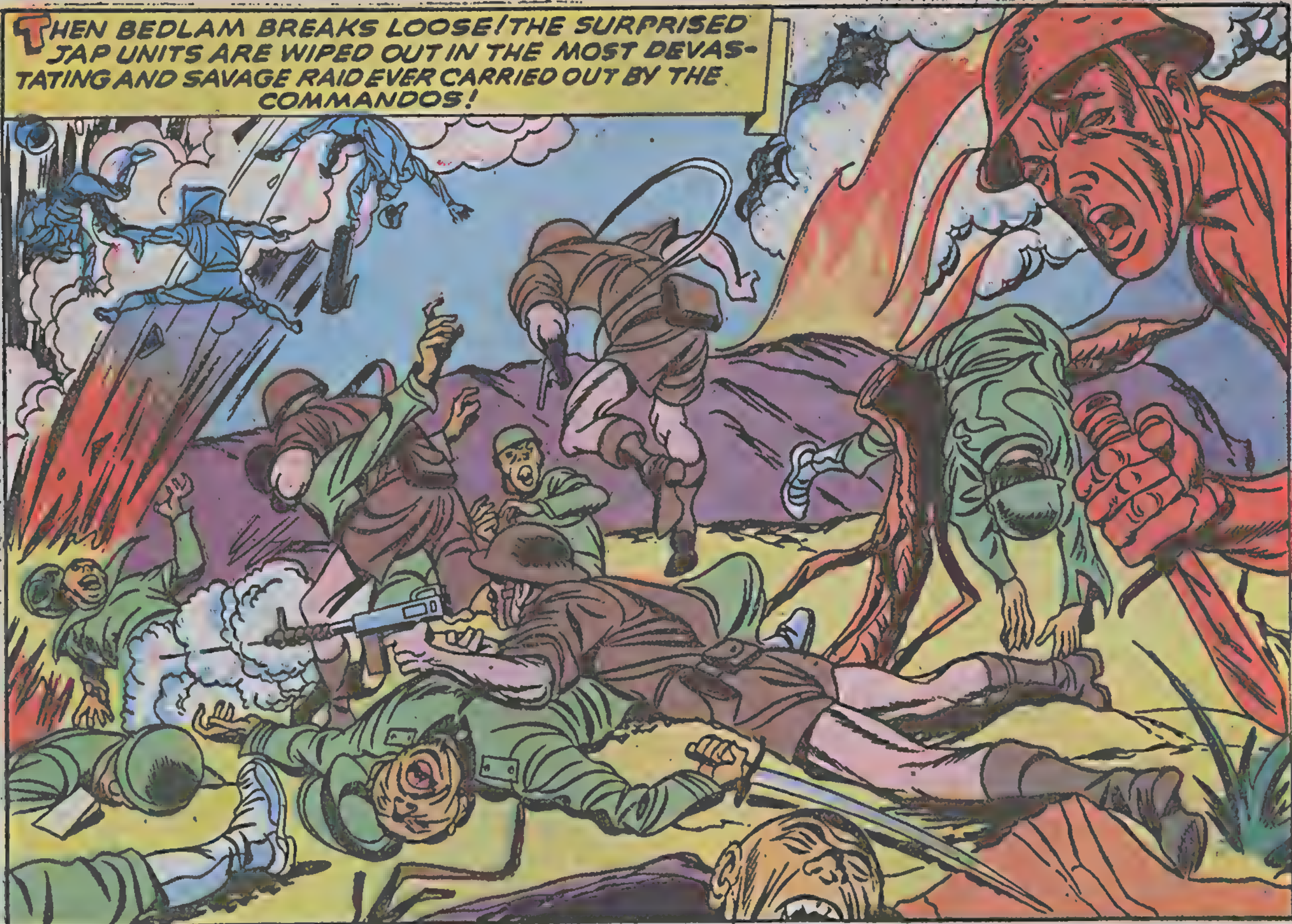
**YES, EXCELLENCY! WE NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF ANY INTERFERENCE!**

**BUT OSUKI IS WRONG... FOR WITH THE COMING OF NIGHT... SILENT, LEAPING SHADOWS DISEMBARK FROM FLOATING ARMORED VESSELS!**





**THEN BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE! THE SURPRISED JAP UNITS ARE WIPED OUT IN THE MOST DEVASTATING AND SAVAGE RAID EVER CARRIED OUT BY THE COMMANDOS!**

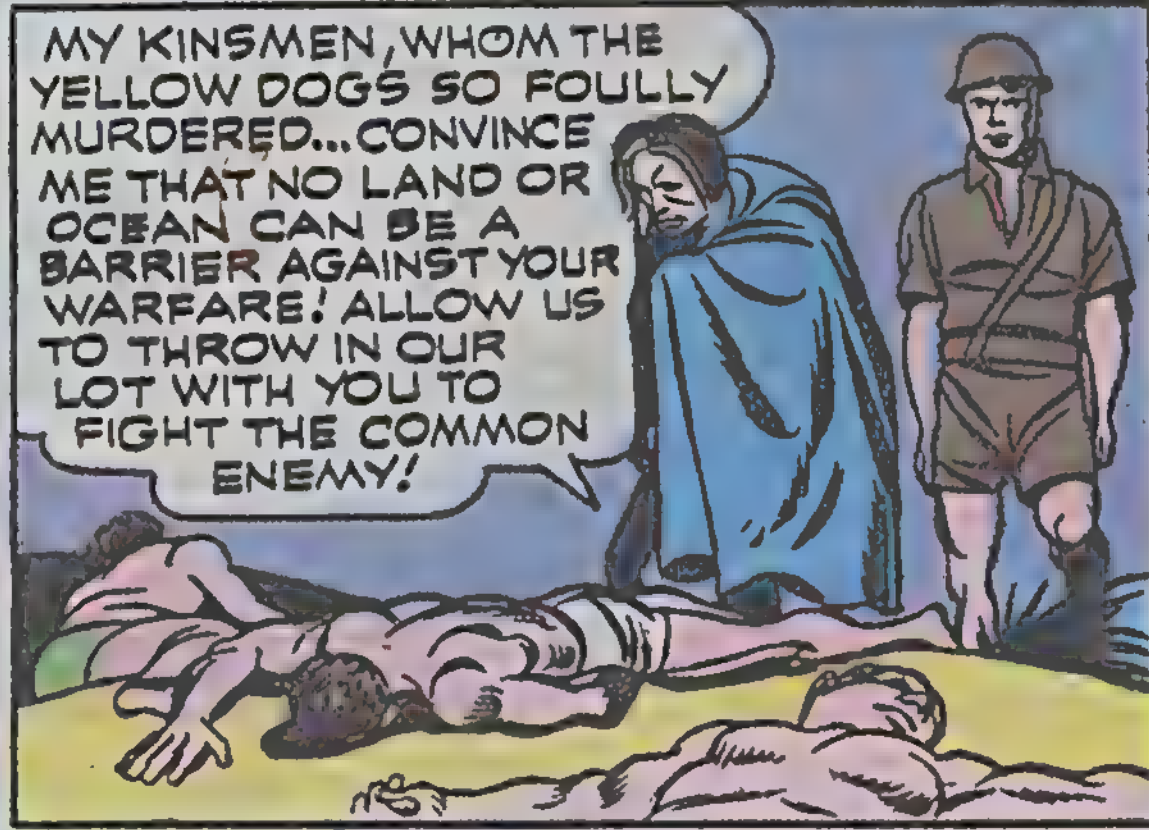


**AFTER THE BLOODY BATTLE, A SADDER BUT WISER CHIEF SPEAKS TO THE LEADER OF THE ALLIED VICTORS!**



MY PEOPLE ARE GRATEFUL! YOU HAVE SAVED US FROM OUR REAL ENEMIES!

MY KINSMEN, WHOM THE YELLOW DOGS SO FOULY MURDERED... CONVINCE ME THAT NO LAND OR OCEAN CAN BE A BARRIER AGAINST YOUR WARFARE! ALLOW US TO THROW IN OUR LOT WITH YOU TO FIGHT THE COMMON ENEMY!



I'LL BET THE CHIEF ALSO LEARNED THAT A GOOD JAP IS A DEAD JAP!



**THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING... WITH A THOUSAND THRILLS ...WATCH FOR... THE BOY COMMANDOS IN EACH ISSUE OF 'DETECTIVE Comics' WORLD'S FINEST COMICS**



# ENERGY TO GET THERE!



**Tell Moms to try this New Recipe . . . Deliciously different cookies are easy-to-make with Baby Ruth**

½ cup butter, or other shortening  
 ¾ cup white sugar  
 1 egg  
 1 ½ cups flour  
 ½ teaspoon soda  
 ½ teaspoon salt  
 ½ teaspoon vanilla  
 2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth Bars,  
 cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients. Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Makes 75 cookies.

*Fun to make ☆ Fun to eat*

**SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN CAMP!**

*Rich in Dextrose*  
 the sugar your body uses directly for  
**ENERGY**

## THE "JEEP" DEPENDS ON ENERGY!

These small-armored cars pack a mighty wallop of energy created from the fuel they burn—energy that has given the "Jeep" a reputation for "getting there!"

## YOUR ENERGY DEPENDS ON FOOD YOU EAT!

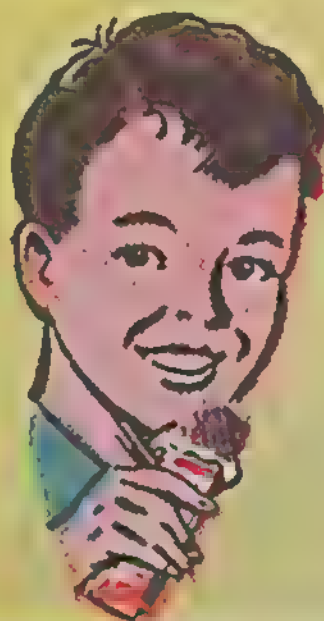
"Jeepers", your body needs energy too—to "get there"—energy from fuel that the human motor utilizes—food!

## BABY RUTH IS RICH IN FOOD-ENERGY!

A Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar is rich in Dextrose, and other nourishing ingredients. It helps give you a quick "pick-up"! So enjoy Baby Ruth's delectable goodness . . . its tempting flavor. Treat yourself to a delicious, inexpensive Baby Ruth every day!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Jimmy:  
 "Baby Ruth  
 Candy Bars  
 taste swell!"



**FOR VICTORY  
 BUY  
 WAR SAVINGS  
 BONDS AND  
 STAMPS**

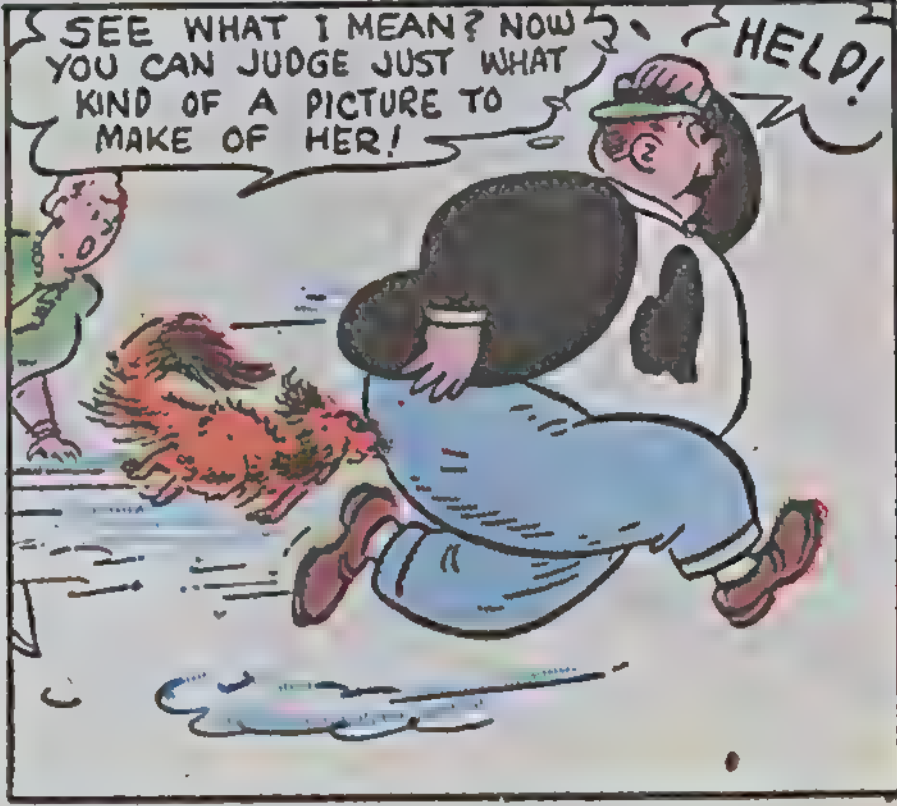
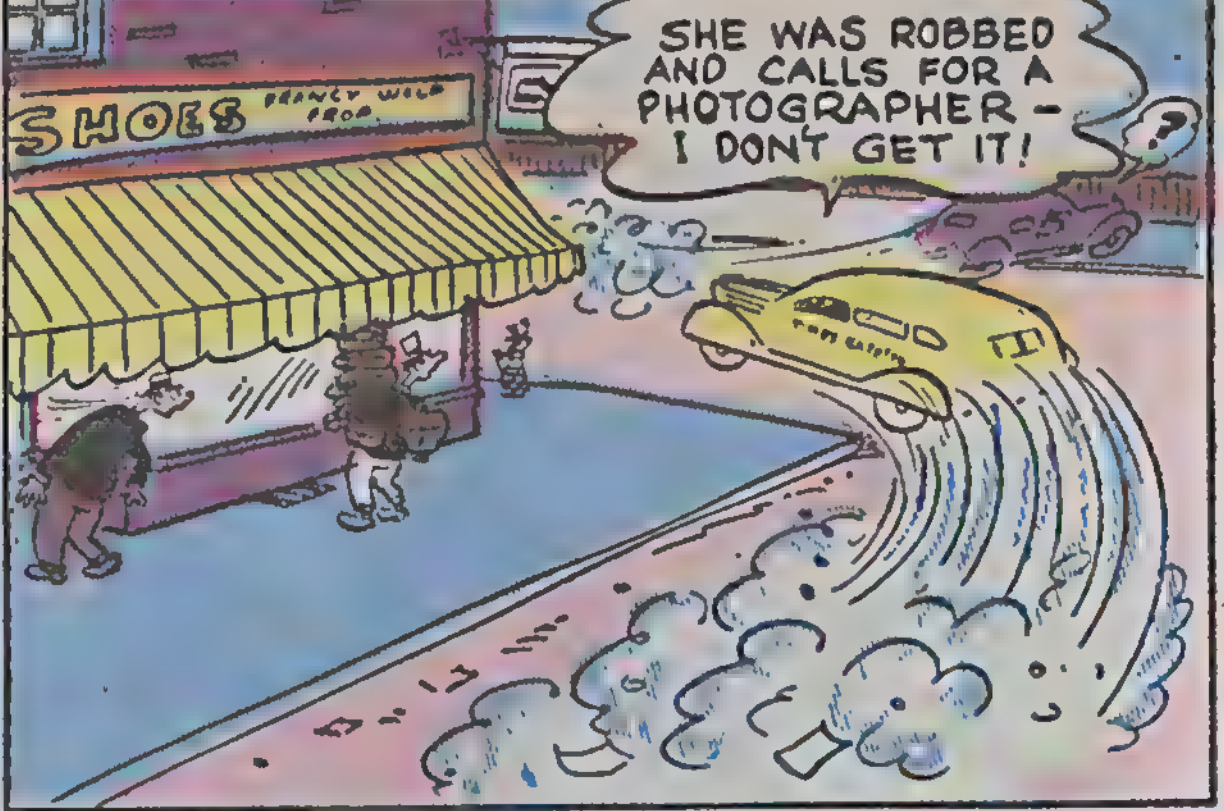


# Scoopy

by Sherman

MRS. GOLDROCKS WAS JUST ROBBED AND SHE WANTS A PHOTOGRAPHER - HURRY!

TIMES GAZETTE



## How Do THEY THINK 'EM UP?!

IT'S AMAZING HOW THOSE WRITERS AND ARTISTS IN THE DC OFFICE CAN DO IT? THIS TIME THEY'VE GOT A VILLAIN WHO BATTLES YOUR FIVE FAVORITE FEATURES WITH THE FIVE SENSES OF SIGHT, HEARING, SMELL, TOUCH, AND TASTE! IT'S THE MOST INTERESTING STORY IDEA IN A LONG TIME!

AND WHAT A STORY! IT'S A COMPLETE, NOVEL-LENGTH YARN PACKED WITH ACTION AND SUSPENSE! DON'T MISS IT!



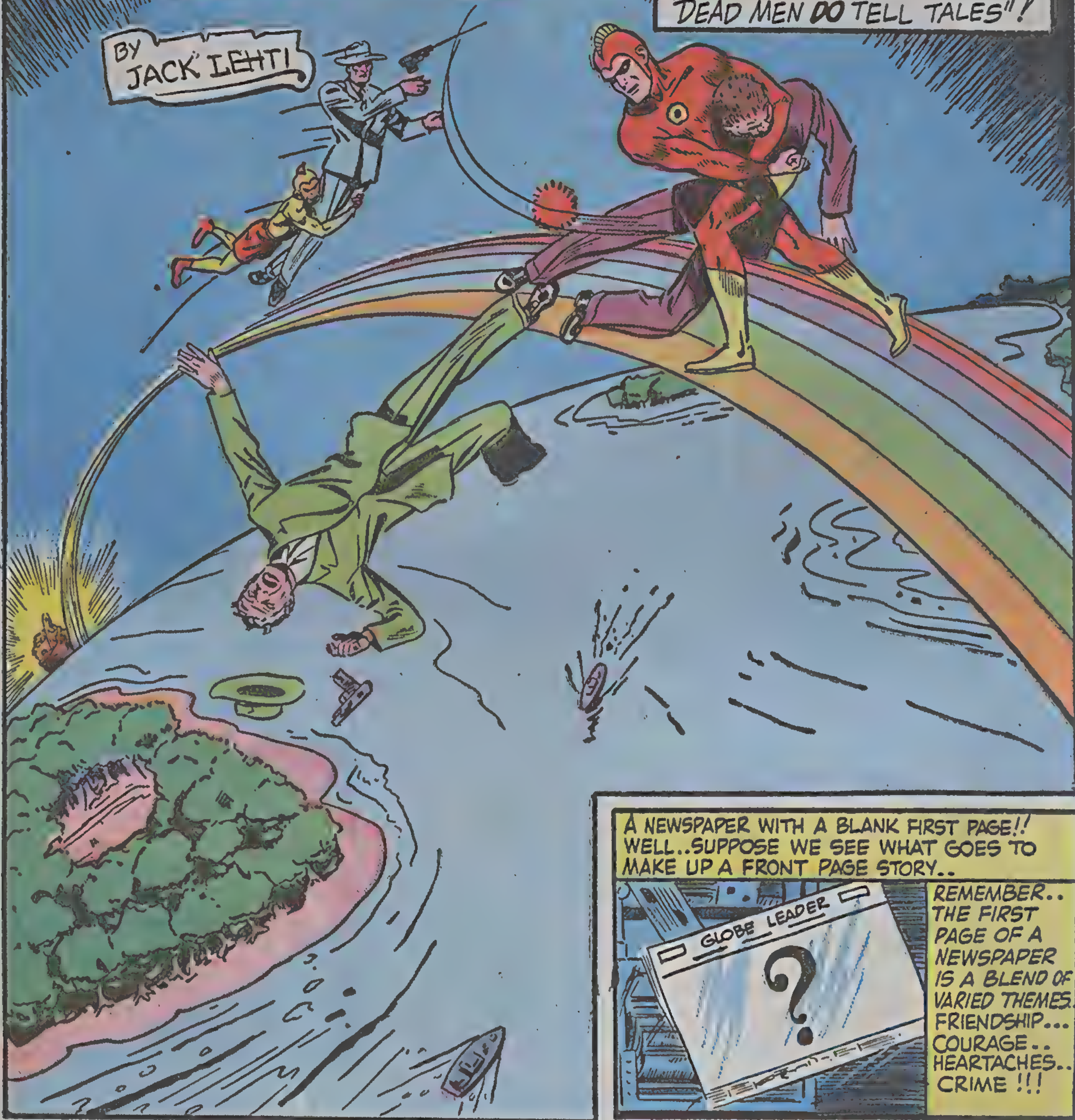
ON SALE EVERYWHERE  
SEPT. 11<sup>TH</sup>  
WATCH FOR IT!!



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY  
JACK LEHTI

WHY DID RUTHLESS RACKETEERS COMBINE TO WAGE WAR UPON AN ORPHANED NEWSBOY AND AN ALMOST PENNILESS OLD MAN? WHY DID THE CRAFTY CUTTHROATS TRAIL THE ODDLY ASSORTED DUO...TRAP THEM...AND BRUTALLY TRY TO STILL THEIR HEARTS FOREVER? TO FIND THE ANSWER, LEE TRAVIS SHEDS HIS MILD-MANNERED PERSONALITY...CLOTHES HIMSELF IN THE BRILLIANT GARB OF THE **CRIMSON AVENGER** AND, FOLLOWING THE STRANGEST TRAIL OF HIS COLORFUL CAREER, FINDS ALMOST TOO LATE THAT ---  
"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES"!



A NEWSPAPER WITH A BLANK FIRST PAGE!!  
WELL...SUPPOSE WE SEE WHAT GOES TO  
MAKE UP A FRONT PAGE STORY...



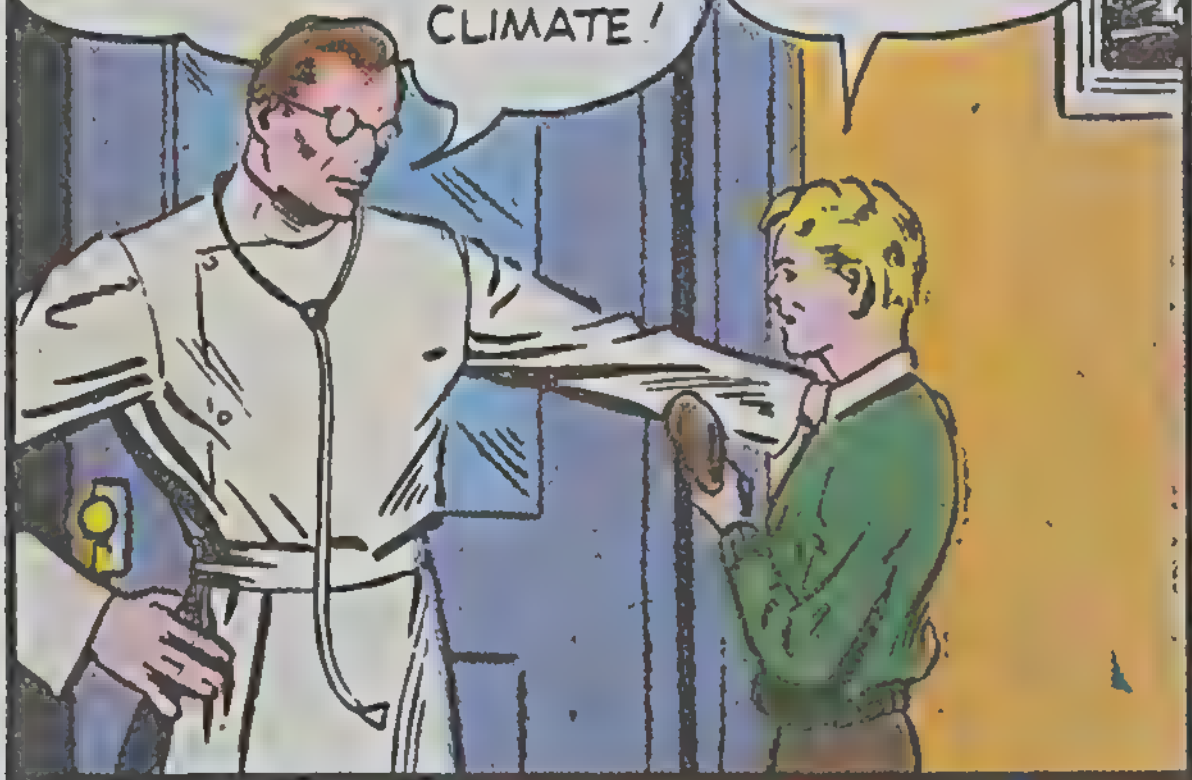
REMEMBER...  
THE FIRST  
PAGE OF A  
NEWSPAPER  
IS A BLEND OF  
VARIED THEMES.  
FRIENDSHIP...  
COURAGE...  
HEARTACHES...  
CRIME !!!



HERE IS...**COURAGE!**

I ADMIRE YOU, TOMMY,  
FOR SUPPORTING YOUR-  
SELF AT YOUR EARLY AGE,  
BUT YOUR COUGH WORRIES  
ME! YOU NEED A WARMER  
CLIMATE!

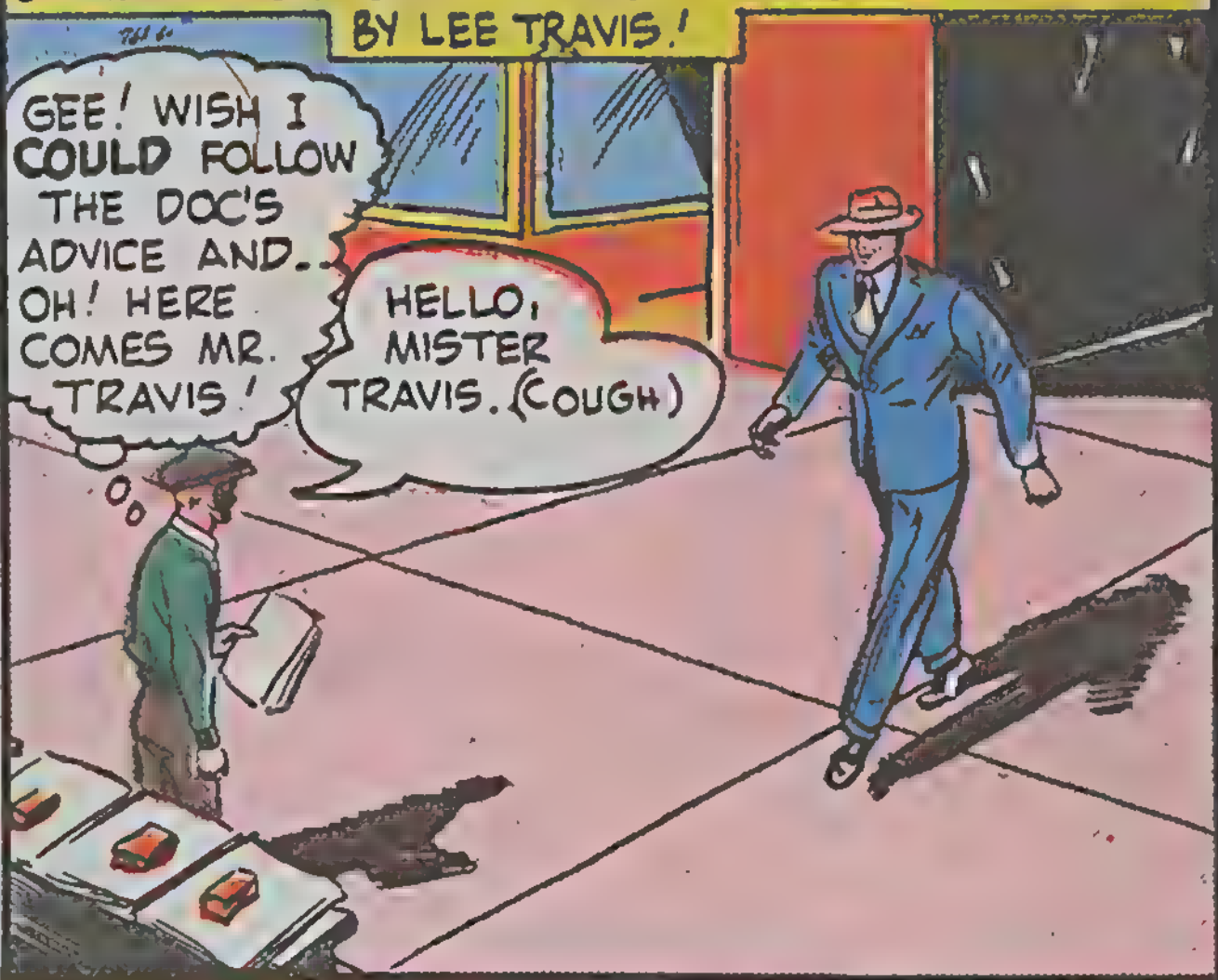
THANKS, DOCTOR...  
BUT (COUGH) MY  
NEWSSTAND  
DOESN'T PAY  
THAT WELL!



AND SO...THE AILING TOMMY CONTINUES BUSINESS AT HIS  
STAND IN FRONT OF THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING OWNED  
BY LEE TRAVIS!

GEE! WISH I  
COULD FOLLOW  
THE DOC'S  
ADVICE AND...  
OH! HERE  
COMES MR.  
TRAVIS!

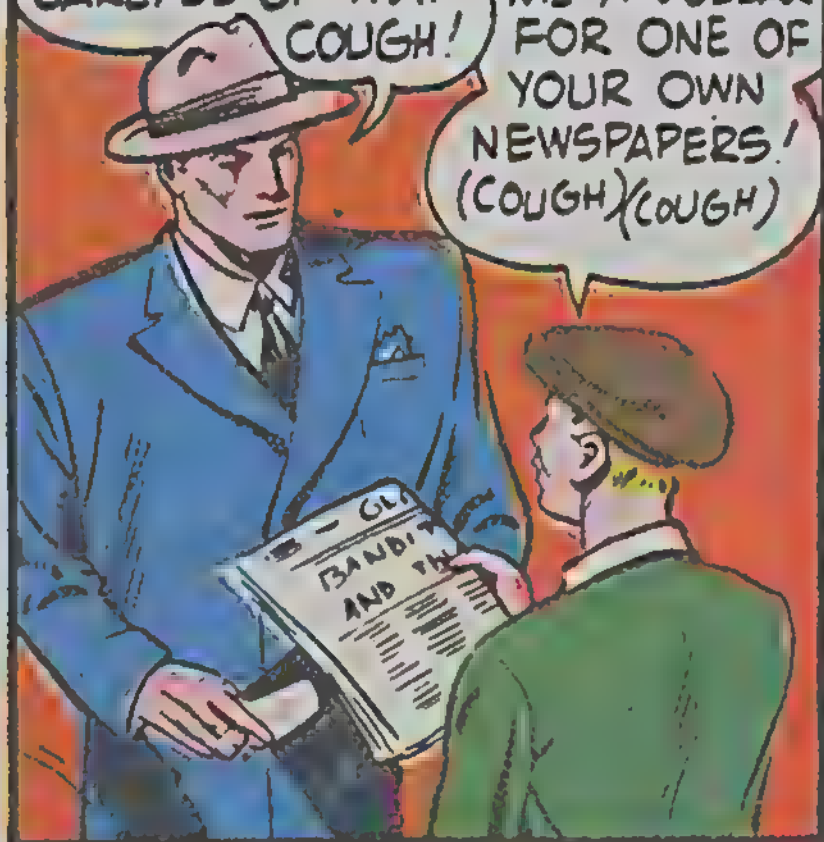
HELLO,  
MISTER  
TRAVIS. (COUGH)



AND NOW...WE SEE **FRIENDSHIP!**

I'LL TAKE A  
PAPER, TOMMY..  
AND PLEASE BE  
CAREFUL OF THAT  
COUGH!

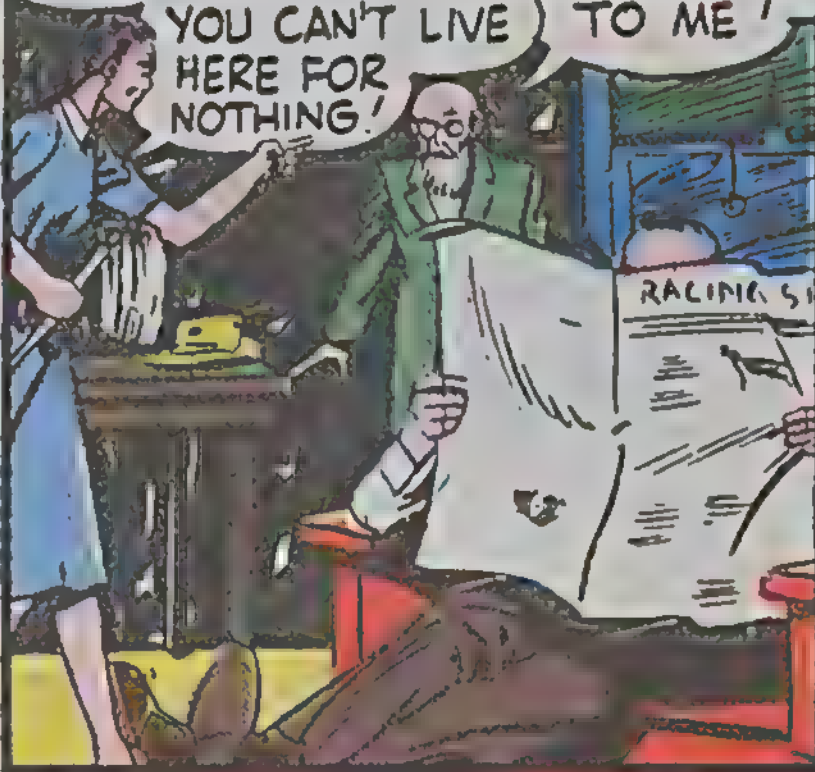
GOSH! YOU'RE  
(COUGH) SURE  
SWELL PAYING  
ME A DOLLAR  
FOR ONE OF  
YOUR OWN  
NEWSPAPERS!  
(COUGH)(COUGH)



BLOCKS AWAY...IN A DECREPIT  
TENEMENT THERE IS **HEARTACHE!**

LISTEN, UNCLE...I  
KNOW YOU GOT  
FIFTY BUCKS SAVED!  
C'MON, WHERE IS IT?  
YOU CAN'T LIVE  
HERE FOR  
NOTHING!

BUT..IT'S ALL I  
HAVE IN CASE  
ANYTHING  
SHOULD HAPPEN  
TO ME!



M-MAYBE  
I BETTER  
GO! I'LL  
SEE TOMMY..  
AND...

SURE! SEE TOMMY!  
YOU MAKE A SWELL  
PAIR ANYHOW...  
A KID WITH A BUM  
CHEST AND AN OLD  
TIGHTWAD!



AND NOW...THE DARKEST SHADOW  
OF ALL CROSSES OUR PATH...**CRIME!**

DIS CURIO SHOP JOB SURE WUZ  
A FIZZLE! ANYTHING  
IN TH' SAFE WORTH  
LIFTIN'--HUH, TRIGGER?

HMM..  
LOOKS LIKE  
A MAP!



OHH! WE END UP WIT' SOMETHIN'  
SOME GUY MUSTA' DRAWN IN A  
BUG-HOUSE! IT'S ENOUGH TO  
MAKE A GUY GO STRAIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, PAL!  
THE WORLD'S FULL OF  
SAPS! AND SOME SAP  
IS GOING TO BUY THIS  
CORNY  
MAP!



YOU'VE NOW SEEN THE ELEMENTS OF A  
FRONT PAGE STORY! NOW THE STORY ITSELF.



NIGHT..IN THE JUNKYARD WHERE TOMMY MAKES HIS HOME...

WHAT A LIFE! YOUR NIECE  
LOCKS YOU OUT BECAUSE  
YOU WON'T GIVE HER  
YOUR LAST FIFTY  
DOLLARS..AND MY  
BUSINESS WAS SO  
BAD I SOLD MY  
STAND FOR  
FORTY!

HMM...THAT  
MAKES  
NINETY!

WHO SAID...  
HEY!  
WH- WHO  
ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S...  
ER... TRIGGER !!

SCANT MINUTES AFTER...

..AND SO..BEING AS I HAVE  
ONLY A MONTH TO LIVE..I'D  
BE GLAD TO SELL YOU  
THAT GENUINE  
TREASURE MAP FOR THE  
NINETY DOLLARS!

GEE!  
THIS  
IS A  
BREAK!

LATER..EVIL VOICES CHUCKLE GLOATINGLY

HAW! NOT A  
BAD TAKE,  
TRIGGER!

YEAH! THEY  
SWALLOWED THE  
LINE I THREW 'EM!  
THE KID AND THE  
OLD GEEZER  
GAVE ME ALL  
THEIR DOUGH!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER...

HERE'S AN ODD  
ADVERTISEMENT WE  
RAN, MR. TRAVIS..  
THOUGHT YOU'D  
BE INTERESTED!

HMMM...  
THIS IS ODD

ATTENTION: WILD  
PERSON WHO TOOK  
TREASURE MAP  
FROM CURIO SHOP  
PLEASE RETURN IT!  
NO QUESTIONS  
ASKED! REWARD!

ONLY 50  
CENTS  
BOX 230

WHY'D YA PUT  
THIS "AD" IN  
THE PAPER  
FOR? WHY  
D'YA WANT  
THE MAP  
BACK??

WHY..I..  
ER..THE  
MAP..UH..  
IS VERY  
VALUABLE!

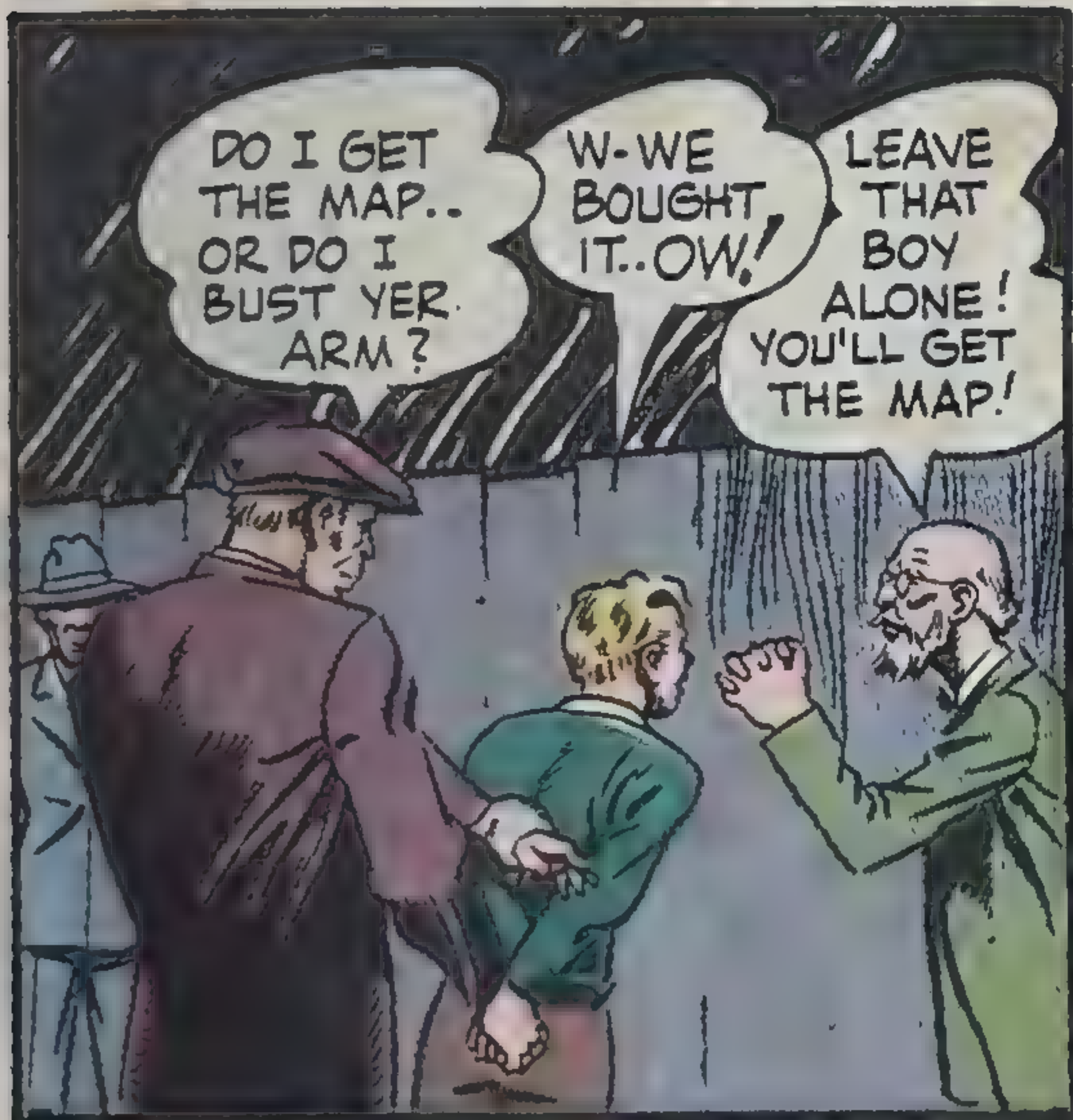
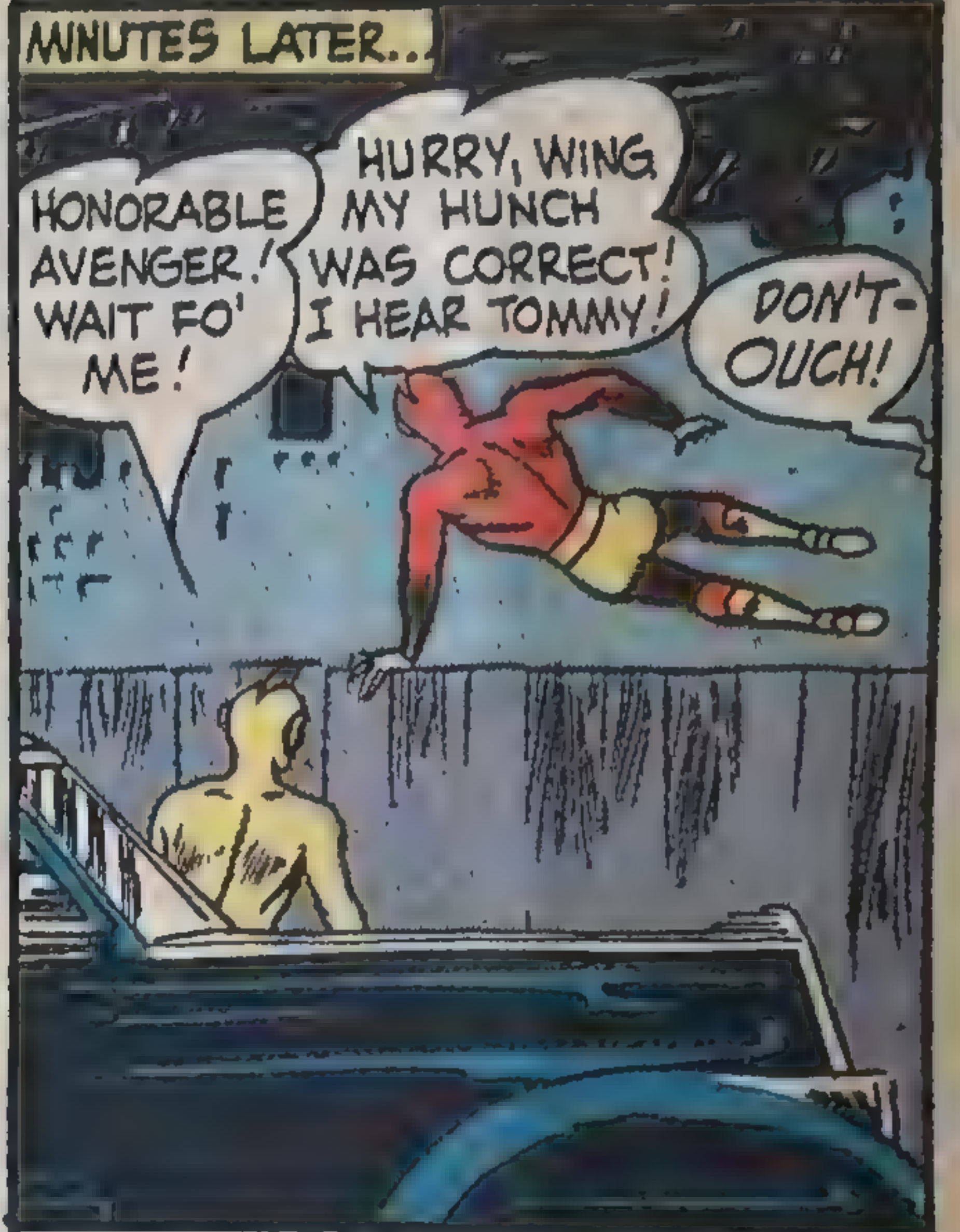
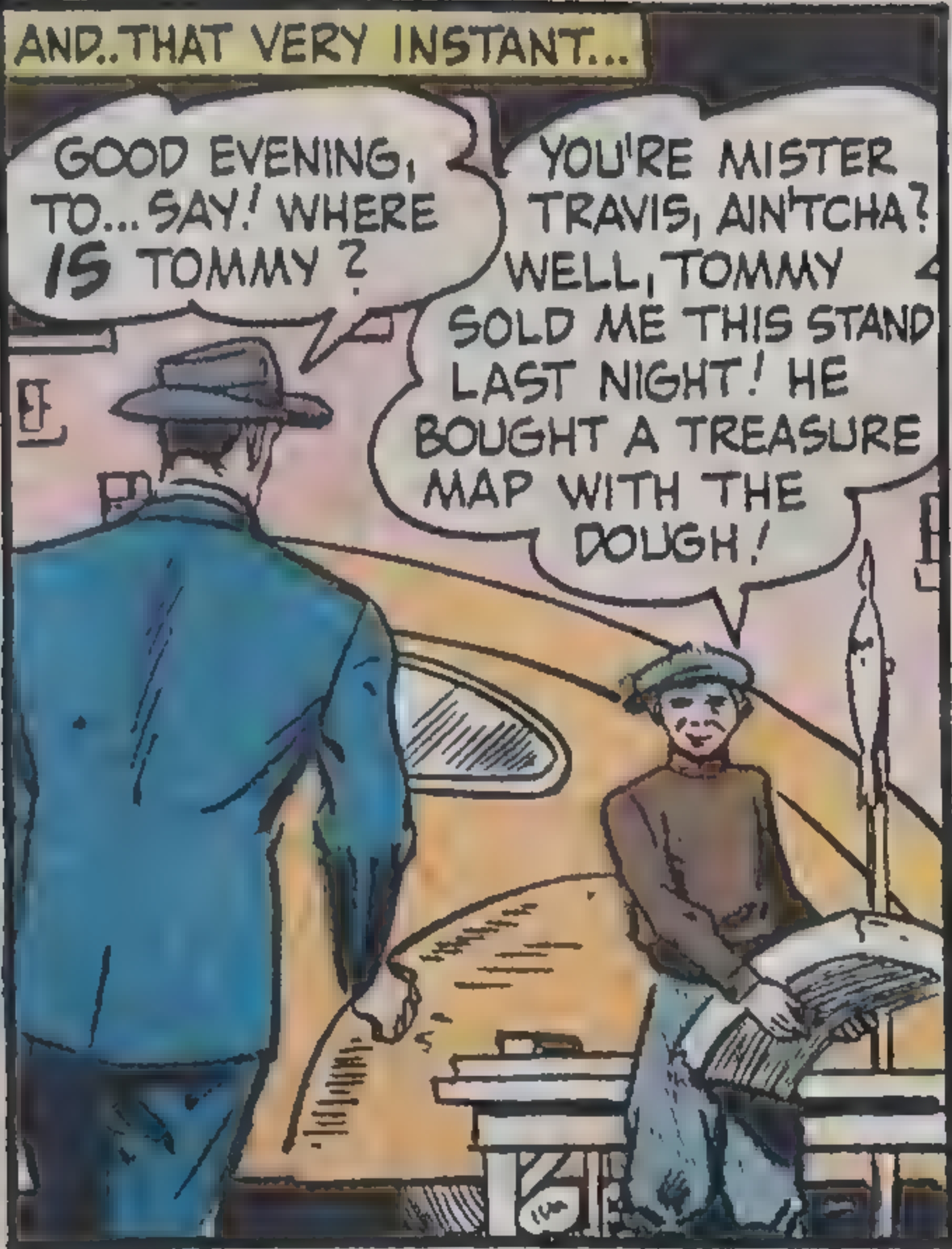
SAY..I NEVER  
THOUGHT OF  
THAT ANGLE!  
THE MAP  
REALLY IS  
GENUINE!

TRIGGER'S GUN BARKS SAVAGELY  
AND A BODY SLOWLY CRUMPLES!

D-DON'T..  
AHHH!

THIS TAKES  
CARE OF YOUR  
SHARE! AND  
NOW, PAL,  
LET'S TAKE  
CARE OF THE  
KID!







SHORTY MAY HAVE BEEN DOWNED..BUT HE ISN'T OUT!

GRAB A CLOUD,  
RED RIDING  
HOOD, OR I'LL  
VENTILATE  
YA!

CARELESS OF ME..  
SHOULD'VE FRISKED  
HIM..OH-OH!



TO MAKE A BAD PUN,  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE  
MY **SOCKS**, TRY  
MY HOSE!

WHA..EH...  
ULP!



THIS ONE A  
DOUBLE-HEADER!

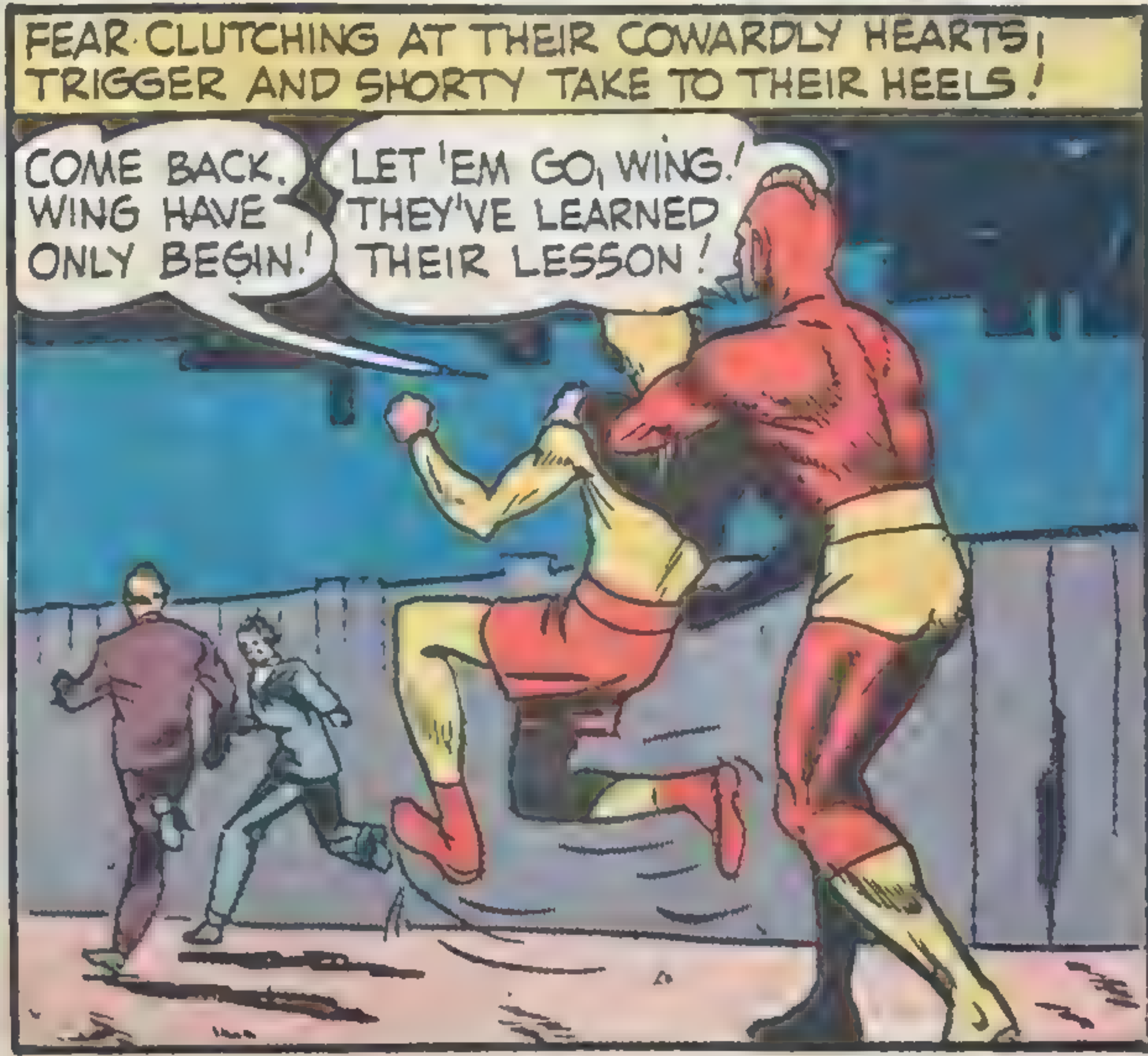
NICE TEAM-  
WORK, WING!



FEAR CLUTCHING AT THEIR COWARDLY HEARTS,  
TRIGGER AND SHORTY TAKE TO THEIR HEELS!

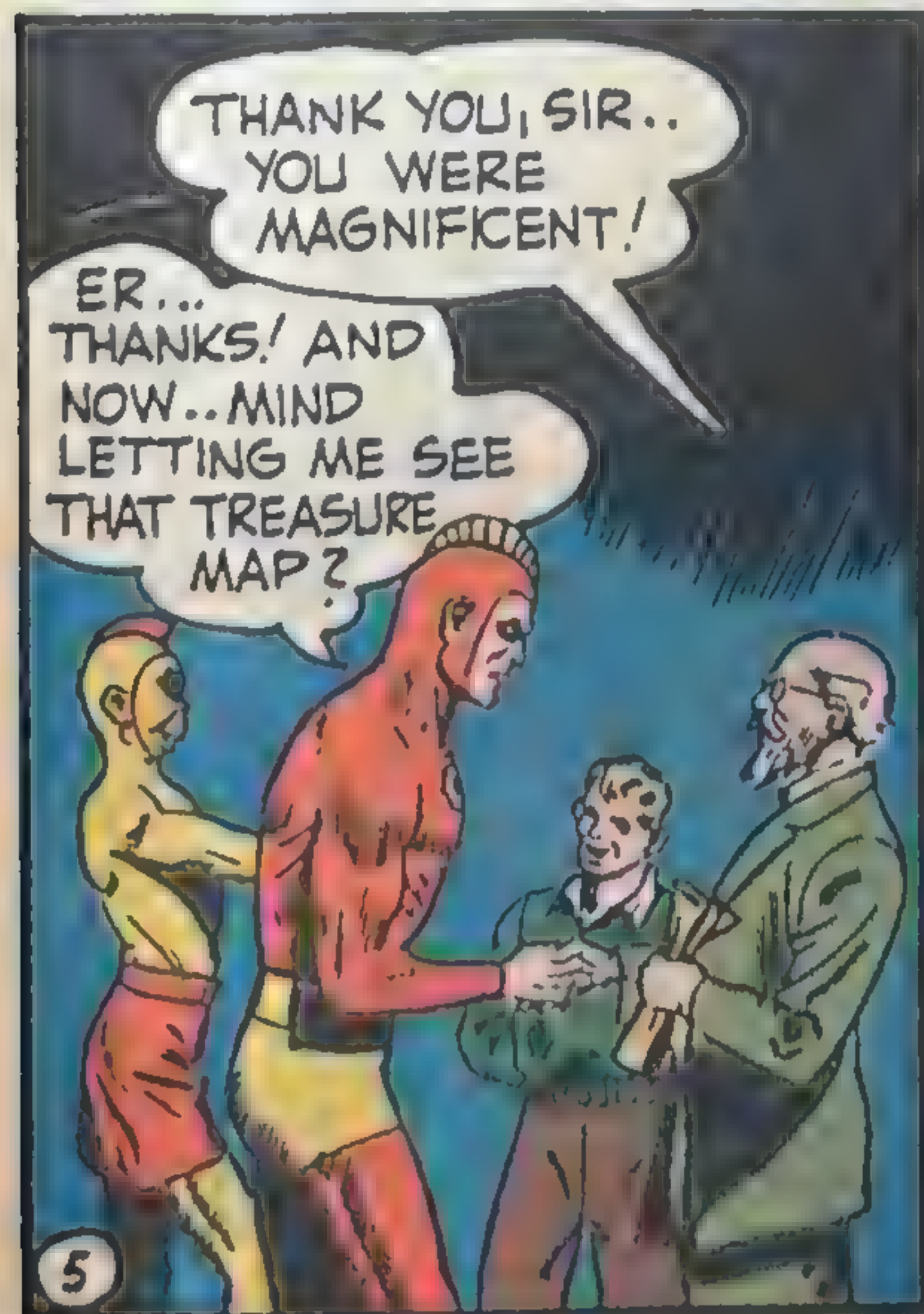
COME BACK,  
WING HAVE  
ONLY BEGIN!

LET 'EM GO, WING!  
THEY'VE LEARNED  
THEIR LESSON!



THANK YOU, SIR..  
YOU WERE  
MAGNIFICENT!

ER...  
THANKS! AND  
NOW..MIND  
LETTING ME SEE  
THAT TREASURE  
MAP?



HM..BARDOS  
ISLAND..AND  
A COUPLET  
THAT READS  
LIKE A  
RIDDLE!

BARDOS ISLAND!  
THAT'S ABOUT  
FIFTY MILES  
FROM HERE!

GOSH!  
HOW'LL WE  
GET THERE?  
WE HAVEN'T  
A CENT!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE YOU  
OUT THERE..AND IF THERE'S  
ANY TREASURE, YOU'LL GET IT!  
IF THERE'S ANY DANGER, I'LL...  
ER...GET  
IT!



PROPHETIC WORDS, CRIMSON  
AVENGER..PROPHETIC WORDS!



NINETY MINUTES LATER AND ONLY A STRETCH OF CHOPPY WATER SEPARATES THE ADVENTURERS TO BARDOS ISLAND...

YOUNG FELLER, DID YOU WAKE ME UP SO'S I COULD FERRY YE TO B-BARDOS ISLAND?

RIGHT!



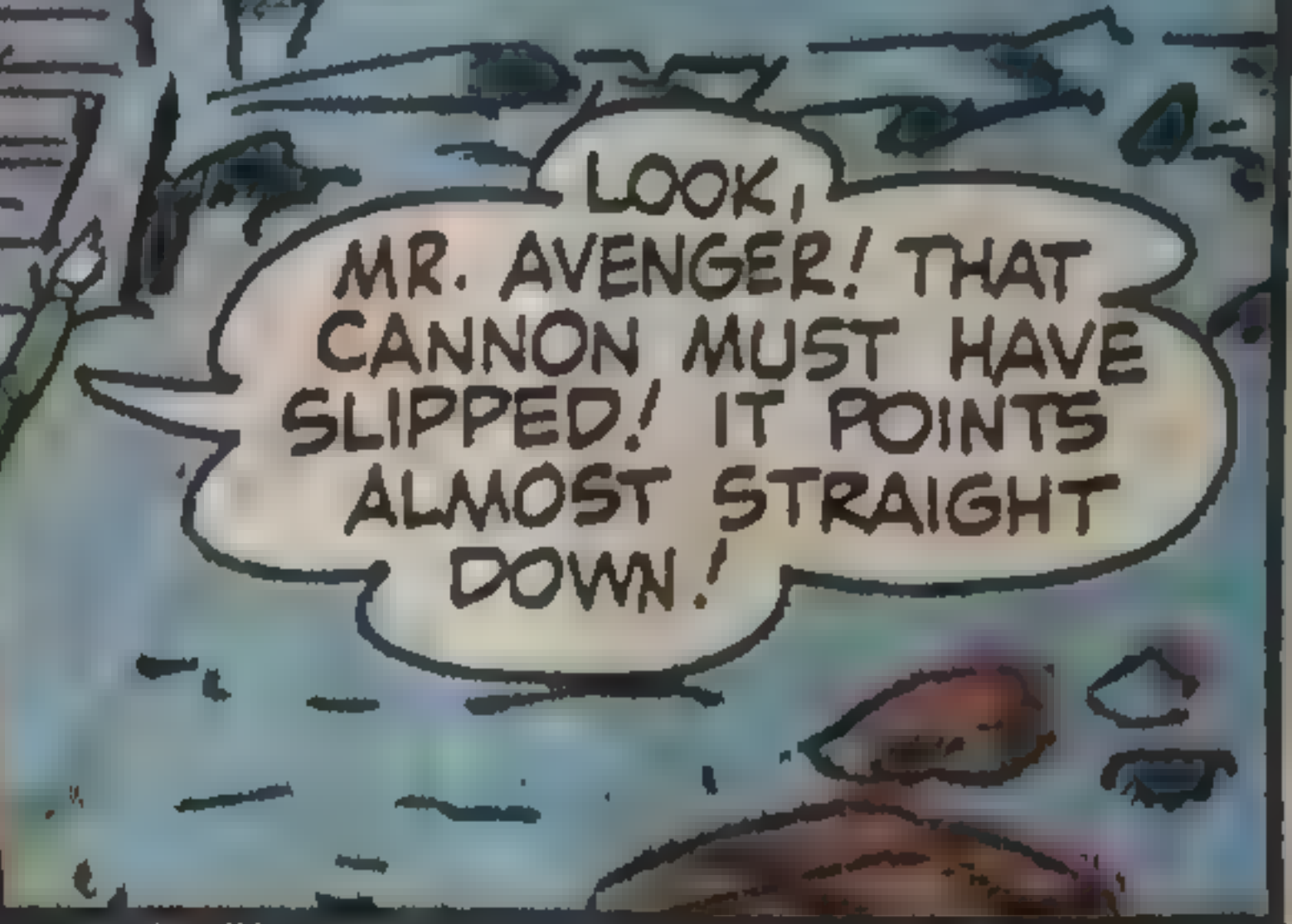
WELL..DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YE! TH' DRATTED ISLAND IS HAUNTED! NOT LONG AGO, I SEEN TWO GHOSTS A-FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR! BR-RR!



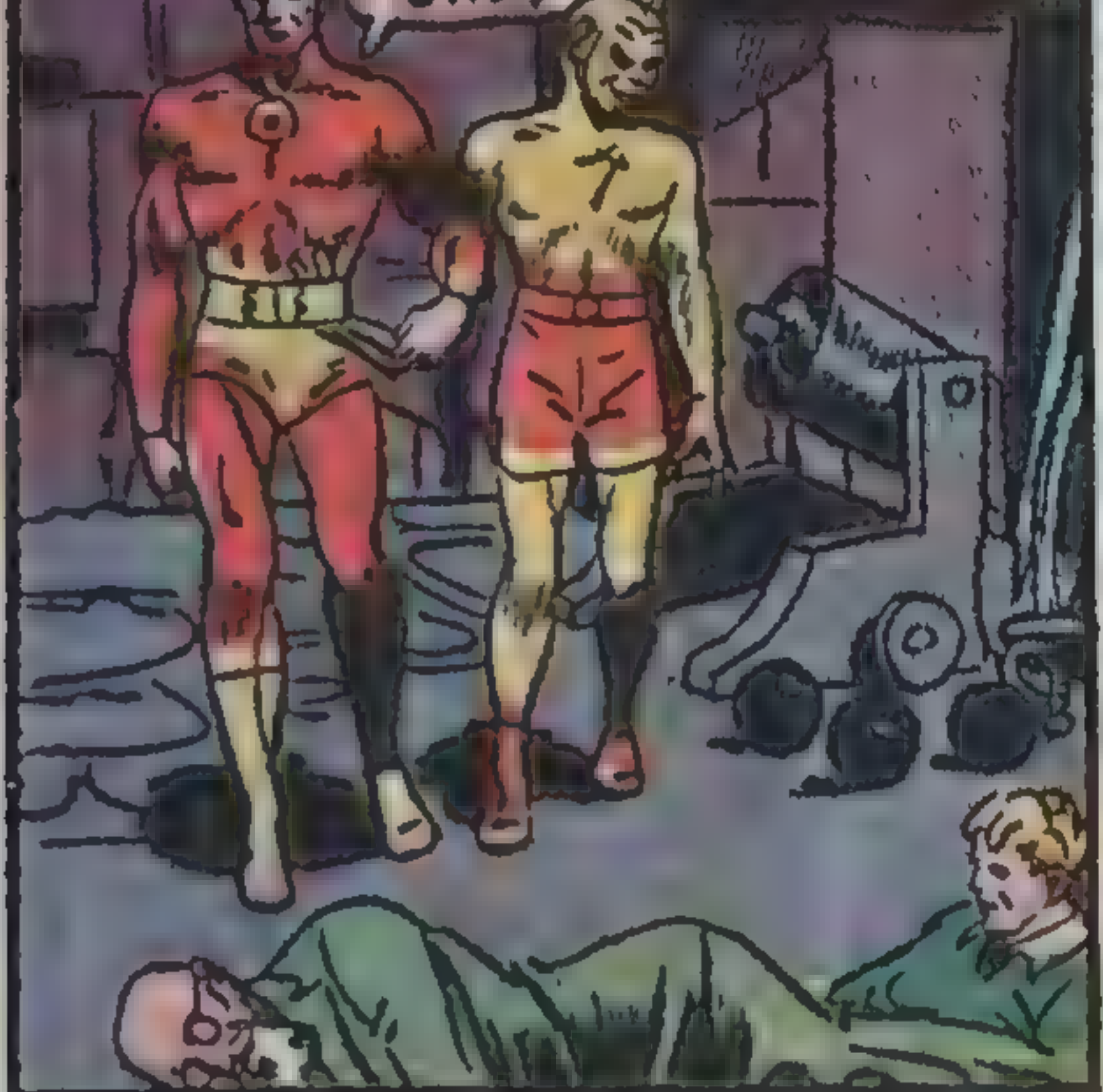
WELL, HERE WE ARE! MIGHT AS WELL SLEEP IN THE FORT TILL MORNING!



LOOK, MR. AVENGER! THAT CANNON MUST HAVE SLIPPED! IT POINTS ALMOST STRAIGHT DOWN!



LET'S GET SOME SLEEP TOO, WING! WE'VE KEPT GUARD FOR HOURS AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED! THE MAP WILL BE SAFE HERE!

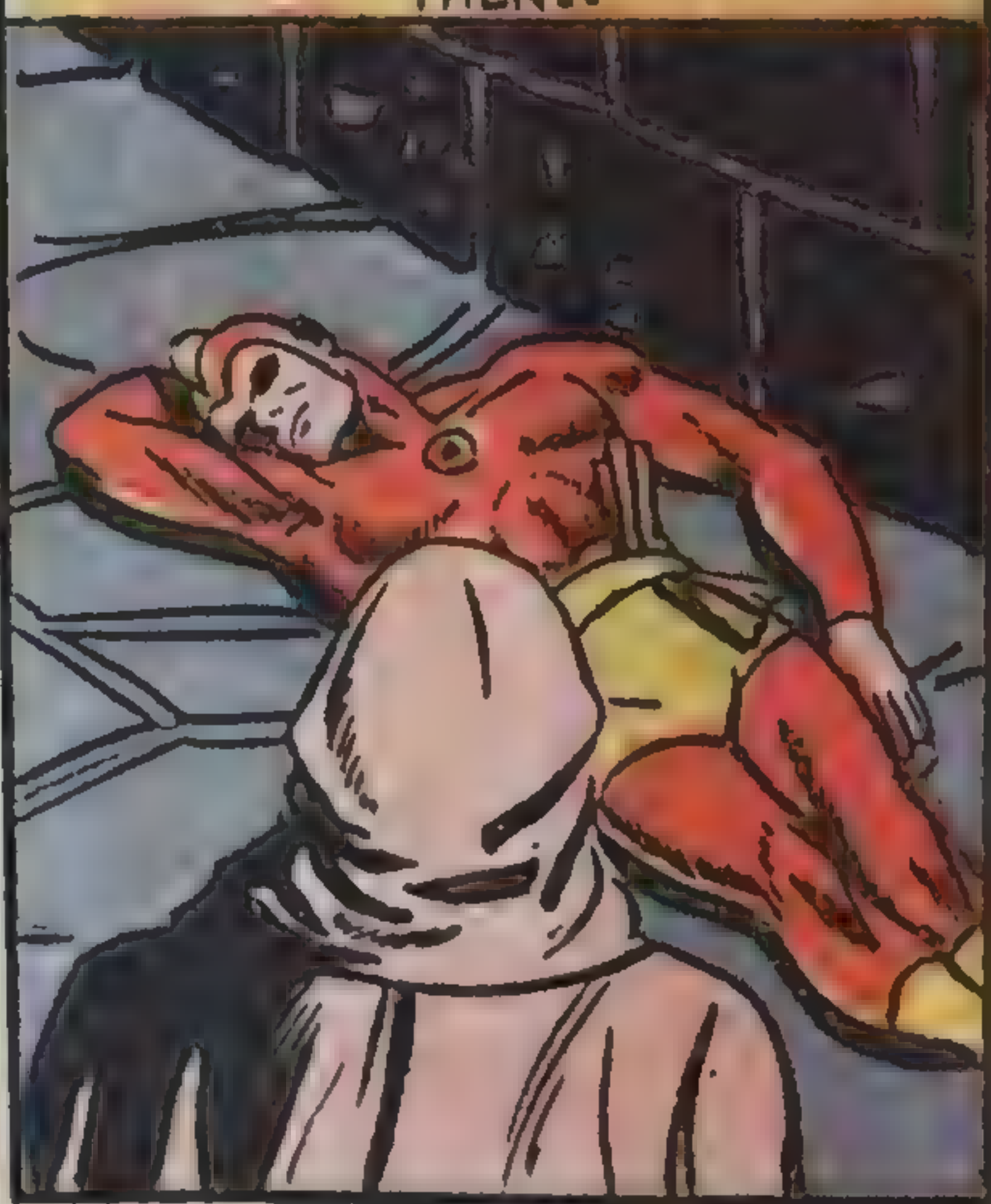


OKAY! IF TLUBBLE COME..ANCIENT SWORD AND SHOVEL MAKE FINE WEAPONS!



BUT..AS SLEEP STEALS OVER THE OLD FORT'S OCCUPANTS..TWO WEIRD SHAPES SILHOUETTE THEMSELVES AGAINST THE MOONLIT SKY!

STEALTHY SHADOWS SLINK SILENTLY UP THE FORT'S STONE STEPS..AND THEN..



..AND HIS REACTION IS INSTINCTIVE DEFENSE!

WHY, IT'S SHORTY AGAIN.. AND WRAPPED IN PARACHUTE SILK! YOU AND TRIGGER MUST HAVE BAILED OUT OF A PLANE...AND PEOPLE AROUND HERE THOUGHT YOU WERE FLYING GHOSTS!



SLEEPING LIGHTLY AS A CAT, THE RED-ROBED LAWMAN FEELS A SLIGHT TUGGING!...



AND SHORTY'S MASSIVE BOOT JOLTS THE SCARLET SCRAPPER INTO DREAMLAND!

PRETTY CLEVER.. BUT YOU ALSO SHOULD'VE FIGURED OUT THAT LYIN' THERE YA CAN'T GET ENOUGH LEVERAGE TO HIT SOMEONE HARD! GO BACK TO SLEEP!

AH-HH!!

OOUFF!!

WING HAVING DREAM IN TECHNICOLOR... THIS FOR WAKING ME UP!

YOU'RE A PLUCKY LITTLE GUY... BUT YOU MUSTN'T FORGET TRIGGER... WHO IS A **SMART** LITTLE GUY!

UUGGH!

UH...  
UH...  
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

HAH! WAIT'LL YA SEE WHAT'S **GONNA** HAPPEN!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD.. IN A DISMAL DUNGEON BENEATH THE ANCIENT FORT...

HOPE YOU LIKE IT HERE.. 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE TILL YOU **ROT!** AND.. HA HA.. THANKS FOR TAKING SUCH GOOD CARE OF THIS MAP!

MORNING.. AND THE RISING SUN SENDS BLINDING SHAFTS OF LIGHT THROUGH THE DUNGEON'S SOLITARY VENTILATION OUTLET!

WRISTS RAW FROM TRYING TO FREE THEM... AND NOW THAT SUN IN MY EYES...

HEY!

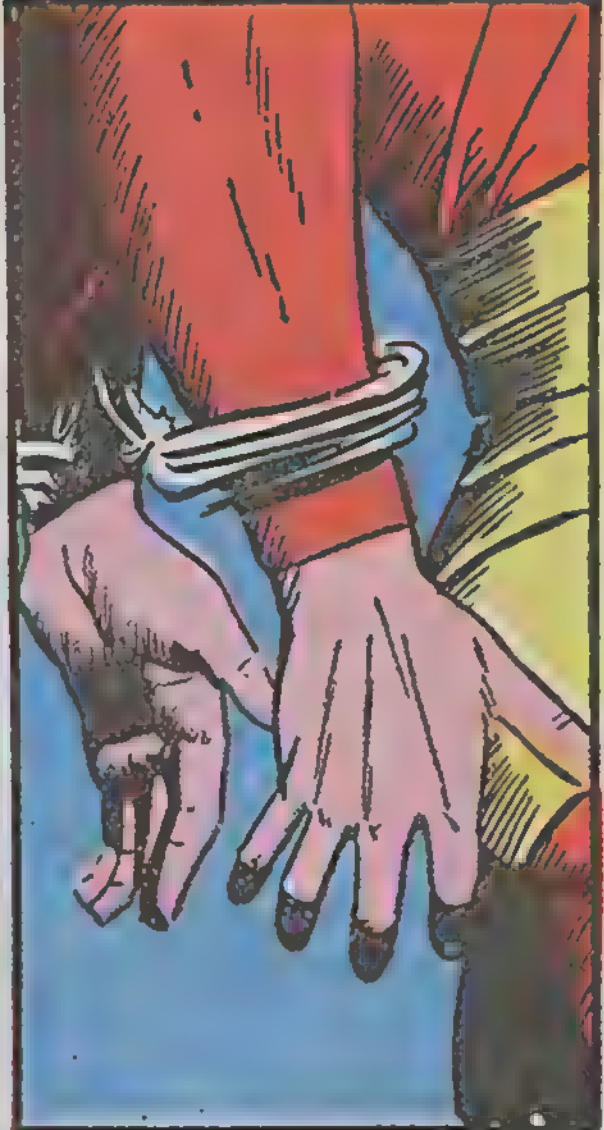
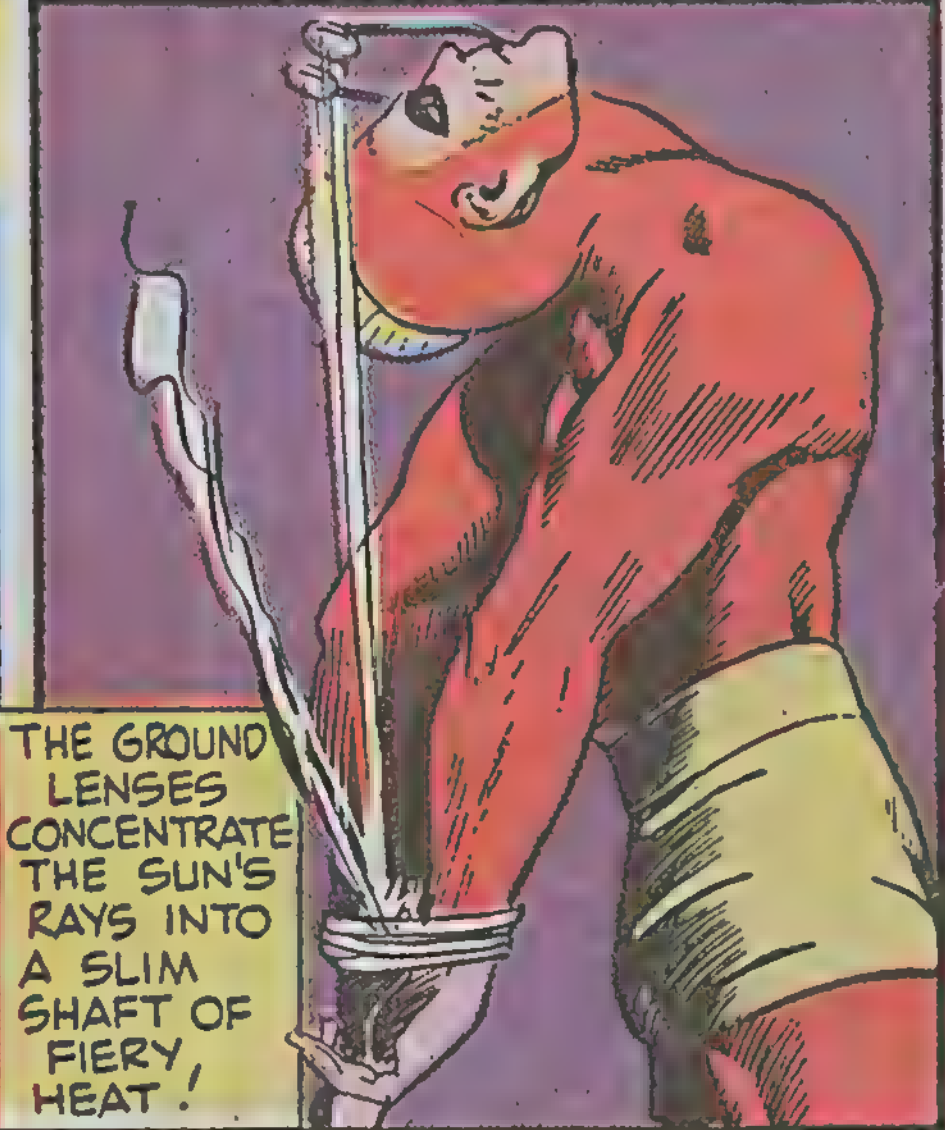
DON'T SEE HOW THAT'LL HELP! IF YOU DROP THE GLASSES AND BREAK THEM, YOU STILL WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH THE FRAGMENTS WITH YOUR HANDS!



NECK MUSCLES CORDED WITH STRAIN.. THE COURAGEOUS CRIME-FIGHTER CLAMPS HIS TEETH ON THE GLASSES AND LIFTS HIS HEAD BACK...BACK..

MUST..MUST FOCUS THE LENSES BETWEEN THE SUNLIGHT AND MY BOUND WRISTS!

THE GROUND LENSES CONCENTRATE THE SUN'S RAYS INTO A SLIM SHAFT OF FIERY HEAT!



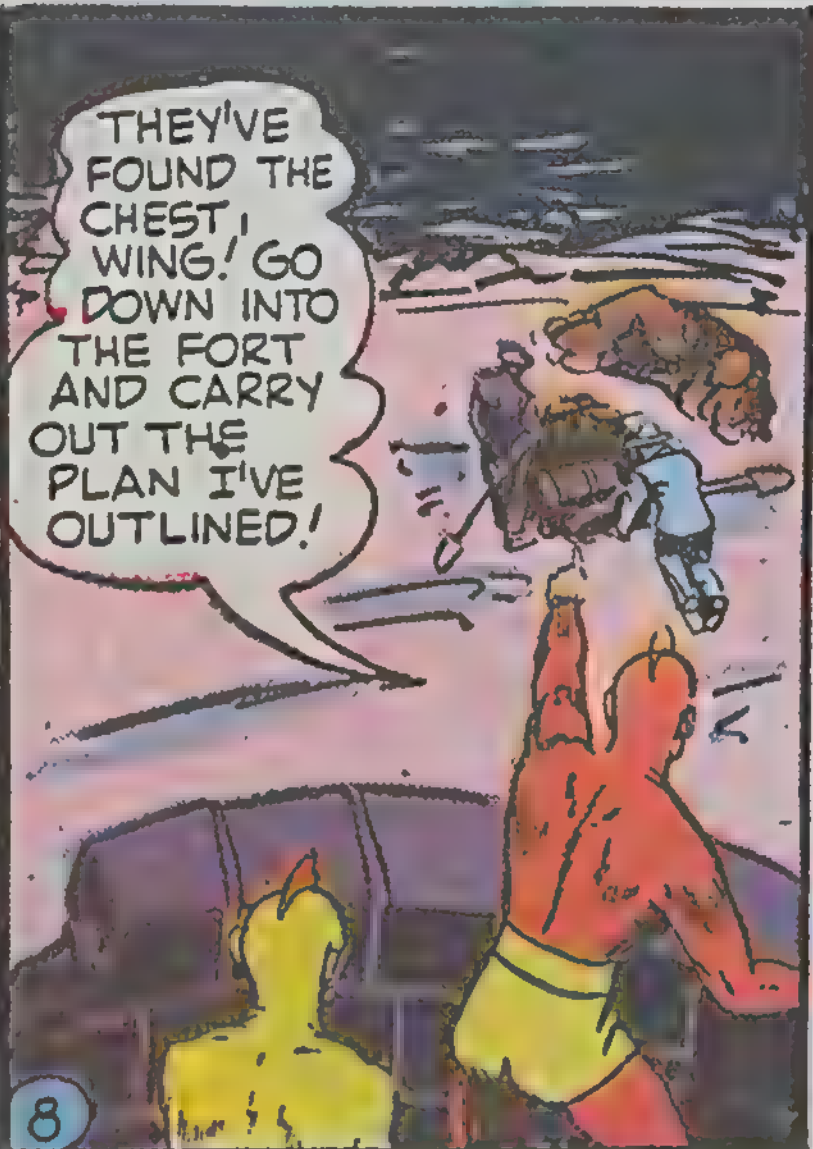
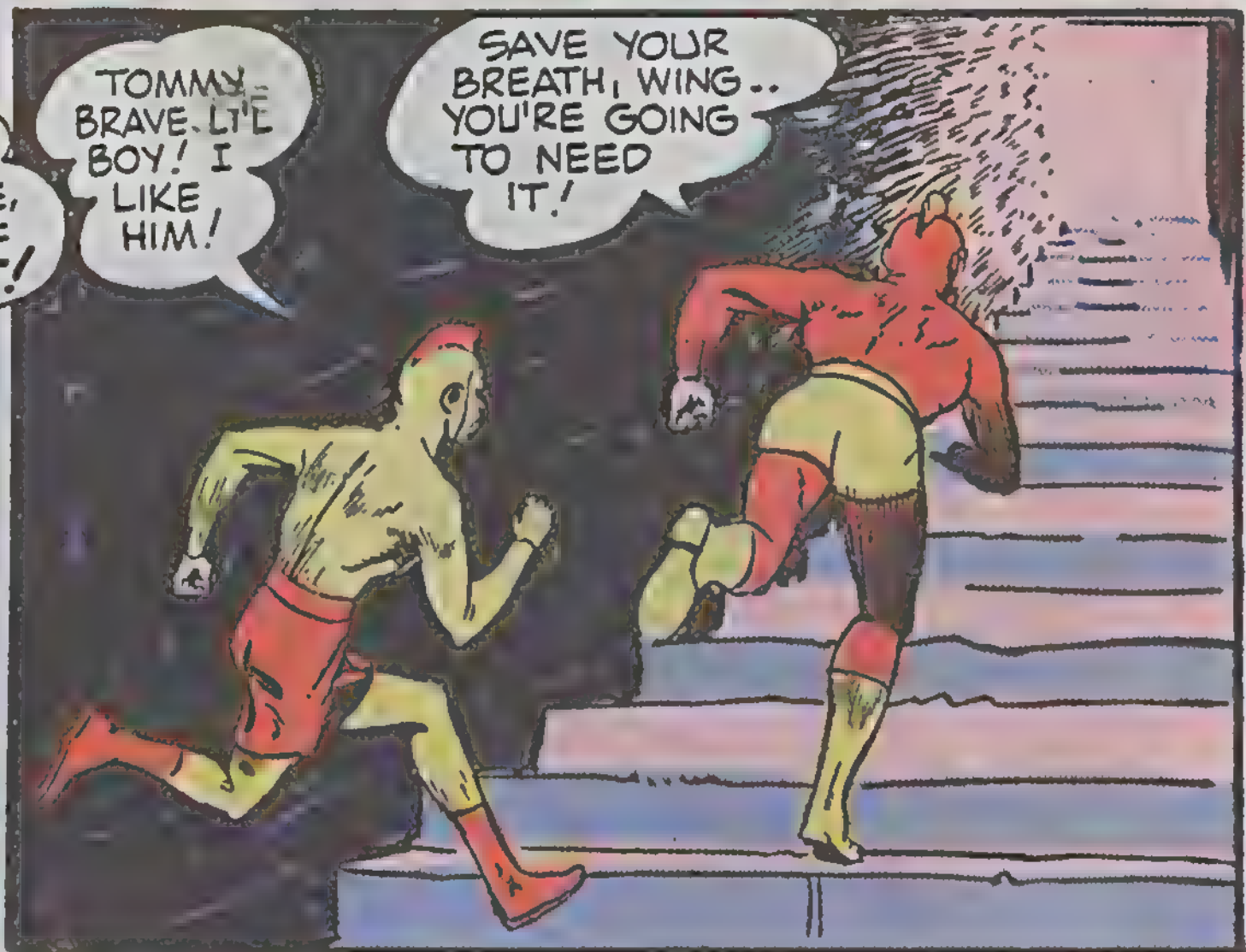
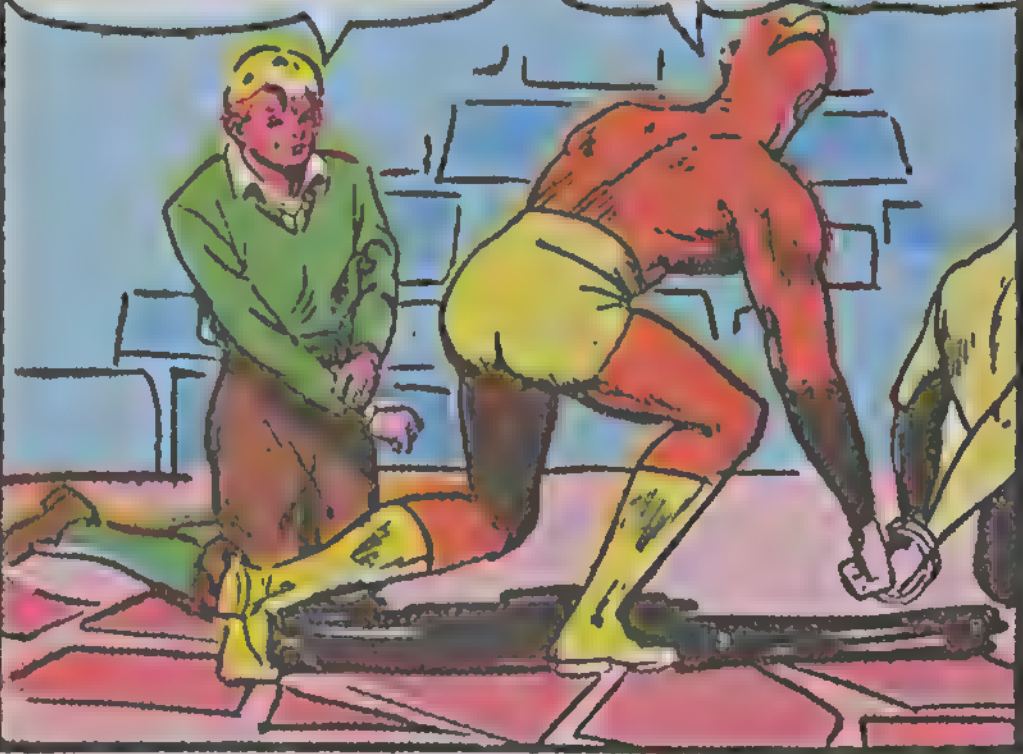
HIS HANDS FREE..THE CRIMSON BATTLER SOON UNTIES THE OTHERS!

THANKS, MISTER AVENGER.. AND HOW ABOUT LETTING ME GET IN THE FIGHT!? I'M PLENTY MAD!

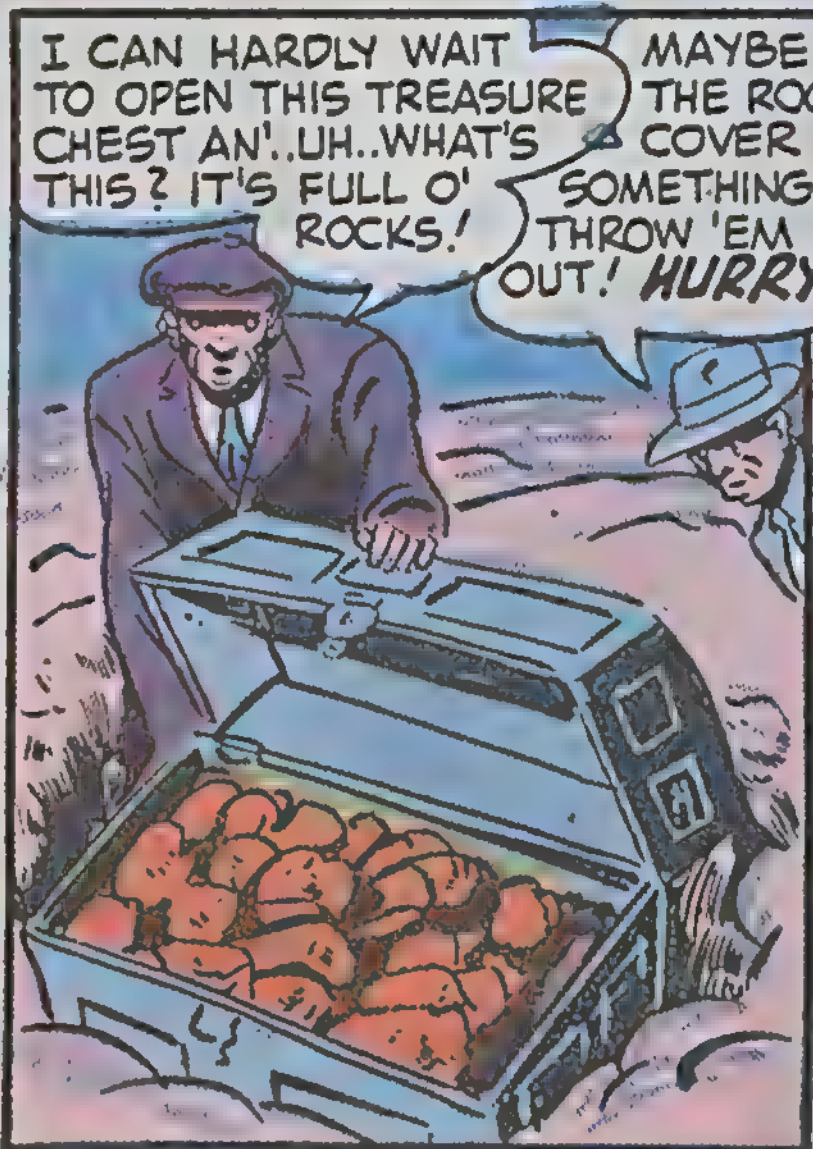
EASY, TOMMY! LET YOUR UNCLE, WING AND MYSELF WORRY ABOUT **THAT!**

TOMMY BRAVE..LIT'L BOY! I LIKE HIM!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, WING.. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!



THEY'VE FOUND THE CHEST! WING! GO DOWN INTO THE FORT AND CARRY OUT THE PLAN I'VE OUTLINED!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO OPEN THIS TREASURE CHEST AN'..UH..WHAT'S THIS? IT'S FULL O' ROCKS!

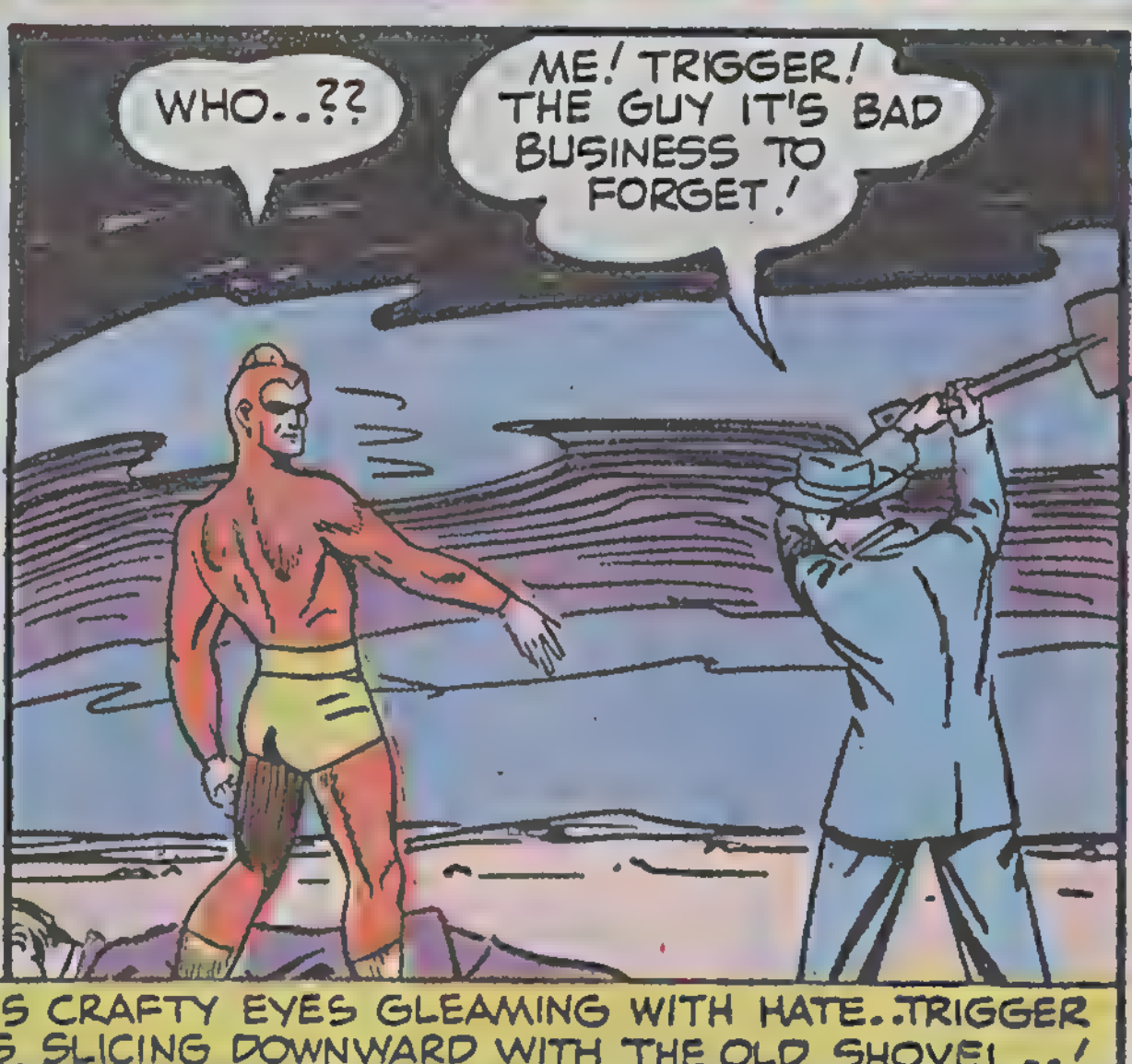
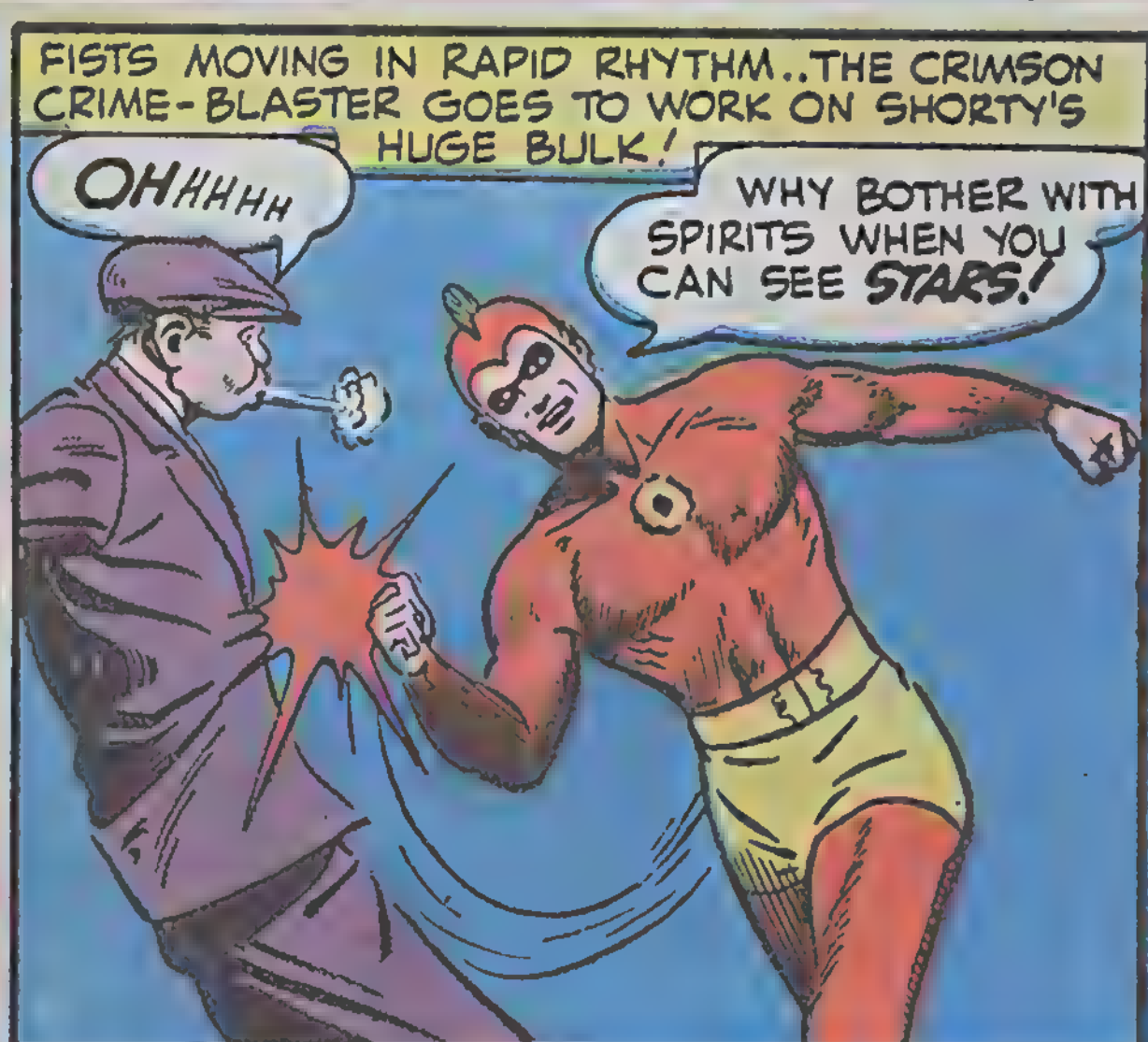
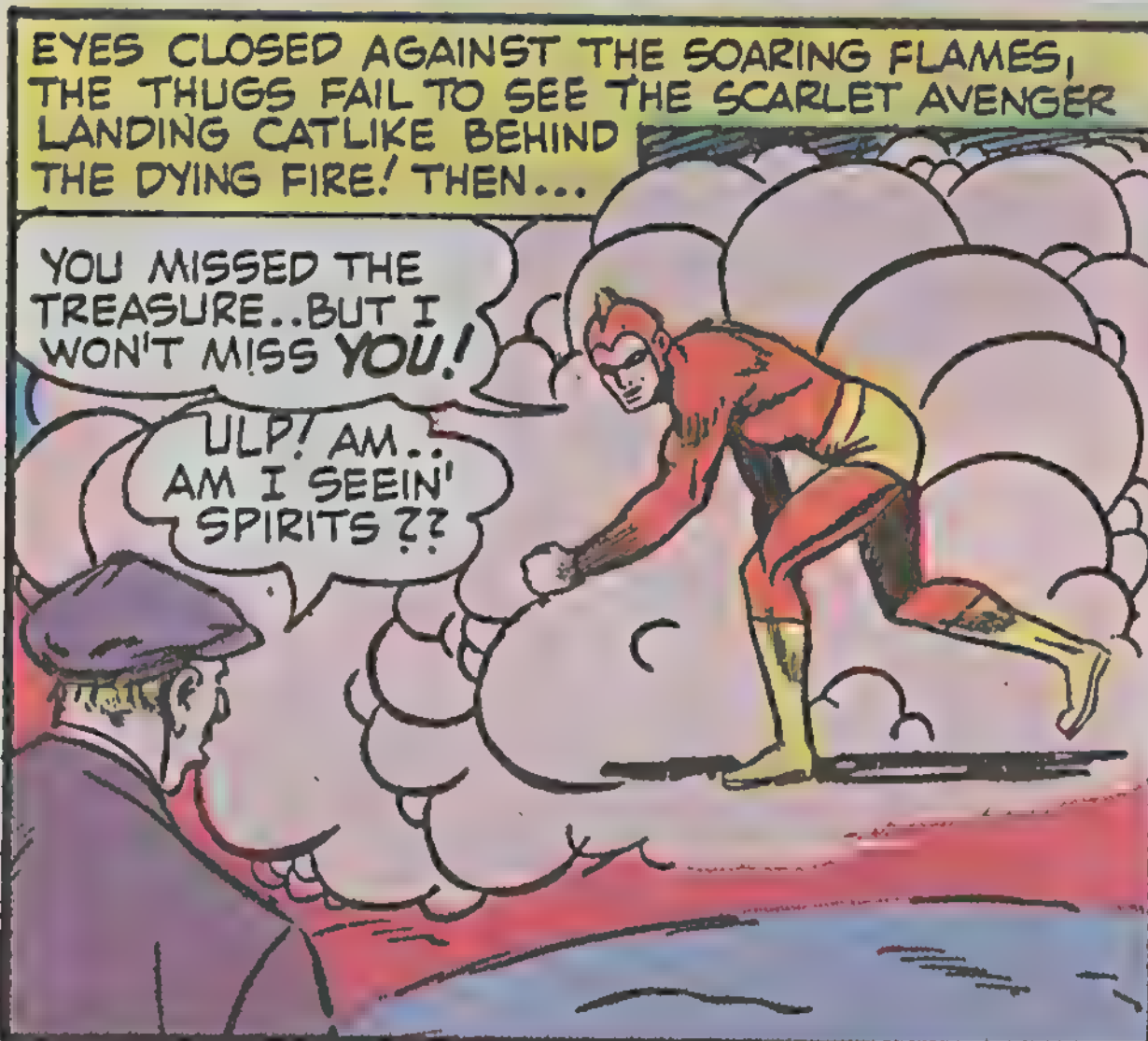
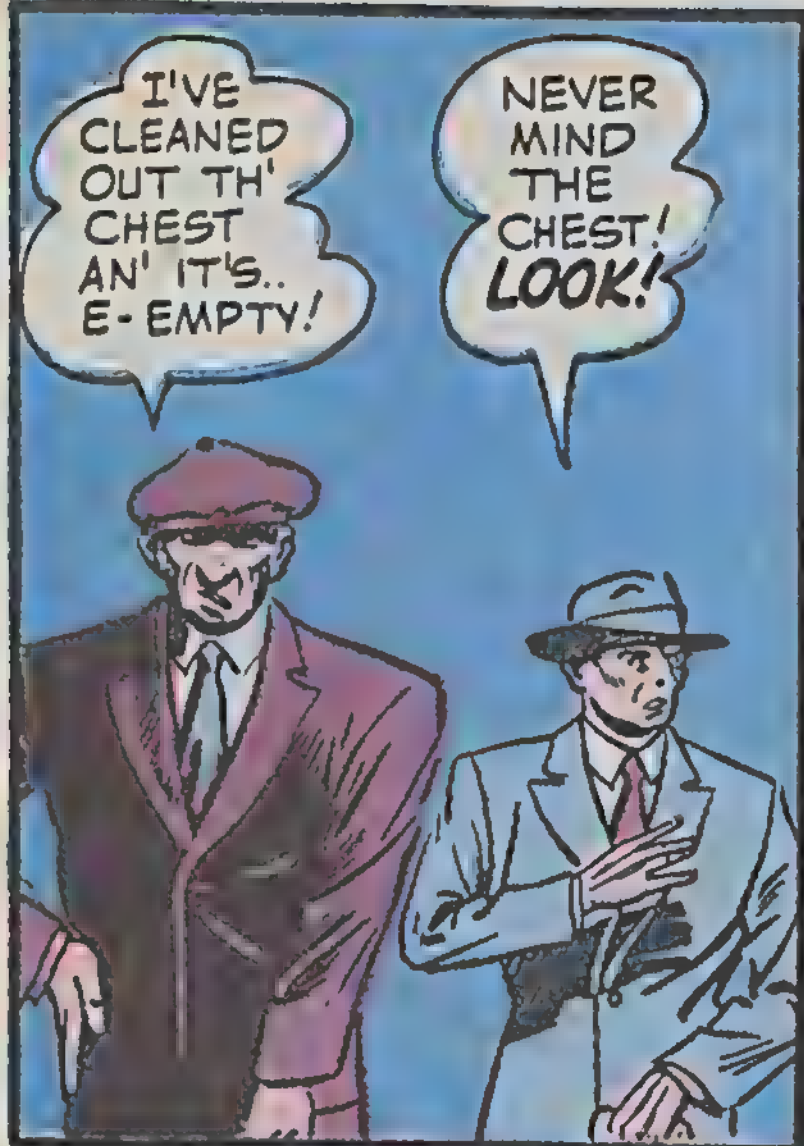
MAYBE THE ROCKS COVER SOMETHING! THROW 'EM OUT! **HURRY!**



INSIDE THE FORT..WING'S EDUCATED FOOT SHOVES FORWARD...AND..

MAKE QUICK, CANNONBALLS- AND DO PROPER STUFF!







BEFORE THE CRUDE WEAPON REACHES ITS MARK...A RACING BODY SOARS INTO THE AIR...AND LANDS!

THANKS, WING!

SOLLY SO LATE...BUT NOW MAKE UP FO' LOST FUN!

WHO... WHAT... UGH!

OLD CHINESE PROVERB SAY: "TWO FISTS BETTER THAN ONE"!

AIIEE!

LATER...THE LIMP THUGS HAVING BEEN BOUND...

NO TREASURE AFTER ALL! BACK TO SELLING... (COUGH...) PAPERS!

I'LL GO TO A POOR-HOUSE!

THE TREASURE LIES WITHIN A CHEST...A WELL-PLACED BALL THE FINAL TEST! HMMM...

I'VE GOT IT! TOMMY'S MENTIONING THAT THE CANNON POINTS ALMOST STRAIGHT DOWN...AND THE RIDDLE ON THE MAP GO TOGETHER! HELP ME LOAD THE CANNON, WING!

TRY ANYTHING ONCE!

A SPUTTERING FLARE TOUCHES THE OLD CANNON'S FUSE...AND A CANNON-BALL BLASTS FROM THE SMOOTH-BORED ANCIENT WEAPON!

THE TOP CHEST WAS A BLIND TO FOOL THOSE WHO DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE RIDDLE ON THE MAP! YES...THAT CANNON WAS FIXED SO THAT WHEN FIRED IT WOULD GO THROUGH THE EMPTY CHEST TO THE REAL TREASURE **BENEATH**!

DAYS LATER--ON A FAST TRAIN GOING SOUTH...

GEE, I'M LUCKY! NOT ONLY AM I GOING TO GET BETTER... BUT...BUT I HAVE A NEW FATHER!

ADOPTING YOU, TOMMY, MEANS I'M LUCKY! I... I HAVE A NEW SON!!

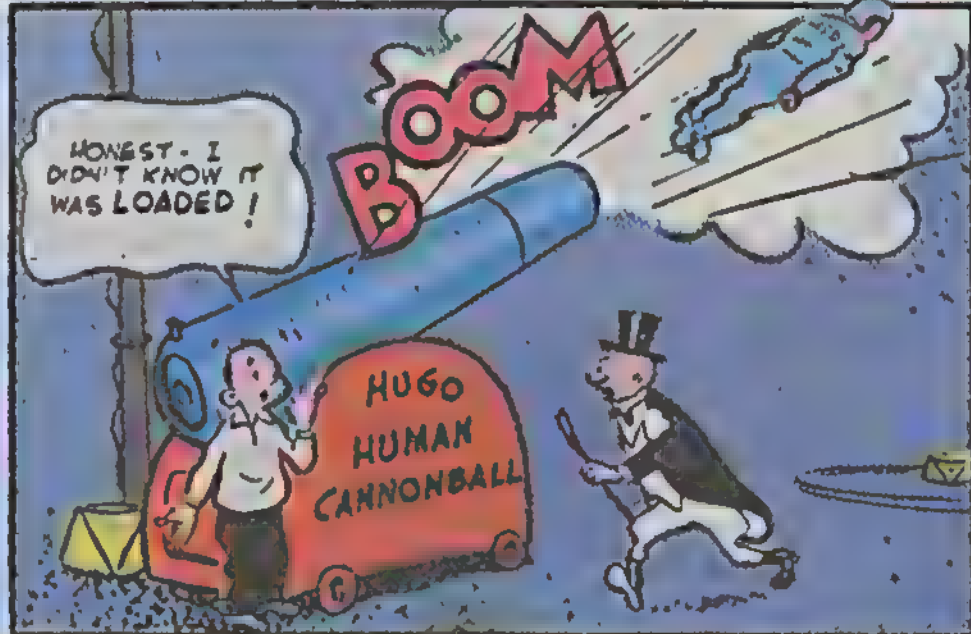
WELL...NOW YOU'VE SEEN HOW A STORY REACHES THE FRONT PAGE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER! AND HERE IS THE HEADLINE!

GLOBE LEADER  
CRIMSON AVENGER LEADS SUCCESSFUL HUNT FOR BURIED TREASURE! OLD MAN AND BOY START LIFE ANEW AS TRIGGER AND SHORTY BEGIN LIFE SENTENCES!

NEXT MONTH...ANOTHER THRILLING STORY OF THE NEWS BEHIND THE HEADLINES AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING MAKE THE FRONT PAGE!



# JUST FOR FUN



THAT 10¢ WAR STAMP YOU BUY TODAY MAY BUY PART OF THE DEPTH-CHARGE WHICH SINKS A NAZI U-BOAT AND SAVES AMERICAN LIVES.... SO

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

**A THRILLING  
NEW FEATURE  
IN AN OLD-FAVORITE  
CONIC MAGAZINE!**

**DON'T MISS THIS FIRST  
ACTION-PACKED RELEASE OF  
BUCK SANDERS  
AND HIS PALS**

**IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE  
OF PRIZE COMICS!**

**PLUS YANK AND  
DOODLE  
-AND  
OTHERS!**



**NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!**

## Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a Free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 181-J Frontier Bldg.  
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Super-Wonder Packet Offered

containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (oblong), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), MANCHUKUO (Mausoleum), SARAWAK (rajah), GUADELOUPE (sugar refining), COSTA RICA (triangle), MARTINIQUE (view), BRUNET (Boating). This entire packet for only 3c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order. KENT STAMP CO., G.P.O. Box 87(5), Brooklyn, N. Y.

## VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika—British Cayman Islands—Animal—Scarce Babyhead—Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps—with Big Catalogue, all free, send 5c for postage.

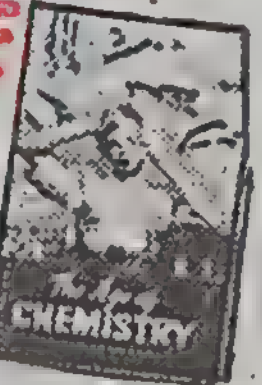
GRAY STAMP COMPANY  
Dept. DG Toronto, Canada

## IT'S FREE

Don't Miss This NEW BOOK  
"The Age of Chemistry"

New Chemcraft Book describes many amazing experiments you can perform; tells of the opportunities for boys with a knowledge of chemistry.

THE PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY  
29 Prospect Ave. Hagerstown, Md.





# SPY



"THIS IS PRACTICALLY A VACATION," SECRET SERVICE MAN BART REGAN'S CHIEF TOLD HIM! "ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS KEEP AN EYE ON OLD JONAS SALT TO MAKE SURE HE STAYS OUT OF TROUBLE!" IT SOUNDED EASY...BUT BEFORE BART WAS FINISHED HE'D BEEN SHANGHAIED, DRAGGED TO SEA ON A WRECKED TUGBOAT, ..TORPEDOED, SHELLLED AND DUMPED ON THE DECK OF A NAZI SUB IN THE..

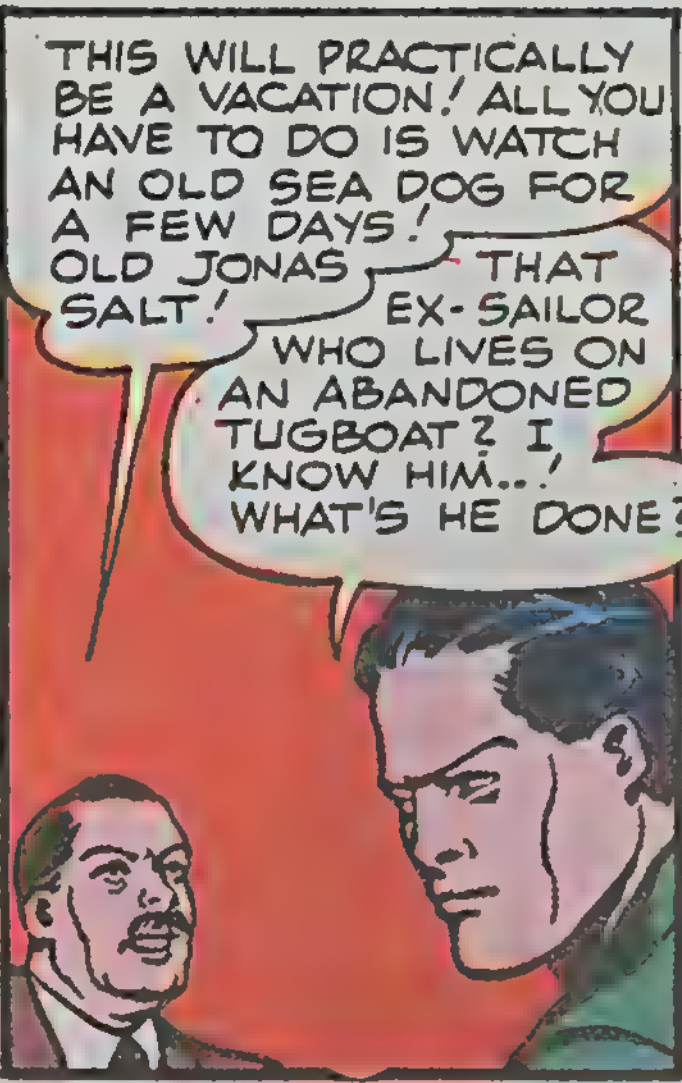
"ADVENTURE OF THE PEGLEGGED WILDCAT"!





GET YOUR HAT, BART! YOU'RE TAKING A LITTLE TRIP TO BLACK BAY!

ME? BUT I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A WEEK'S VACATION!



THIS WILL PRACTICALLY BE A VACATION! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WATCH AN OLD SEA DOG FOR A FEW DAYS!

THAT EX-SAILOR WHO LIVES ON AN ABANDONED TUGBOAT? I KNOW HIM...! WHAT'S HE DONE?



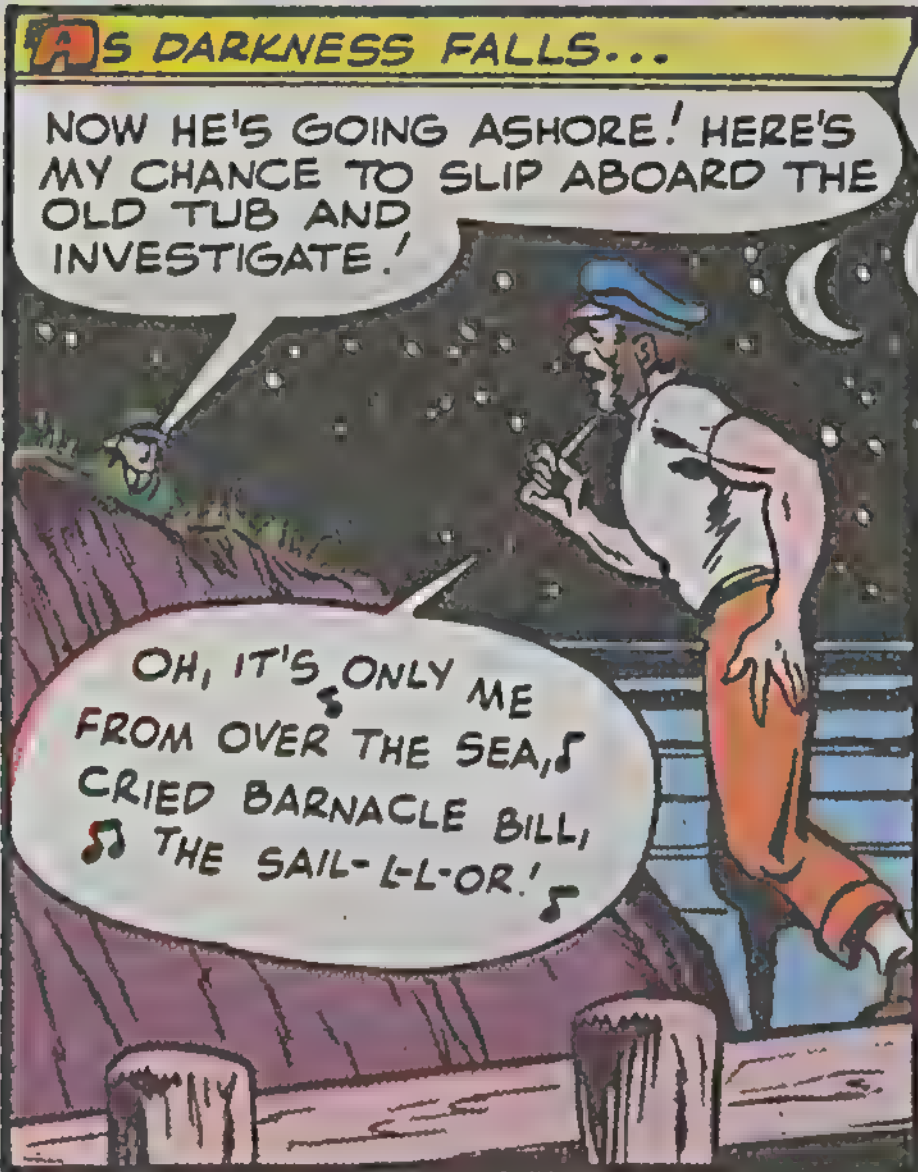
YOU FIND OUT! HE'S BEEN LOADING THE OLD BOAT WITH WOOD, SUPPLIES AND SHOT-GUN SHELLS! WITH NAZI SUBS LURKING OFF SHORE, WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

THAT OLD COOT WOULDN'T HURT A FLEA! BUT I'LL CHECK UP, MAC!



A FEW HOURS LATER, AT BLACK BAY.. BART GETS A JOLT!

THERE'S JONAS NOW..AS HARMLESS AS A KITTEN...HEY! THAT BOX HE'S OPENING! IT'S FULL OF HAND GRENADES!!



AS DARKNESS FALLS...

NOW HE'S GOING ASHORE! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO SLIP ABOARD THE OLD TUB AND INVESTIGATE!

OH, IT'S ONLY ME FROM OVER THE SEA, CRIED BARNACLE BILL, THE SAIL-L-L-OR!



ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES HERE TO WRECK A CONVOY! THE OLD COOT **MUST** HAVE SOLD OUT TO THE NAZ...**WOW!** HE'S COMING BACK! I'M TRAPPED!!

15 MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHES-S-ST!



THIS LOCKER IS THE ONLY HIDING PLACE!

COULDA SWARE I SEEN A LIGHT IN HERE, B'JOE!



BUT UNKNOWN TO BART, HIS COAT..CAUGHT IN THE DOOR..IS SPIED BY SHARP EYES!

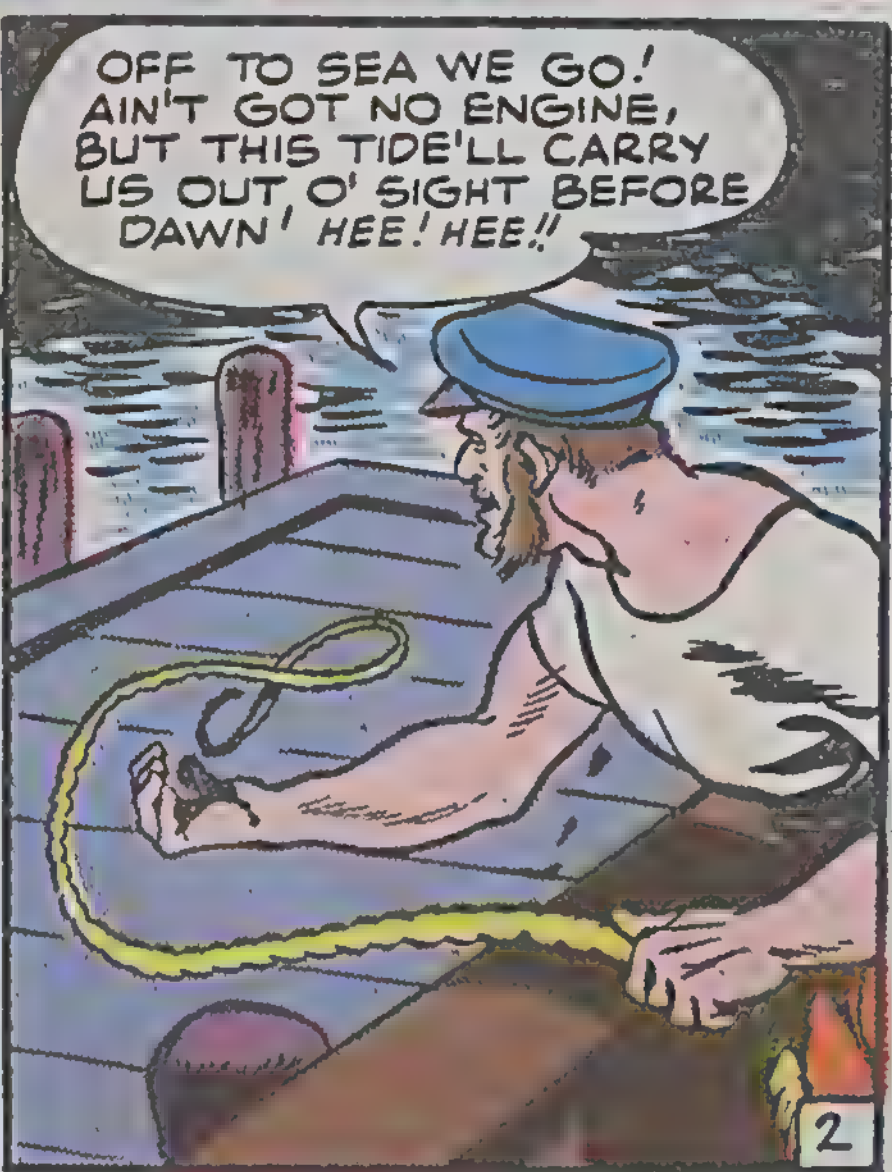
HM-MM! I **THOUGHT** I SEEN A LIGHT!



JUST AS BART DISCOVERS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...!!

BETTER LOCK UP M' CUP-BOARD! HEE-HEE!!

HOLY SMOKE! I'M LOCKED IN! I WONDER IF HE KNOWS I'M HERE...! I'D BETTER KEEP QUIET...!!



OFF TO SEA WE GO! AIN'T GOT NO ENGINE, BUT THIS TIDE'LL CARRY US OUT O' SIGHT BEFORE DAWN! HEE! HEE!!



A SHORT TIME LATER,  
BART'S DISCOMFORT IS  
SHARPLY INCREASED!

HEY! WE'RE STARTING TO  
PITCH AROUND... OOOOF!!  
WOW! WE'RE ADRIFT...  
HEADING OUT INTO  
THE OCEAN!



I'VE GOT  
TO SEE  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON!  
**HEY!!**  
LET  
ME OUT  
OF  
HERE!!

KEEP YOUR  
ANCHOR  
UP,  
SWAB!  
I'M  
A-COMIN'!!

CLICK



DROP THET CANNON,  
SON, OR I'LL  
PERFORATE YE!...  
WELL, SHIVER  
MY TIMBERS...  
IT'S THE  
GUV'MENT  
FELLER!

YOU BET IT IS,  
JONAS! I WANT  
TO KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE UP TO!  
AND I WANT  
TO GO  
ASHORE!



THAR'S  
SHORE!  
IF YE  
WANT  
TO GO  
START  
SWIMMIN'!!

WE'RE MILES AT SEA  
AND DRIFTING FARTHER!  
WHERE DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
GOING,  
JONAS?



ONE OF  
THEM WAS  
MY BOY,  
TED! I  
AIMS TO GET  
ME ONE OF THEM  
NAZI SUBS  
IN EXCHANGE!  
GONNA  
SINK IT LIKE  
THEY SUNK  
HIS SHIP!

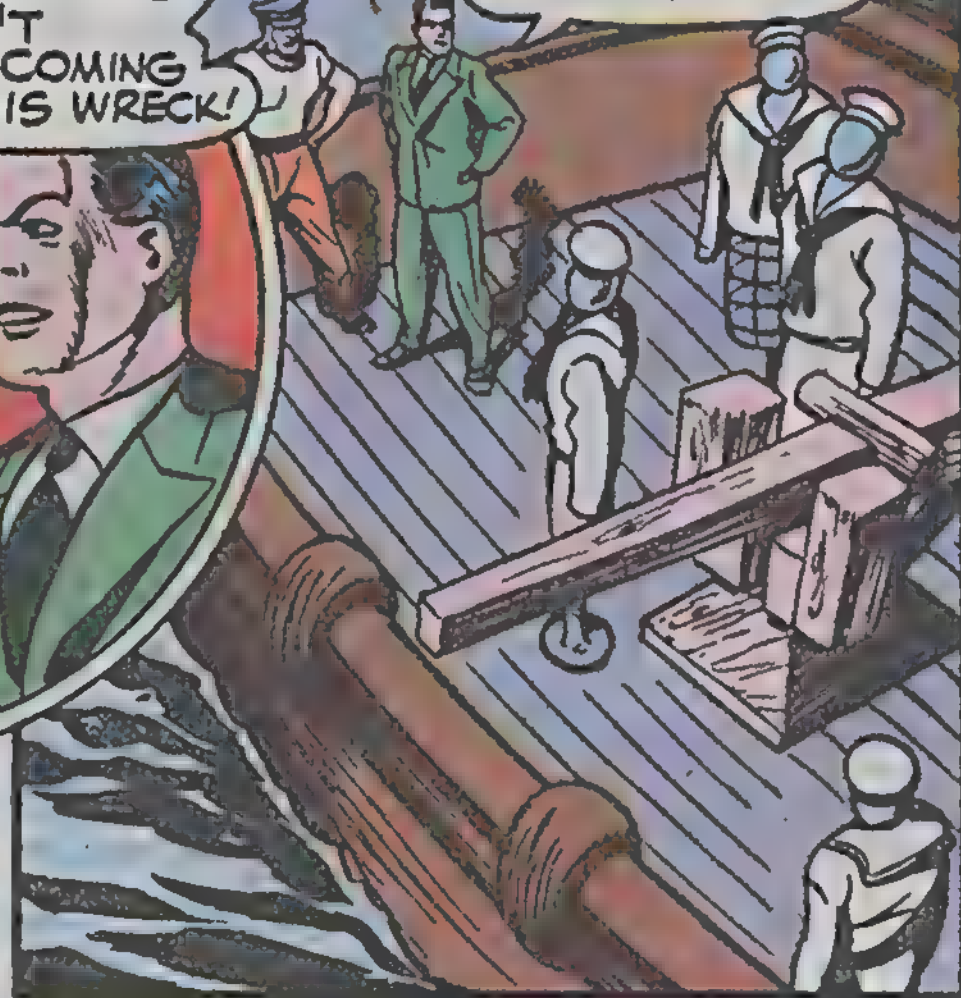
YOU'RE CRAZY!  
YOU CAN'T  
FIGHT A SUB  
WITH THIS  
OLD DERELICT!  
BESIDES, A SUB  
WOULDN'T  
BOTTER COMING  
NEAR THIS WRECK!

22 LOST ON  
TORPEDOED  
TANKER.



WOULDN'T, HEY? I AIN'T SO DUMB!  
ANY SUB THAT SEES MY "GUNS"  
AN' "CREW" IS GONNA LOOK  
AGAIN!

HEAVEN HELP US!  
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
A SUB-CHASER ON  
THE PROWL!



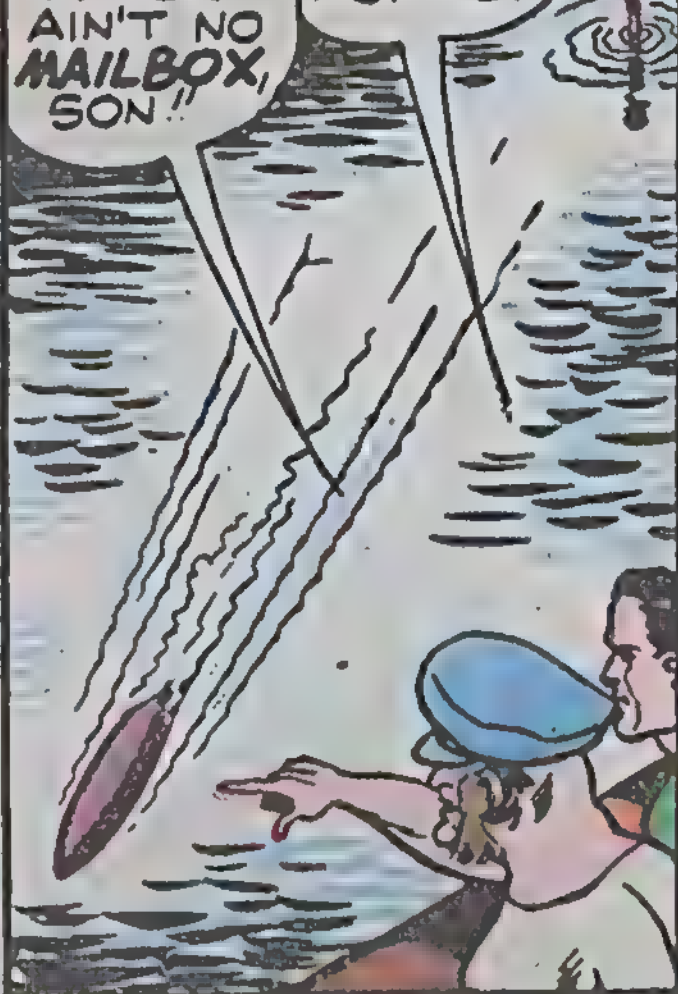
YOU'RE A LUNATIC TRYING TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE! BUT IT WON'T  
WORK! NC SUB COMMANDER  
WOULD FALL FOR THAT GAG  
AND...!!

THEY  
WOULDN'T,  
HEY?...!!



THET  
THING  
OUT  
THERE  
IN THE  
WATER  
AIN'T NO  
MAILBOX,  
SON!!

YEEOW!! A  
SUB... AND A  
TORPEDO  
HEADED  
RIGHT  
FOR US!



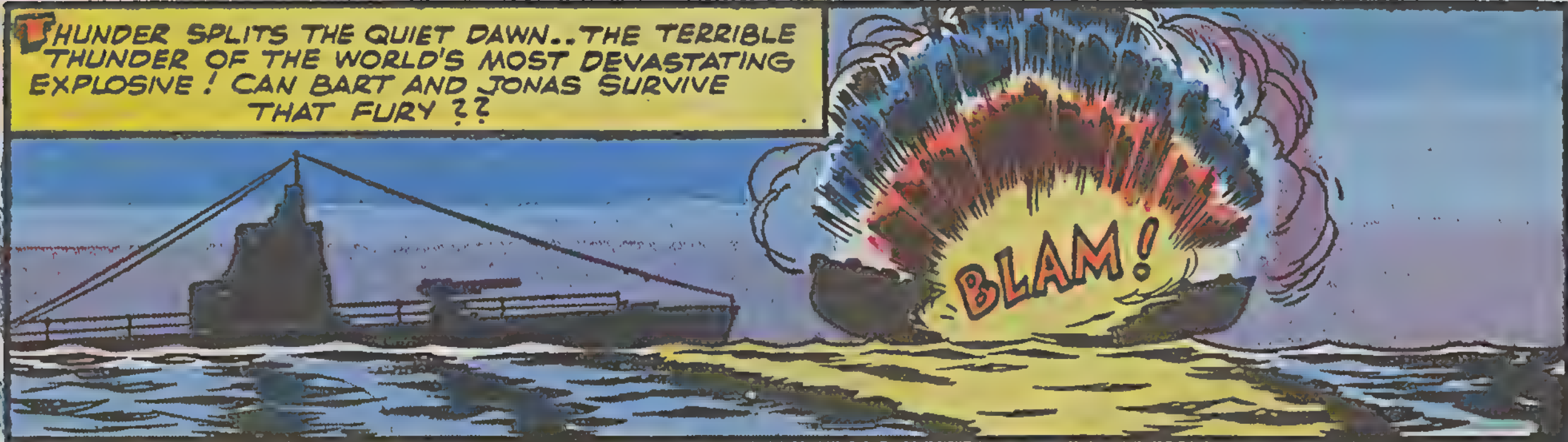
HEY!!..

GET DOWN!!  
YOU WANT  
YOUR FOOL  
HEAD  
BLOWN  
OFF ??!

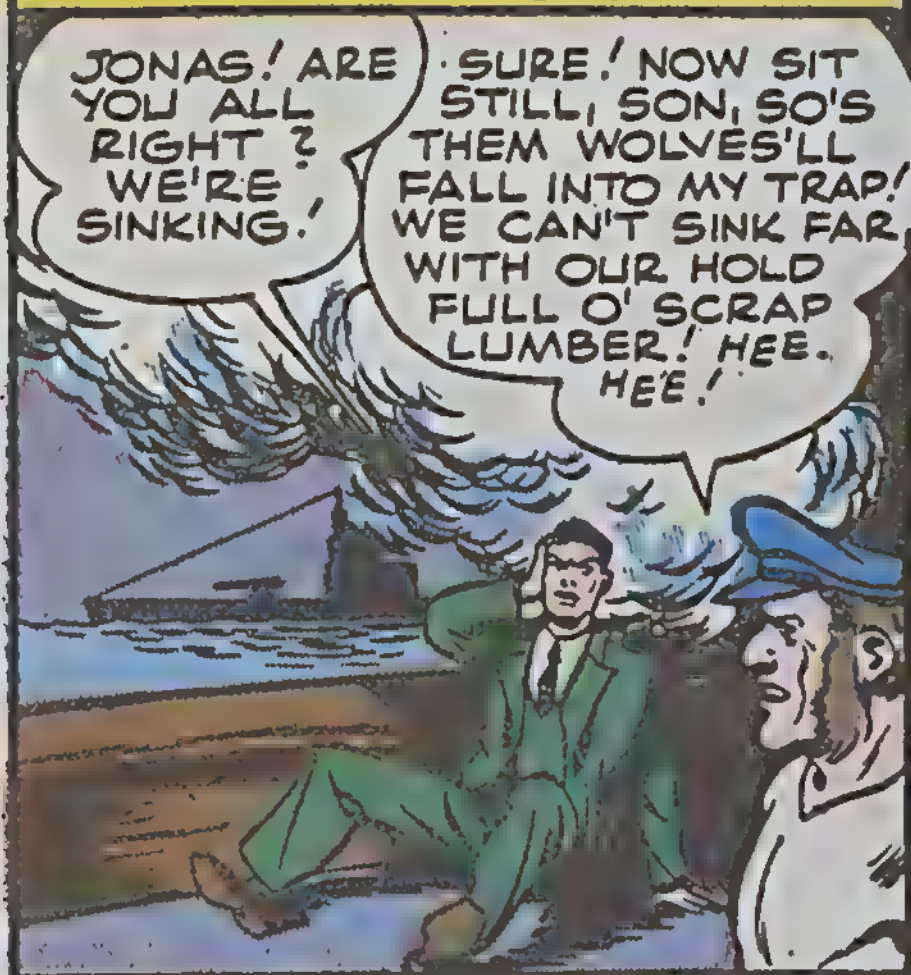




**THUNDER SPLITS THE QUIET DAWN...THE TERRIBLE THUNDER OF THE WORLD'S MOST DEVASTATING EXPLOSIVE! CAN BART AND JONAS SURVIVE THAT FURY??**



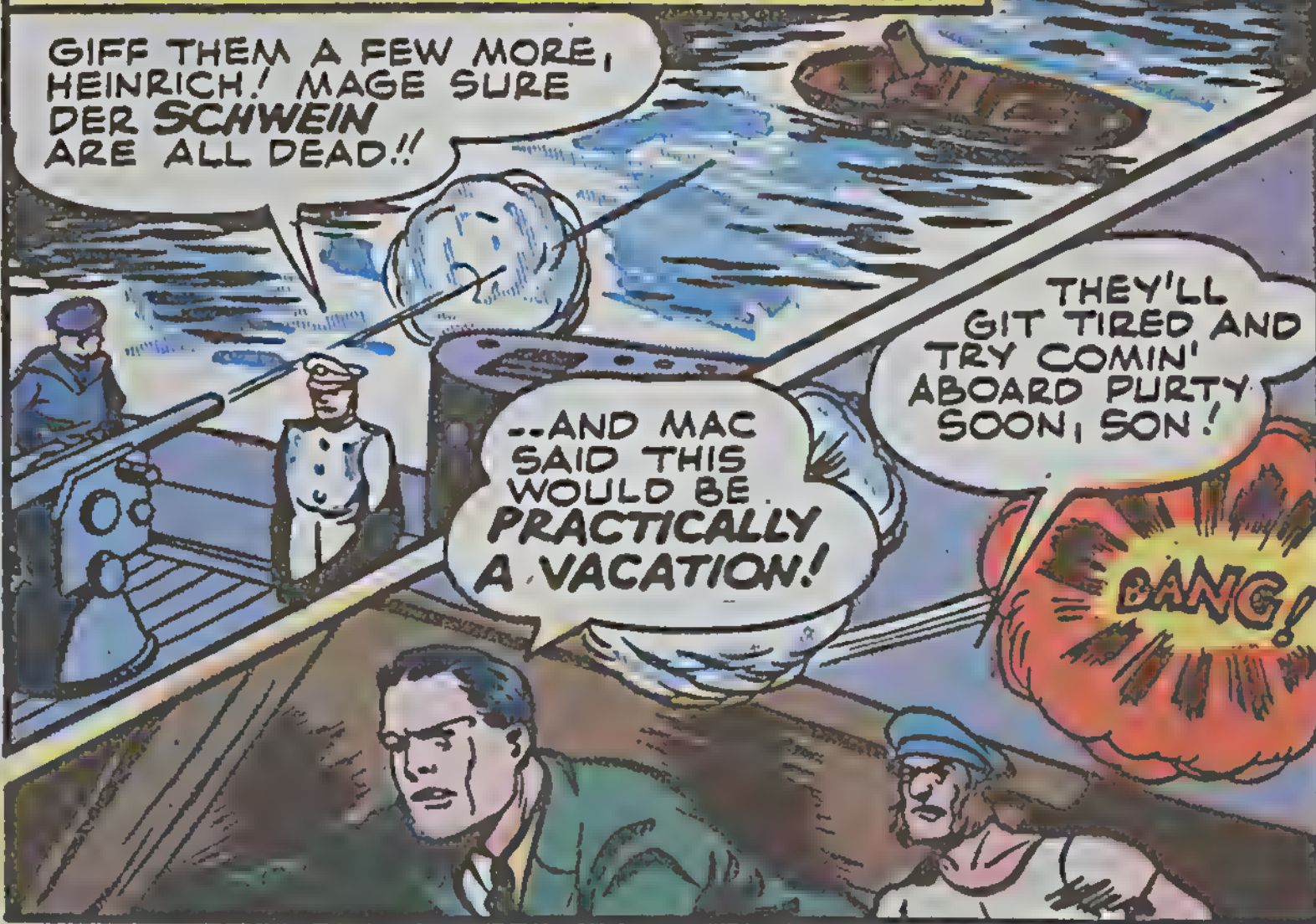
**BUT BART'S QUICK MOVE HAD GAINED THEM THE SLIM PROTECTION OF THE CABIN...**



JONAS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE'RE SINKING!

SURE! NOW SIT STILL, SON, SO'S THEM WOLVES'LL FALL INTO MY TRAP! WE CAN'T SINK FAR, WITH OUR HOLD FULL O' SCRAP LUMBER! HEE. HEE!

**THE ENEMY SUB CIRCLES WARILY... AND DECIDES TO BLAST A FEW SHELLS!**



GIF THEM A FEW MORE, HEINRICH! MAGE SURE DER SCHWEIN ARE ALL DEAD!!

...AND MAC SAID THIS WOULD BE PRACTICALLY A VACATION!

THEY'LL GIT TIRED AND TRY COMIN' ABOARD PURTY SOON, SON!

**BANG!**



VOT KIND UFF A SHIP ISS DOT? COME!! VE GO ABOARD ONCE!

HOT DIGGETY!! IS HE GONNA BE SURPRISED, EH, SON?



VOT?? TRICKS IT ISS!

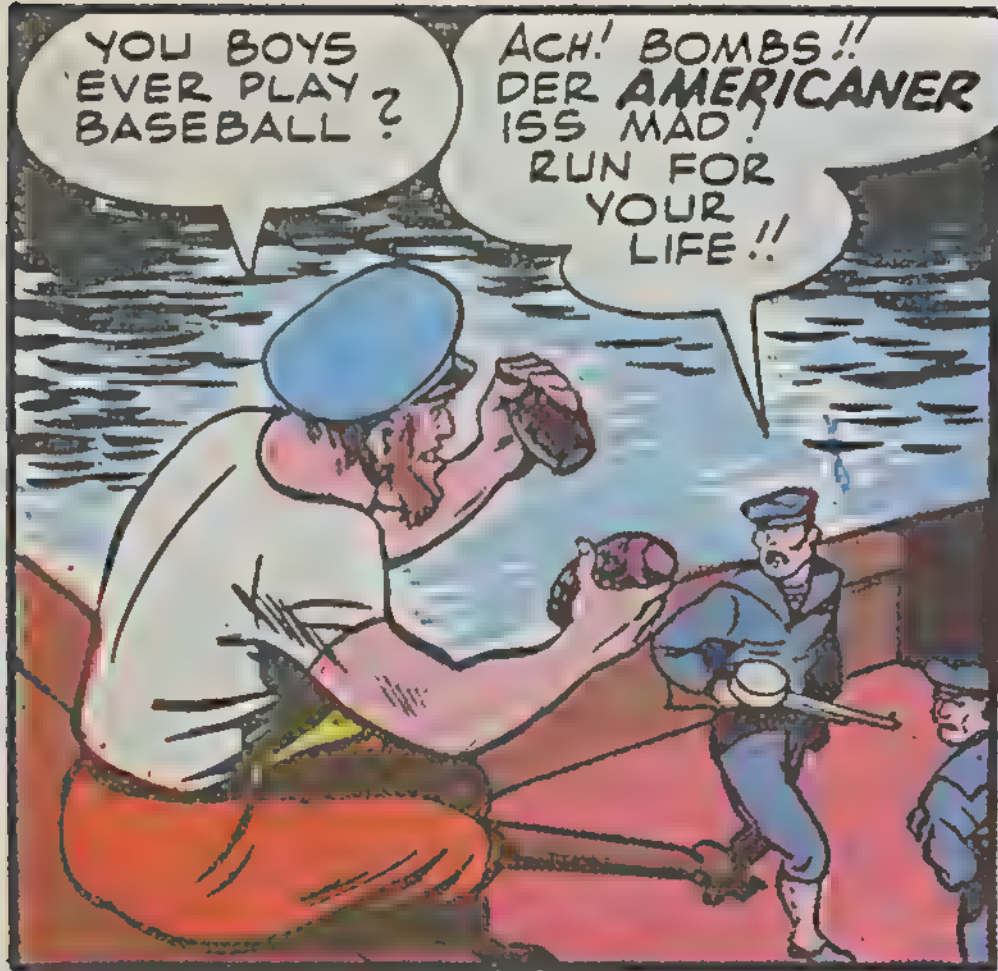
YOU GUESSED IT, RATZI!!!



AND HERE'S THE BEST TRICK OF ALL... SAVED TILL LAST!

ACH!! MINE JAW! KILL HIM, YOU DUMKOPFS!





YOU BOYS  
EVER PLAY  
BASEBALL?

ACH! BOMBS!!  
DER **AMERICANER**  
ISS MAD!  
RUN FOR  
YOUR  
LIFE!!



NICE TEAM-WORK,  
JONAS! I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
LIKE YOUR  
IDEA!

HAH,  
I FIX  
DER  
SCHWEIN!

LOOK OUT, BOYS! THAT TRICKY  
SUB COMMANDER WAS ONLY  
SHAMMING!!



LOOK!  
THAT  
COMMANDER  
WAS  
PLAYING  
POSSUM!

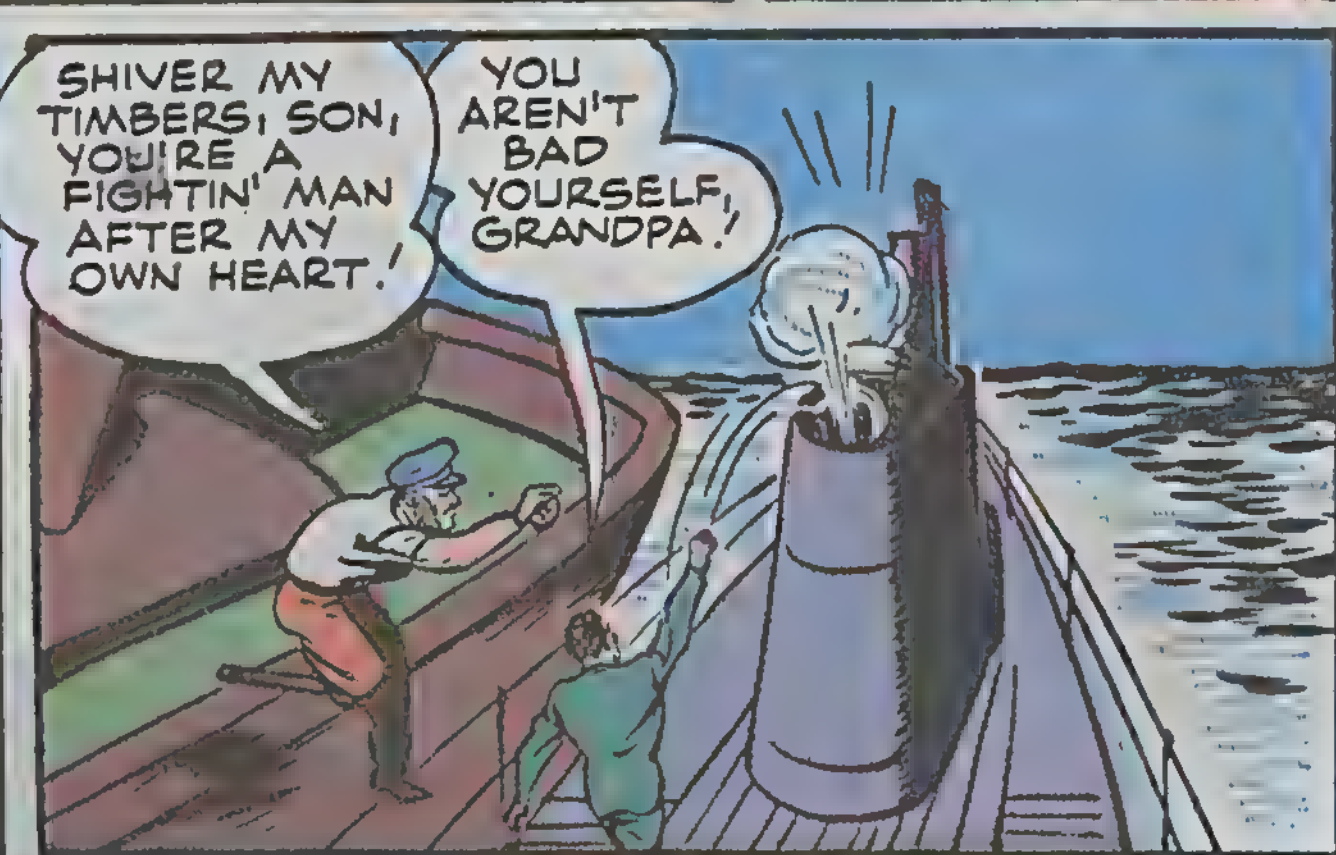
JEEPERS!!  
WHUT'LL WE  
DO? HE'LL  
BACK OFF  
AND BLAST  
US OUTA THE  
WATER! I  
NEVER  
PLANNED  
FER THIS!!

BART'S MIND WORKS AT SPLIT-  
SECOND SPEED!



GRAB SOME  
GRENADES AND  
FOLLOW ME!!

I'M COMING,  
YOUNG  
FELLER!



SHIVER MY  
TIMBERS, SON,  
YOU'RE A  
FIGHTIN' MAN  
AFTER MY  
OWN HEART!

YOU  
AREN'T  
BAD  
YOURSELF,  
GRANDPA!



WHEE! THAT'S  
WHAT I CALL  
BLOWIN' THE  
LID OFF!

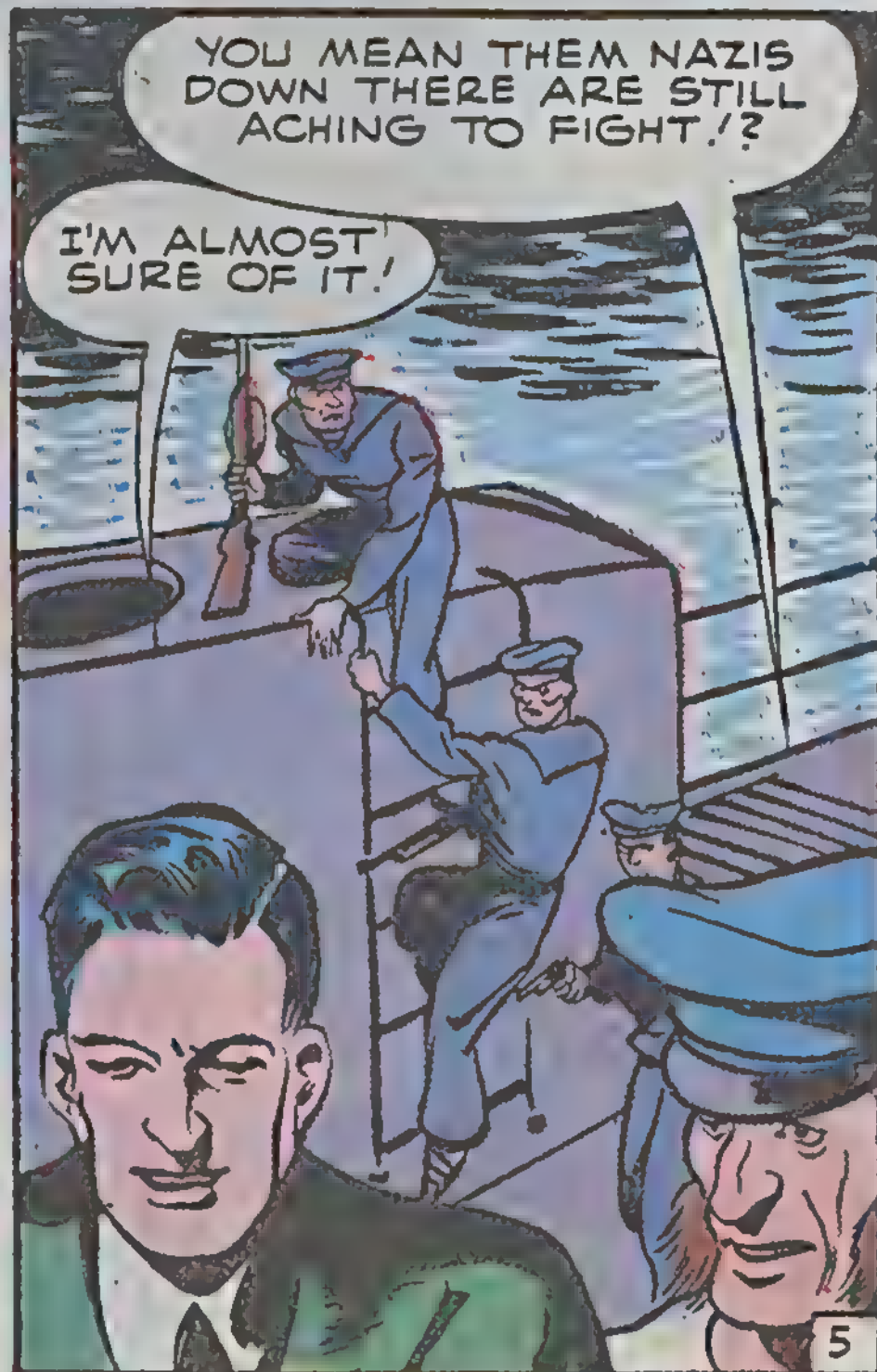
THEY  
CAN'T  
SUBMERGE,  
NOW, OR  
THEY'LL  
BE  
FLOODED!

WHAM!



LET'S GO,  
SON! I  
ALLUS  
WANTED  
TO SEE  
THE  
INSIDE  
O' ONE O'  
THESE  
TIN  
CIGARS!

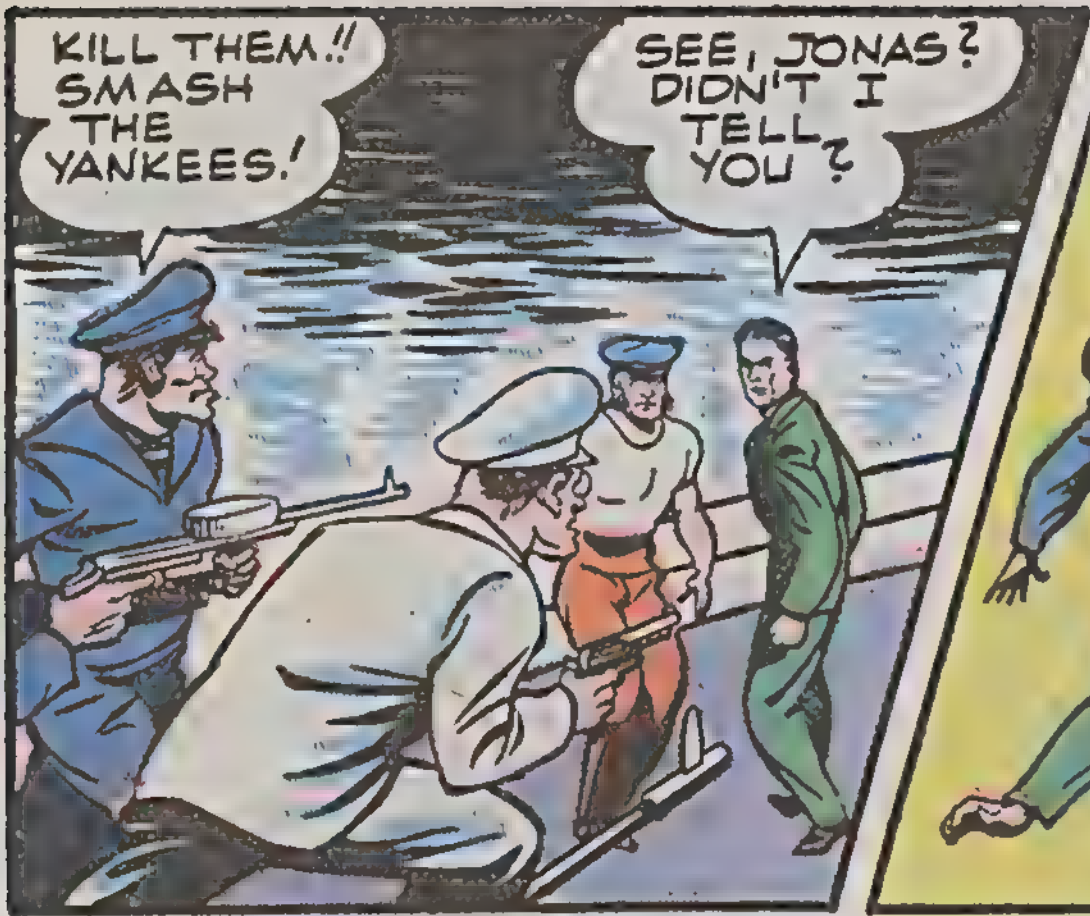
GET BACK, YOU  
IDIOT! THAT  
GRENADE ONLY  
LANDED IN  
**ONE** COMPART-  
MENT! IT  
WOULDN'T  
HURT THE  
NAZIS IN  
OTHER PARTS  
OF THE SHIP!



YOU MEAN THEM NAZIS  
DOWN THERE ARE STILL  
ACHING TO FIGHT!?

I'M ALMOST  
SURE OF IT!





KILL THEM!! SMASH THE YANKEES!

SEE, JONAS? DIDN'T I TELL YOU?



DON'T LOOK NOW, BOYS, BUT I THINK YOU'RE BEING **BLITZKRIEGED**!

HOORAY!! LOOK AT HIM SLIDE!



DUMKOPFS! FATHEADS!! DO SOMETHING!!!

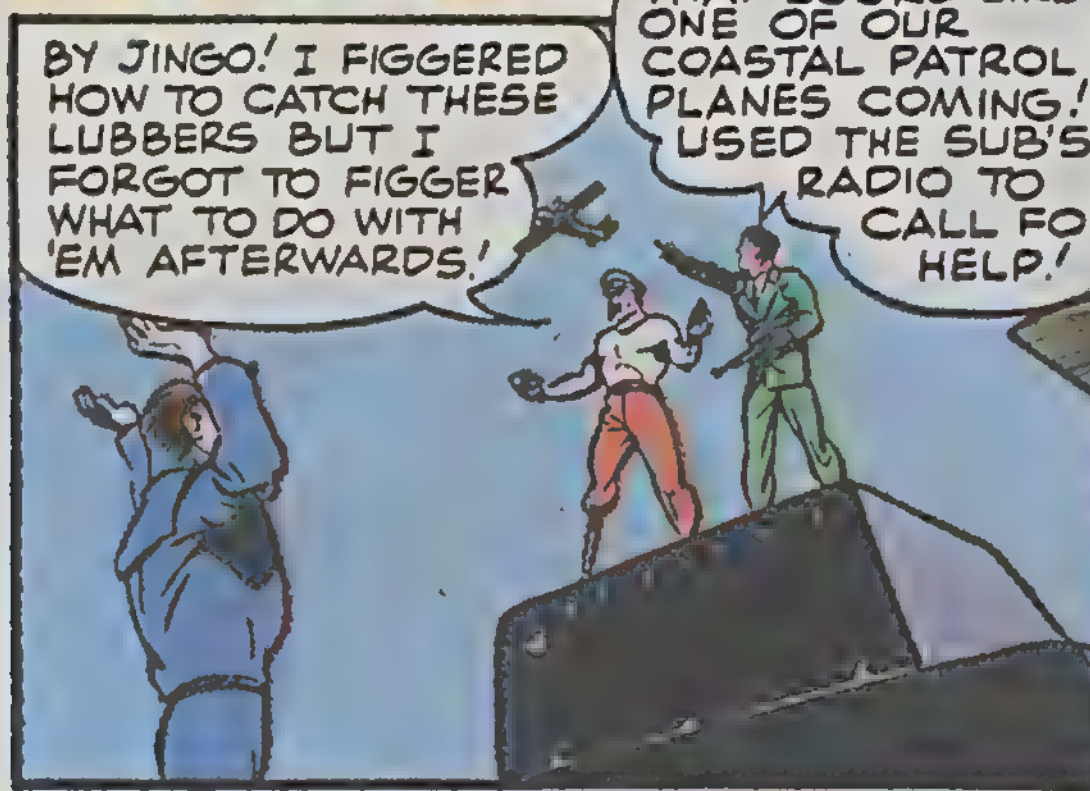
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, JUGHEAD! I'LL GET TO YOU IN A MINUTE!

YOU BOYS DON'T FIGHT SO GOOD FACE TO FACE!



DER FUEHRER SAID WE COULDN'T BE BEATEN!

NEXT TIME DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR!



BY JINGO! I FIGGERED HOW TO CATCH THESE LUBBERS BUT I FORGOT TO FIGGER WHAT TO DO WITH 'EM AFTERWARDS!

RELAX, JONAS! THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OUR COASTAL PATROL PLANES COMING! I USED THE SUB'S RADIO TO CALL FOR HELP!



NO, THANKS! YOU'LL PROBABLY GET A MEDAL FOR THIS STUNT..AND TOSSED IN JAIL IF YOU TRY SUCH A CRAZY THING AGAIN!

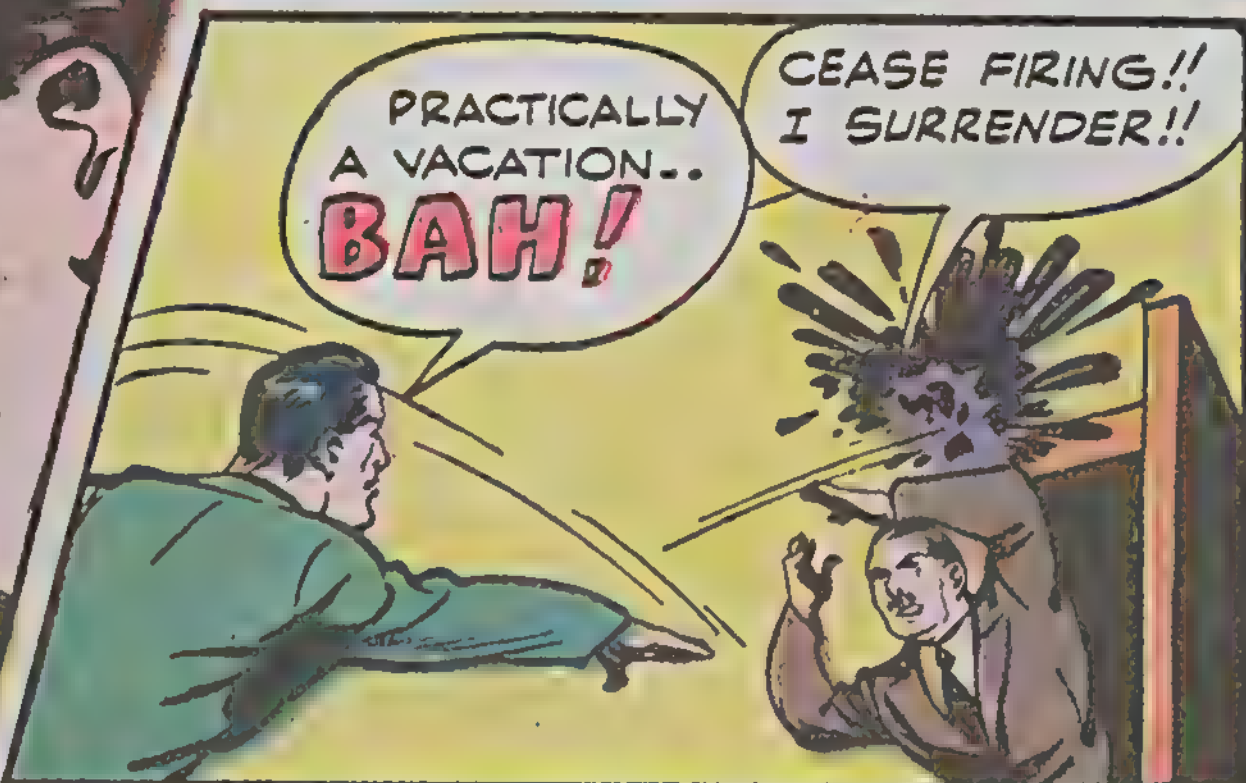
YOU'RE OKAY, SON! YOU AN' ME COULD CATCH US MORE SUBS EASY!



NEXT DAY..BACK AT HIS DESK..

YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I'M LOOKING FOR!

HELLO, BART! DID YOU HAVE A NICE, RESTFUL VACATION BY THE SEA?



PRACTICALLY A VACATION.. **BAH!**

CEASE FIRING!! I SURRENDER!!

The SECRET SERVICE FLASHES INTO NEW, BLAZING ACTION IN NEXT MONTH'S SENSATIONAL ISSUE OF DETECTIVE COMICS!



# ESCAPE FROM DEATH

by Nils Hall

**H**E WAS a half-breed. His name was Le Dirque. He had plotted this crime carefully: for a whole season he had been waiting for Carver to get the money for the pelts.

And now Carver had it. Through the heavy swirls of snow, Le Dirque's eyes followed the thin plume of smoke rising steadily from the cabin. Night was falling fast. Soon the snow would get heavier. A man who knew this countryside—and Le Dirque did—would want to get shelter fast. That part of it was also planned. When a man lived and trapped in the Hudson's Bay country, he always thought ahead.

★ ★ ★

Hudson's Bay was new to Le Dirque, who had come down from Alaska not many jumps ahead of the police. He had been trapping in Hudson's Bay only a month when he heard of Carver and the many pelts he always brought in.

Thus, Le Dirque, the trapper, had set the trap. He was now ready to spring it. There was a sardonic smile on his face as his snowshoes glided over the snow, toward the plume of smoke. In a little while he would have all the money Carver had gotten for his pelts. He was sure the trapper had it, because only yesterday Carver had come from the trading post, some twenty-five miles away.

Le Dirque smiled to himself. Only a fool would live this far away from town and keep so much money around. He slid off his snowshoes, placed them carefully outside the door of the hut. He put his heavy gloves into his pocket and shifted the

knife he intended to use. Then he knocked on the door.

Joe Carver looked up cheerily. Alongside him were three pelts, poor pelts, Le Dirque thought looking at them. There was a washbasin on the table. Joe Carver's sleeves were rolled up.

★ ★ ★

Le Dirque's eyes darted around the room, seeking likely hiding places. He smiled back at Joe Carver, who said: "Pretty bad night to be out, stranger. Glad you dropped in. You're a trapper, aren't you?"

"No. I am a buyer of pelts. They tell me at the post that you have the best skins in all Canada. I would like to make a deal with you." His eyes glanced at the pelts on the table. "But I hope they are better than these."

"These?" Joe Carver laughed. "Listen, when I get through with these—" He stopped, as if remembering something. "Oh, I forgot." He leaned back in his chair, motioned Le Dirque to sit down. "Before I get talking too much, stranger, and the way this storm's coming up, I'd better tell you I've already gotten rid of this year's trap. I did pretty good, too." Then, he added, "But didn't they tell you at the post I do business with only one company?"

★ ★ ★

Le Dirque grinned, his white teeth flashing. "So they did. But I decided to come out anyway." His scrutiny of Joe Carver had showed him he had nothing to be afraid of. Now, he moved toward Carver, as if going to say something confi-

dential to him. Carver inclined his head, then he gasped as the knife point touched his neck. His eyes went wide.

"Where is the money hidden?" Le Dirque grated. "Tell me or I'll kill you."

A sharp pain stabbed his ankle. He hadn't realized Joe Carver was wearing heavy boots. Now, Carver moved his head away from the dangerous point of the knife.

Le Dirque rolled with him. His knife went into Carver's shoulder. Came out. It flashed again; a scream came from Carver as he plunged to the floor.

"Fool!" Le Dirque's gaze was burning.

★ ★ ★

He looked at the blood on his hands, then back again at Joe Carver's still body. "I told you I'd kill you," he grated. "Le Dirque does not make idle boast." His eyes hurriedly swept the room. He would have to work fast, get out of here with the money. Maybe no one would come for days; not with this storm. Joe Carver would be snowbound and by the time the Mounties picked up the trail it would be cold.

"My hands!" Le Dirque looked at the reddened hands. Then he smiled. "This will do. He will not need it." He plunged his hands into the washbasin Joe Carver had filled.

He had no idea that his luck was riding with him, as he carried the reddened water to the bed. He had intended to slash the mattress, drop the tell-tale basin inside, then cover it up.

Instead, he found the money! Hurriedly, he scooped it out from its hiding place. Then,



craftily, he emptied the basin, and placed a blanket again over the mattress. It would probably be a long time before anyone thought of looking there.

His fingers trembled as he counted the money. Joe Carver hadn't lied. His year had been good. There was enough money here to enjoy sanctuary in the States for a long time! Very carefully, Le Dirque slipped it into the money belt he had brought along. He would not touch it until safely in the States.

\*\*\*

It was the thought of what the money would buy that kept him from dying on his way to the trading post. The storm fought him every inch of the way, seeking to pull him down beneath a blanket of snow. Icy particles struck at his face savagely, like hundreds of little knives.

\*\*\*

Hour after hour, he plodded along. It seemed an eternity before he saw the first faint lights marking the trading post.

But at last, he reached them. He knew now that he had narrowly escaped death. He couldn't have held on another mile! He fell wearily through the opened gates of the post.

He needed a drink, needed it badly. He forced himself toward the building that housed the bar. He lived in the building, occupying a small room. The landlord knew him as a buyer of furs, too.

\*\*\*

All eyes turned toward him as he stumbled in. His face was blue with cold, and his eyes bloodshot. Le Dirque's tortured eyes saw the Mountie, seated in a far corner of the room, a newspaper in front of him. He was looking at Le Dirque, but the latter was unafraid. They had nothing on him.

"Heavens, man," the startled bartender said. "What happened to you?"

Le Dirque leaned against the bar. His fingers, beneath his gloves felt numb. "A drink," he said, "pour me a drink first." The fiery liquid burned his throat, seared his insides, making him feel warm. At last he put it down, wiped his mouth with the back of his glove.

\*\*\*

"I was lost in the storm," he said. "I do not know how I ever found my way back from the Three Rivers." Inwardly, he smiled. He was thinking well now and that was good. Three Rivers was miles away from Joe Carver's place. In the opposite direction.

He looked around, feeling warm again. "Everyone have a drink on me," he said. "To celebrate my escape from death." His laughter rose mockingly. "Yes, I have cheated death. I, Le Dirque. Now, everybody drink."

He smiled happily as the half-dozen trappers in the tavern ordered their drinks. Le Dirque looked at the Mountie. "Come on, Mountie, drink. In my business, it is necessary that a man carry around plenty of money. My company will be glad to know I did not die."

\*\*\*

The Mountie came over. Le Dirque smiled inwardly. This was fine, nobody would ever suspect him! His act was going over well. He tugged at his right hand, pulled off the glove. With his left hand, he called to the bartender. "More drinks for my friends. Tonight we celebrate."

He turned to the Mountie. "And for you, my friend—" Then he stopped. The Mountie's eyes were strangely cold and hostile, not friendly as they had been just a moment ago.

\*\*\*

"Did you say you came from Three Rivers?" the Mountie asked.

"Yes," Le Dirque said. "That is true." His voice and eyes

were puzzled. "But why do you ask me when I—" His throat choked as his eyes saw his ungloved right hand.

\*\*\*

It was blue! And it was not blue from the cold!

And then Le Dirque was looking into the muzzle of the Mountie's gun. His eyes saw the gleam of light on the bracelets that were suddenly snapped on his wrists. "What are you doing?" Le Dirque cried hoarsely. "Why do you do this?"

\*\*\*

The Mountie's voice was cold. "There's only one place in Hudson's Bay you could have gotten methyl blue on your hands," he said. "It's a special chemical preparation, colorless until applied to something, that a trapper up here was using for experimentation with skins. I know because I helped him buy it this morning." His strong fingers bit into Le Dirque's arm. "And you and I are going to talk to Joe Carver about it. Now."

\*\*\*

Le Dirque couldn't speak. His eyes were wide with terror, and a picture of a man in shirt-sleeves, fooling with skins, a washbasin alongside him flashed into his mind. That hadn't been water! "Not water!" At last Le Dirque found his voice. "Something that looks like water but comes out in color later," he mumbled.

\*\*\*

He was still talking to himself when they found Joe Carver. Only death finally silenced him, Le Dirque!

*The End*



# AIR WAVE

RADIO CHANNELS PULSE WITH DRAMA AS LARRY JORDAN FIGHTS THE TOUGHEST BATTLE OF HIS CAREER IN A COURTROOM... FOR JORDAN'S BEST FRIEND IS ON TRIAL FOR MURDER, AND IT IS JORDAN'S HEARTBREAKING DUTY TO DEMAND THE EXTREME PENALTY!... AND AS A JURY DEBATES WHETHER A MAN SHALL DIE OR GO FREE, AIR WAVE BLASTS OPEN THE SHOCKING CRIMINAL PLOT BEHIND "THE CASE OF THE TALKING GUN!"



...AND NOW, FOLKS, OUR THRILLING COURTROOM BROADCAST BRINGS YOU WITNESSES IN THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL OF JIMMY PARDEE, FAMOUS CRIME REPORTER, ACCUSED OF MURDERING HIS EDITOR, EBENEZER ROOD!

...BURT BENSON, CITY EDITOR OF THE "MORNING STAR" TAKES THE STAND...

ROOD CALLED PARDEE INTO HIS OFFICE TO FIRE HIM. I HEARD YELLS AND A SHOT! WHEN I GOT THERE, ROOD WAS DEAD AND PARDEE HAD RUN AWAY...

JIMMY WAS A SWELL GUY... BUT RIDING DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR HE ACTED SORE, AS THOUGH EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING!

...THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR IN THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING...

I'M NOT A KILLER! ROOD FIRED ME BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID TO PRINT CRIME NEWS I'D WRITTEN, AND I THREW MY REPORTER'S BADGE AT HIM AND WALKED OUT!

...DESPERATION BRINGS THE DEFENDANT SUDDENLY TO HIS FEET...

...AND A LITTLE OLD LADY SPEAKS IN A QUAVERING VOICE!

I'M JIMMY'S MOTHER. I KNOW MY SON COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS AWFUL THING!



LARRY JORDAN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, RELUCTANTLY SUMS UP THE CASE AGAINST THE YOUTHFUL DEFENDANT...

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THE PISTOL WITH WHICH ROOD WAS SHOT BEARS PARDEE'S FINGERPRINTS! AND PARDEE'S REPORTER BADGE WAS FOUND BESIDE THE BODY!

JIMMY PARDEE HAS BEEN MY BEST FRIEND FOR YEARS. HE HAS EXPOSED CRIMINALS FEARLESSLY IN HIS WORK...NEVERTHELESS, THE STATE BELIEVES HIM GUILTY AND ASKS THE DEATH PENALTY!

AS THE JURY FILES FROM THE ROOM TO REACH ITS VERDICT...

YOU KNOW I HAD TO DO IT, DON'T YOU, JIMMY? THERE WASN'T ANY OTHER WAY IN THE FACE OF THE EVIDENCE!

I UNDERSTAND, LARRY-BUT I'M INNOCENT!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

HE'LL BURN, ALL RIGHT! AND EVERYTHING WILL BE HUNKY-DORY!

THE JURY IS OUT, FOLKS, AND THE BETTING IS TWO TO ONE THAT PARDEE GETS THE CHAIR!

GOSH, I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR HIM, PORKY!

YOU'RE GETTIN' DANGEROUS, WILBUR. YOU'RE SO SOFT-HEARTED, YOU'RE LIABLE TO SQUEAL ON THE REST OF US!

I GUESS IT'S WHAT HIS MA SAID THAT GOT ME GOIN'...IF MY MA WAS ALIVE, I'D NEVER BE A CROOK!

SO THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET... PERMANENT!

CRACK

NO! STINGER... PLEASE! AHHHHHH...

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, STINGER! WE'D BETTER SCRAM!

WHEN THE OTHERS HAVE GONE, A STRICKEN FIGURE CREEPS FEEBLY TOWARD A TELEPHONE...

OPERATOR! GIMME TH' CRIMINAL COURT...AN' HURRY!... I...I GOTTA DO THIS... FAST...



MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS AS THE ANXIOUS JORDAN WAITS IN HIS OFFICE FOR THE VERDICT...

IF HE'S CONVICTED, AND IS LATER PROVED INNOCENT, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? HUH? THE PHONE...

THIS THE D.A.?... LISTEN... I'M DYIN'... BUT I WANNA PUT YA STRAIGHT... ABOUT PARDEE! HE DIDN'T KILL ROOD! IT WAS...

HELLO! HELLO! WHAT HAPPENED? HE MUST HAVE FAINTED... OPERATOR, TRACE THAT CALL!

THE NEXT INSTANT, AN AWESOME FIGURE SWINGS FROM THE HIGH WINDOW OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEYS OFFICE... AIR WAVE!

THAT CALL CAME FROM 110 WILLOW STREET! IF I CAN FIND THE MAN WHO MADE IT BEFORE THE JURY COMES BACK...

ELECTRIC MAGNETS REGULATE HIS SWIFT PROGRESS DOWN THE METAL PIPE...

AIR WAVE! WAIT A MINUTE... WON'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

SURE- IF YOU CATCH ME!

AS HE SKIMS LIKE A RUN-AWAY METEOR ALONG TELEPHONE WIRES, HIS MASTER RADIO PICKS UP THE BROADCAST FROM THE COURTROOM...

...THE PARDEE JURY HAS BEEN OUT FIFTEEN MINUTES, FOLKS! THAT'S LONGER THAN A LOT OF PEOPLE THOUGHT THEY'D TAKE!

NOT A SECOND TO WASTE!

THIS IS THE PLACE... AND IF THE MAN WHO CALLED ME FAINTED, IT WON'T HELP TO RING THE DOORBELL!

DEAD! NO WONDER HE COULDN'T FINISH TELLING ME WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND!

BUT EVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH, AIR WAVE'S KEEN EYES PICK OUT CLUES...

WHY, IT'S WILBUR THE WEEPER... A PAL OF PORKY PRALL AND STINGER RAFFLE, THE EXTORTION ARTISTS! AND HERE'S THE EMPTY CARTRIDGE THAT KILLED HIM!



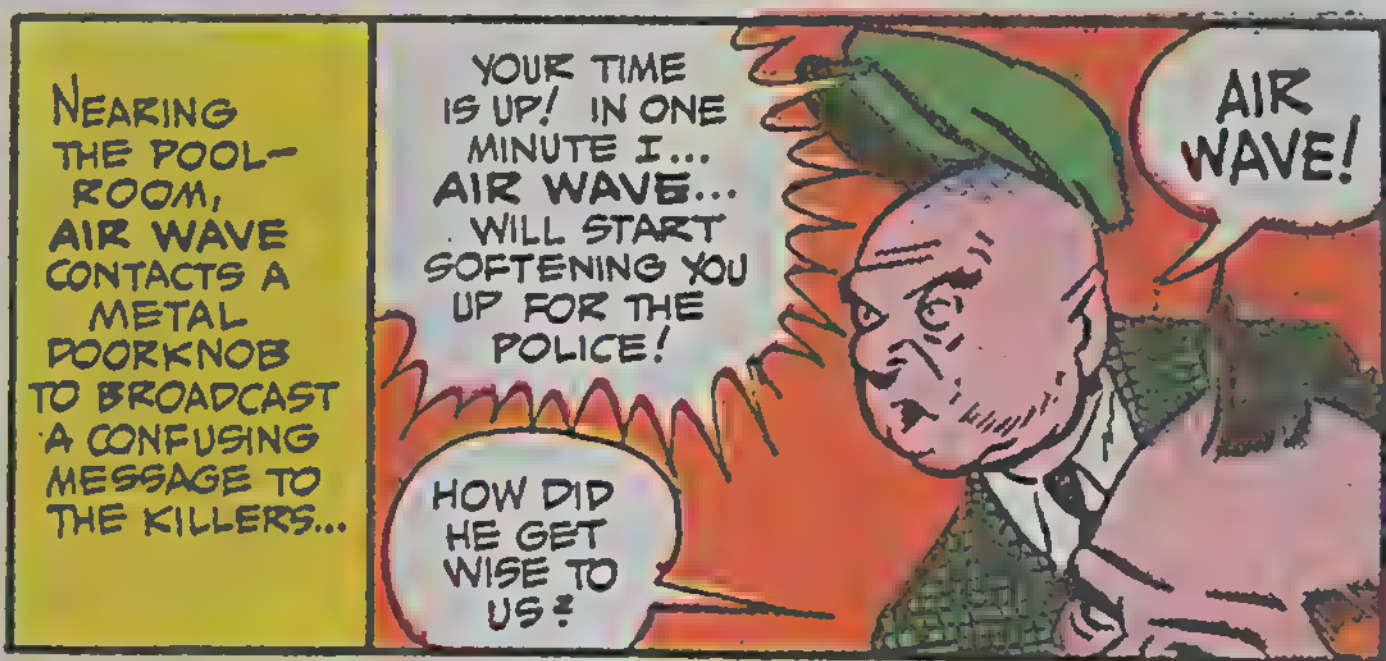




AN INVISIBLE BEAM FROM AIR WAVE'S RADIO EQUIPMENT PARTS UNERRINGLY TO ITS GOAL!



STREAKING ALONG DIZZY LEDGES ON RETRACTABLE ELECTRIC SKATES, AIR WAVE KNOWS A SURGE OF FIERCE JOY...





LIKE A RUNAWAY THUNDERBOLT,  
THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS STRIKES.

I'LL GET  
HIM...  
NO, I  
WON'T  
EITHER.  
OOF!

WATCH ME  
BLAST  
HIM...  
ER...I  
MEAN...  
OW!



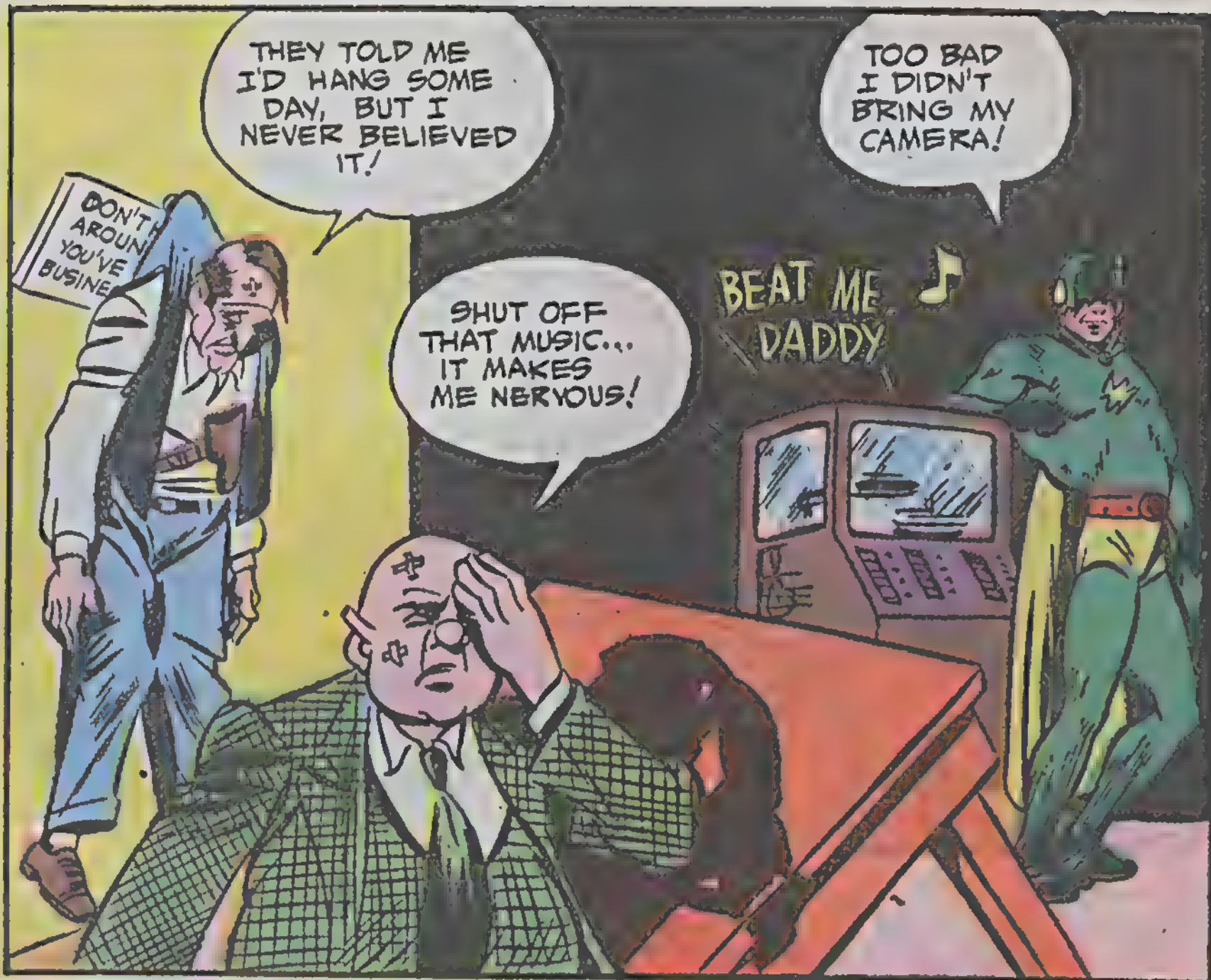
THEY TOLD ME  
I'D HANG SOME  
DAY, BUT I  
NEVER BELIEVED  
IT!

TOO BAD  
I DIDN'T  
BRING MY  
CAMERA!

DON'T  
AROUND  
YOU'VE  
BUSINESS

SHUT OFF  
THAT MUSIC...  
IT MAKES  
ME NERVOUS!

BEAT ME  
DADDY



BUT THE SOUNDS OF STRIFE HAVE  
ALARMED PALS OF THE CRIMINALS IN  
ANOTHER ROOM...

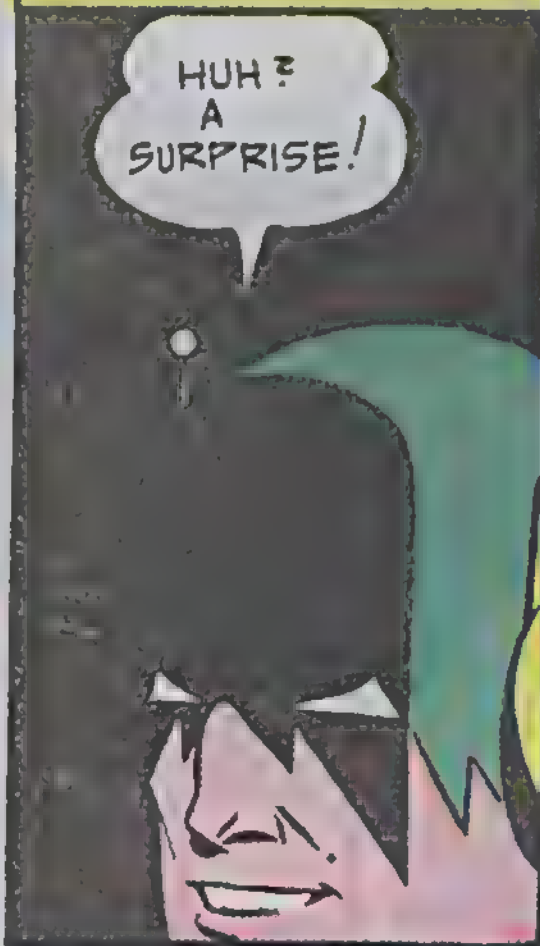
AIR  
WAVE!

WE GOTTA  
RUB HIM,  
OUT!



AIR WAVE WHIRLS...

HUH?  
A  
SURPRISE!



...BUT NOT IN TIME...

THIS IS LETTING  
THE AIR OUT OF  
YOU, AIR  
WAVE!

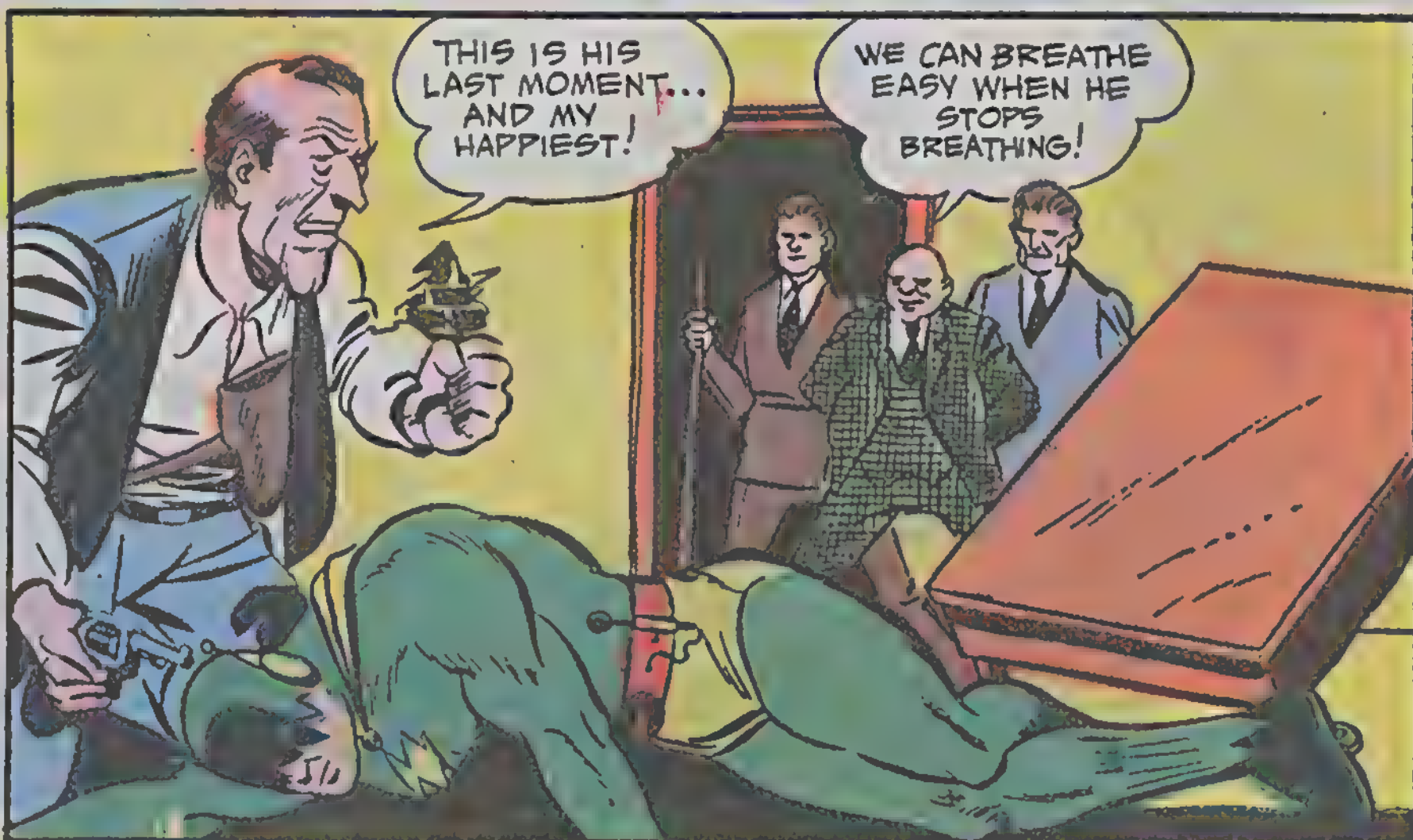


DON'T PLUG HIM  
YET...I WANT  
THAT PRIVILEGE!



THIS IS HIS  
LAST MOMENT...  
AND MY  
HAPPIEST!

WE CAN BREATHE  
EASY WHEN HE  
STOPS  
BREATHING!



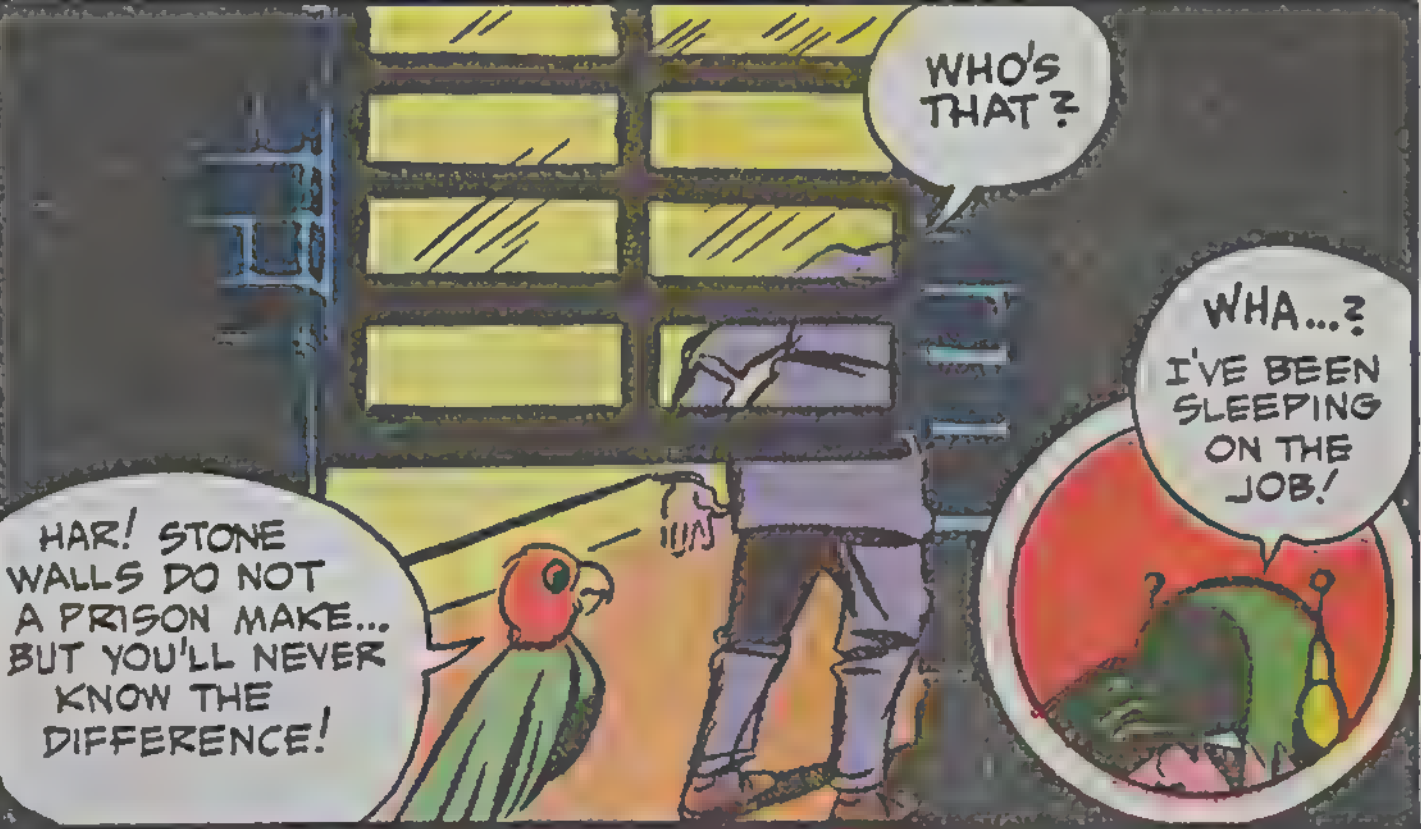


MEANWHILE,  
A SIXTH  
SENSE,  
EVEN  
MORE  
WONDERFUL  
THAN RADIO  
MAGIC, HAS  
SENT  
STATIC,  
THE PROVERB  
PARROT,  
WINGING  
TOWARD  
HIS  
MASTER...

BIRDS OF A FEATHER  
MAKE STRANGE BED-  
FELLOWS!  
AWR-R-RK!



HAR! STONE  
WALLS DO NOT  
A PRISON MAKE...  
BUT YOU'LL NEVER  
KNOW THE  
DIFFERENCE!



WHO'S  
THAT?

WHA...?  
I'VE BEEN  
SLEEPING  
ON THE  
JOB!

THE SPLIT-SECOND DISTRACTION TURNS THE TIDE  
OF THE BATTLE...



LOOKS LIKE  
YOU GOT  
HERE JUST  
IN TIME,  
STATIC!



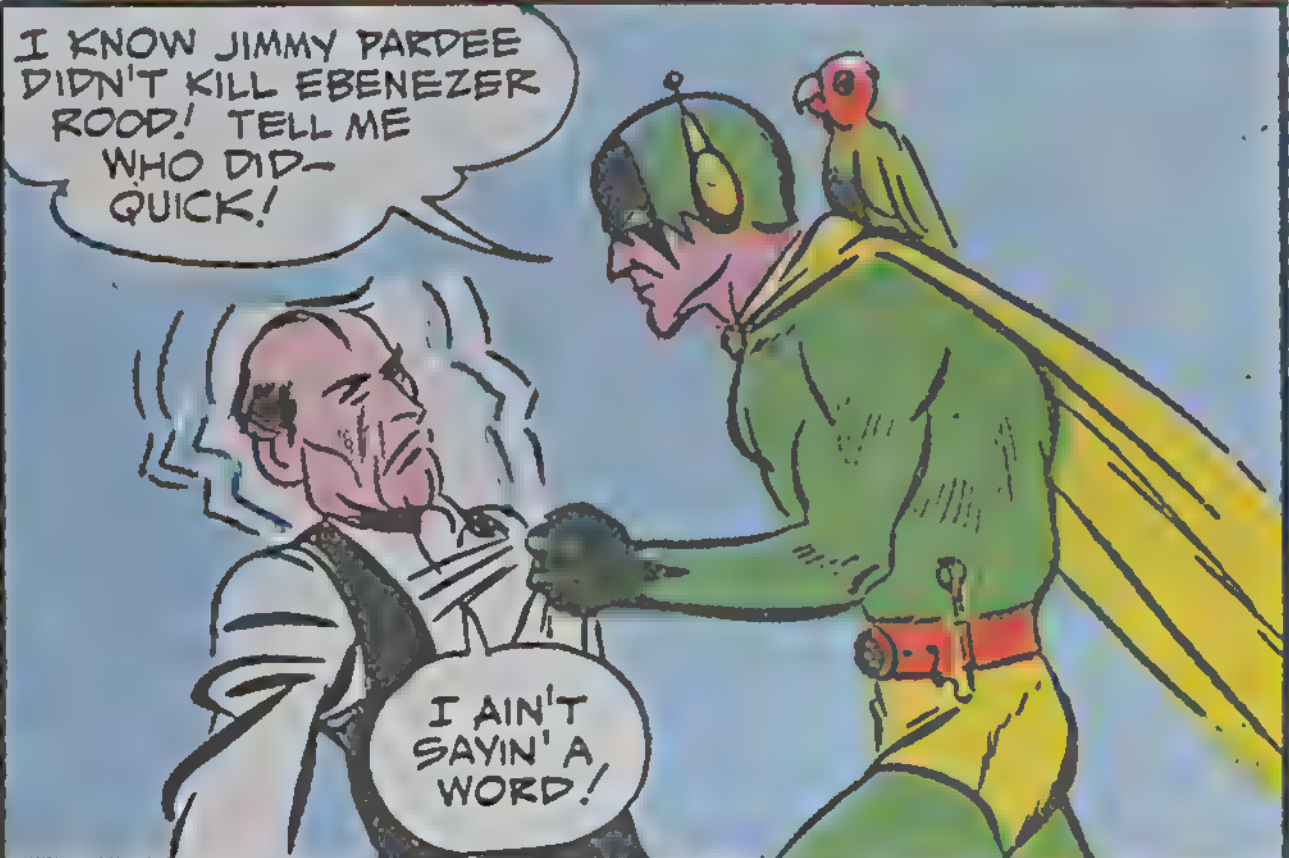
WHO  
STARTED  
THAT  
MUSIC  
BOX  
AGAIN?

SUDDENLY, FROM THE COURTROOM WHERE JIMMY  
PARDEE IS ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE, COMES AN  
ALARMING RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT.



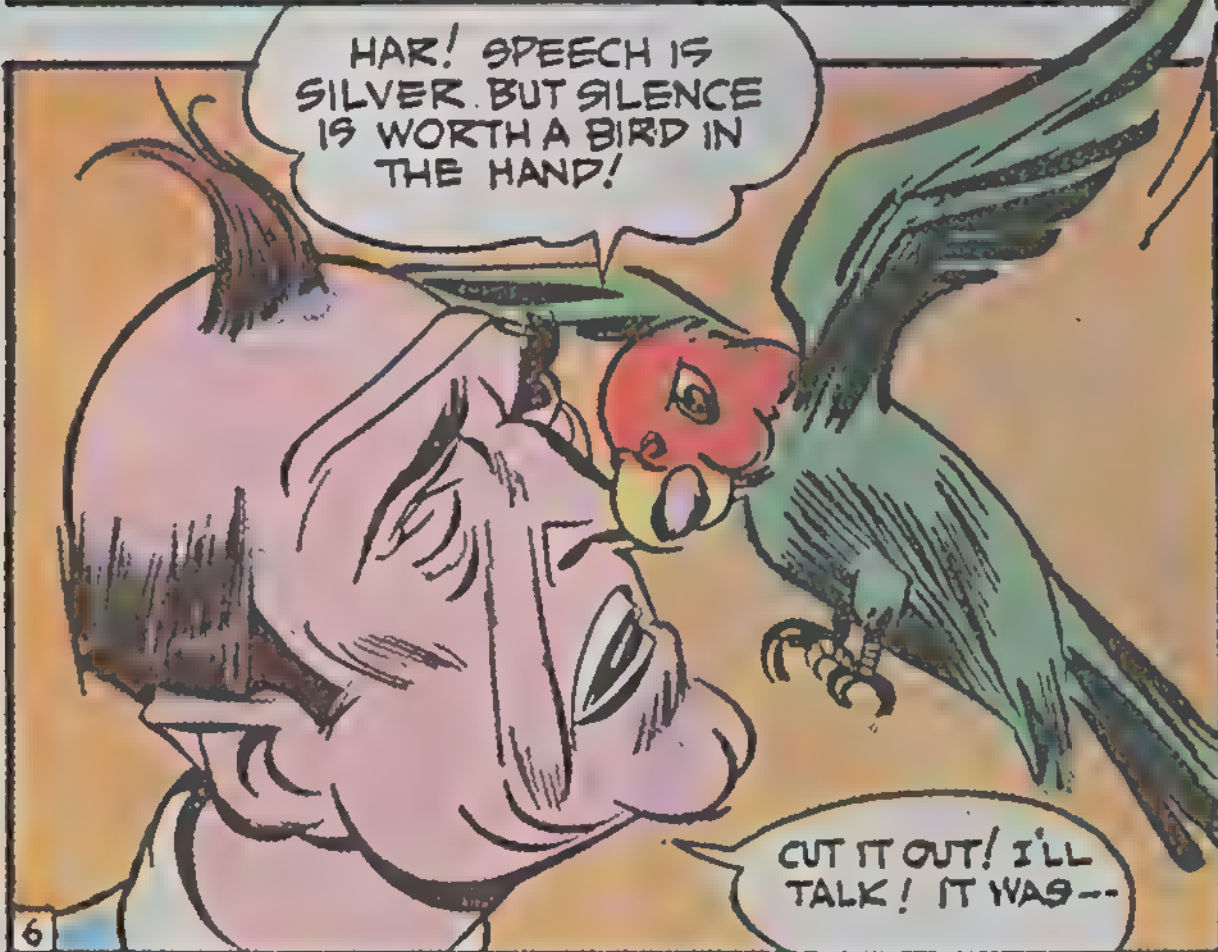
HERE WE ARE BACK  
IN THE COURTROOM,  
FOLKS... AND THE  
JURY IS JUST COMING  
IN WITH ITS VERDICT!  
THERE'S A GRIM LOOK  
ON THE FACE OF  
EVERY JUROR.

THEY'RE SURE TO  
CONVICT HIM UNLESS I  
CAN DO SOMETHING!



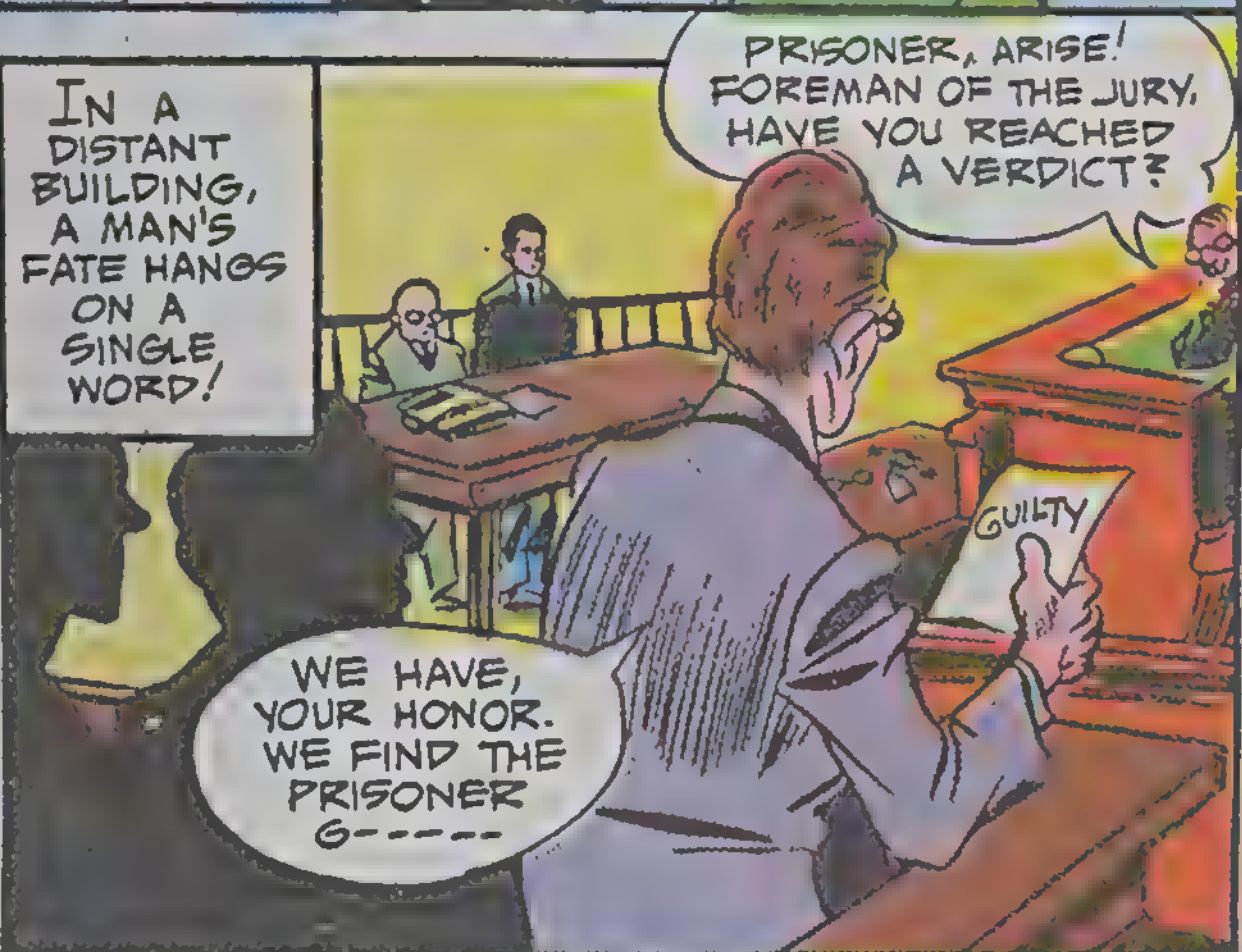
I KNOW JIMMY PARDEE  
DIDN'T KILL EBENEZER  
ROOD! TELL ME  
WHO DID-  
QUICK!

I AIN'T  
SAYIN' A  
WORD!



HAR! SPEECH IS  
SILVER BUT SILENCE  
IS WORTH A BIRD IN  
THE HAND!

CUT IT OUT! I'LL  
TALK! IT WAS--



IN A  
DISTANT  
BUILDING,  
A MAN'S  
FATE HANGS  
ON A  
SINGLE  
WORD!

PRISONER, ARISE!  
FOREMAN OF THE JURY,  
HAVE YOU REACHED  
A VERDICT?

WE HAVE,  
YOUR HONOR.  
WE FIND THE  
PRISONER  
G-----

GUILTY



ABRUPTLY, A RINGING VOICE FILLS THE COURTROOM, DROWNING OUT THE FOREMAN'S VERDICT, SHOCKING ALL WHO HEAR IT!

GREAT SCOTT! THE MURDER WEAPON IS SPEAKING!

JUST A MINUTE! IT'S TIME I HAD A SAY IN THIS CASE! I GUESS I OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE WHO FIRED THE FATAL SHOT!

AN INSTANT LATER, AIR WAVE'S WORDS ARE BROADCAST FROM THE METAL REPORTER'S BADGE FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

I WAS THERE, TOO... AND WHEN BENSON LEFT ROOD'S OFFICE, ROOD WAS ALIVE! THE GUN WAS IN ROOD'S DESK, AND JIMMY'S FINGERPRINTS EVEN ON IT BECAUSE HE HAD HANDLED IT THE DAY BEFORE!

NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

AFTER JIMMY LEFT, A MAN WHO IS NOW IN THIS COURTROOM ENTERED ROOD'S OFFICE AND KILLED ROOD. THAT MAN IS...



STOP I CAN'T BEAR IT!

I'LL CONFESS... JIMMY DUG UP PROOF OF CRIMES COMMITTED BY PORKY PRALL AND STINGER RAFFLE... AND THEY OFFERED ME MONEY TO GET JIMMY FIRED AND SUPPRESS THE FACTS... BY MURDER, IF NECESSARY!

ROOD AGREED TO SUPPRESS THEM ON MY ADVICE... BUT AFTER HE FIRED JIMMY, HIS CONSCIENCE BACKFIRED... HE WAS GOING TO PRINT THE STORY ANYWAY. SO I KILLED HIM!

OVER THE STUNNED GATHERING SOUNDS A FLAPPING OF WINGS...

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES MUST PAY THE PIPER! AWWREK!

SO THAT'S IT... AIR WAVE, SAVED ME! PARROT, YOU SURE LOOK LIKE A GUARDIAN ANGEL TO ME!

AND AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN ENTERS THE COURTROOM!

AS I WAS SAYING... ER... WE FIND THE DEFENDANT AH... NATURALLY... NOT GUILTY!

THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD IN A LONG TIME, JIMMY. NO HARD FEELINGS, ARE THERE?

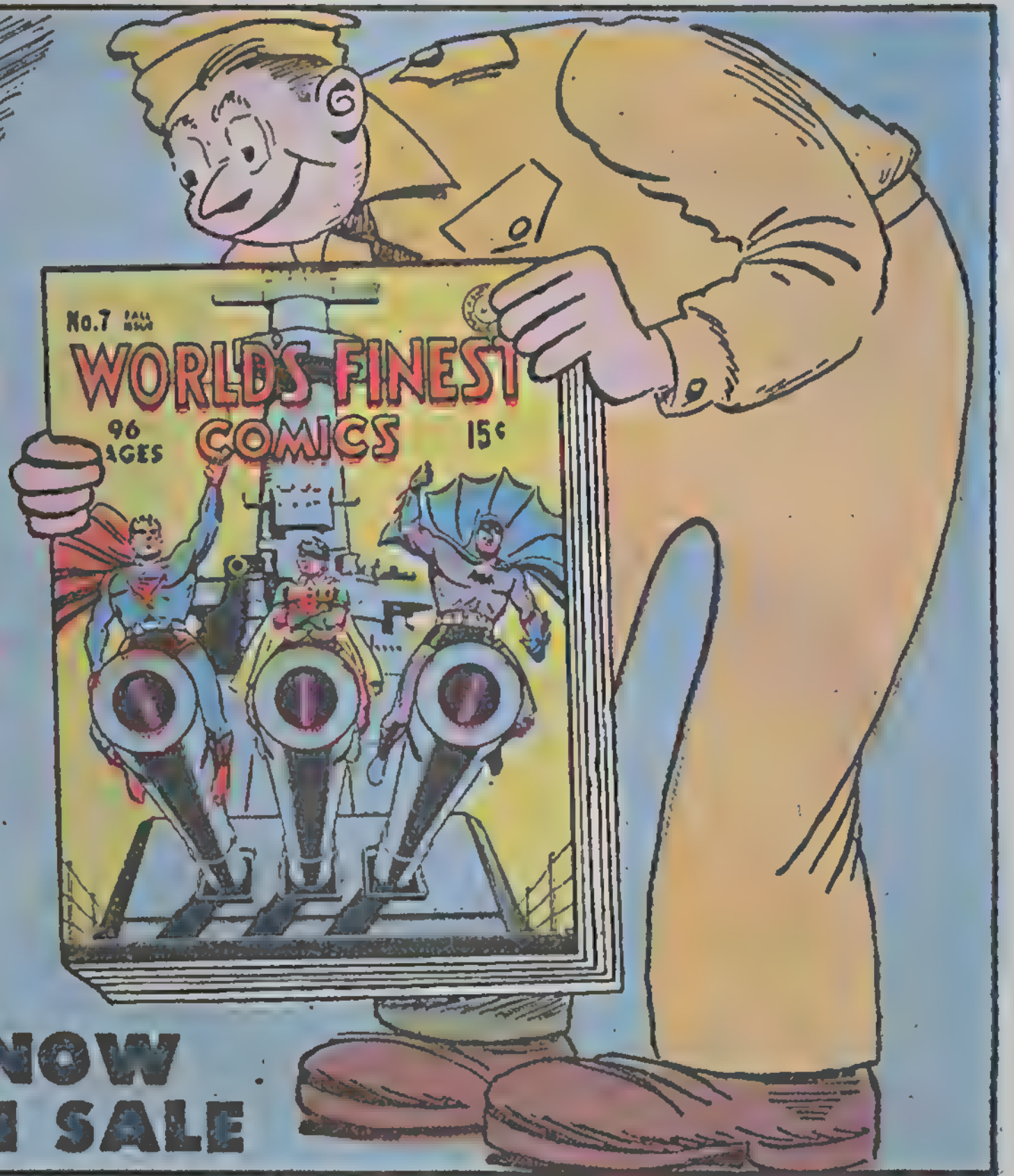
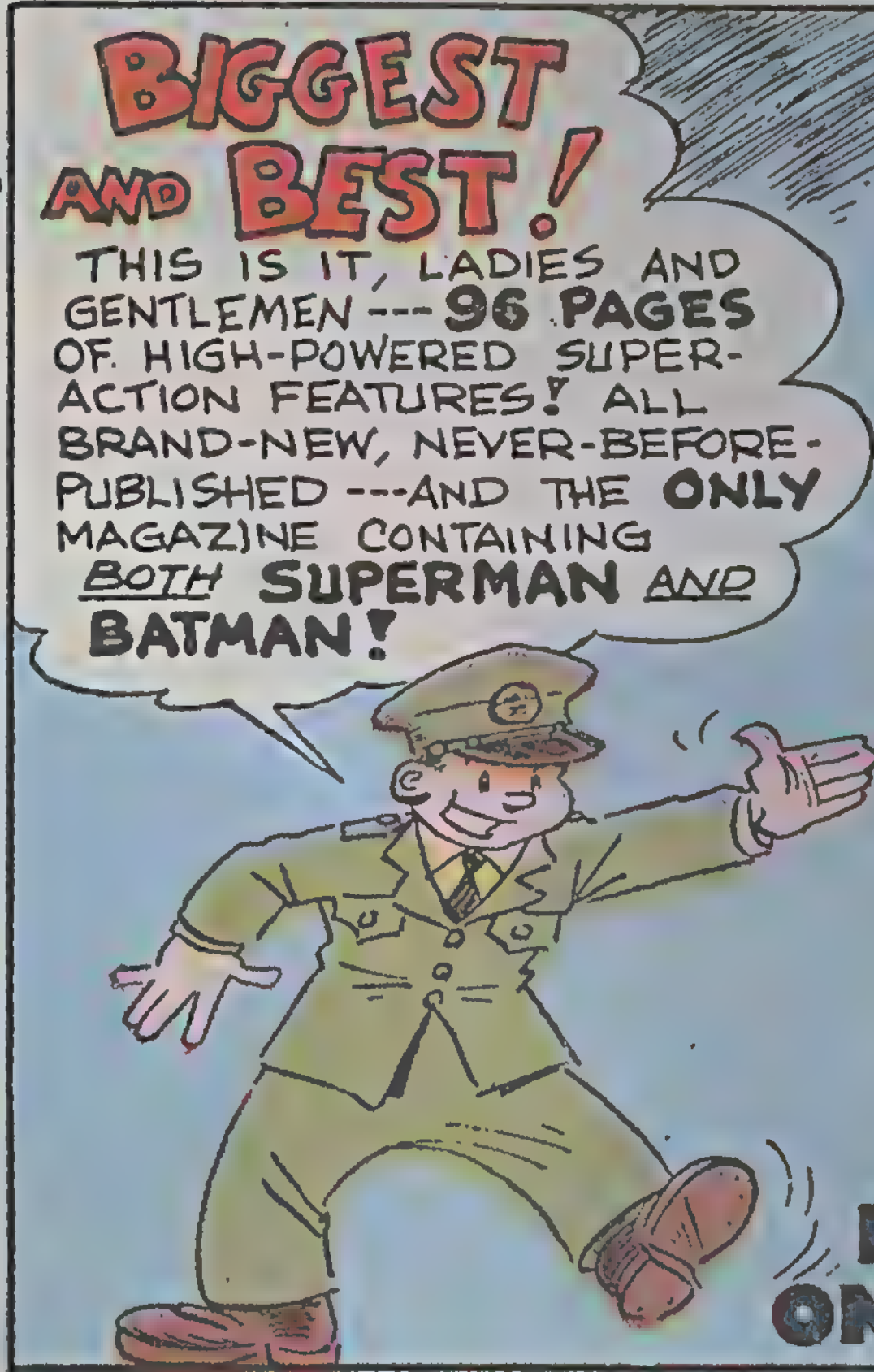
OF COURSE NOT, LARRY! YOU DID WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS RIGHT... BUT AIR WAVE WAS SMARTER THAN YOU!

AIR WAVE HAS LOST ME A CASE, BUT SAVED ME MY BEST FRIEND... HE MUST BE QUITE A FELLOW!

TUNE IN ON THE SMASHING BLOW-BY-BLOW STORY OF THE BATTLE OF AIR WAVE VS. CRIME NEXT AND EVERY MONTH in **DETECTIVE COMICS!**



# CHIEF HOT FOOT





# SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN A THIRD-RATE THUG WITH A THIRD-GRADE EDUCATION DIPS INTO SHAKESPEARE, YOU CAN BET HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING BESIDES LITERARY GEMS! SO SLAM AND HIS PAL SHORTY MORGAN REASONED... AND PROVED AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES BEFORE THEY WERE FINISHED WITH-

## "THE CASE OF THE CULTURED CROOKS!"



LOOK, SLAM! MUSCLES MALLON!

WHAT'S HE DOING WITH A BOOK?

BOOK BOUG AND SOL

A PENCILED MESSAGE ON THE MARGIN OF A PAGE CATCHES SLAM'S EYE...

IMPROVING YOUR MIND, MUSCLES-- IF ANY?

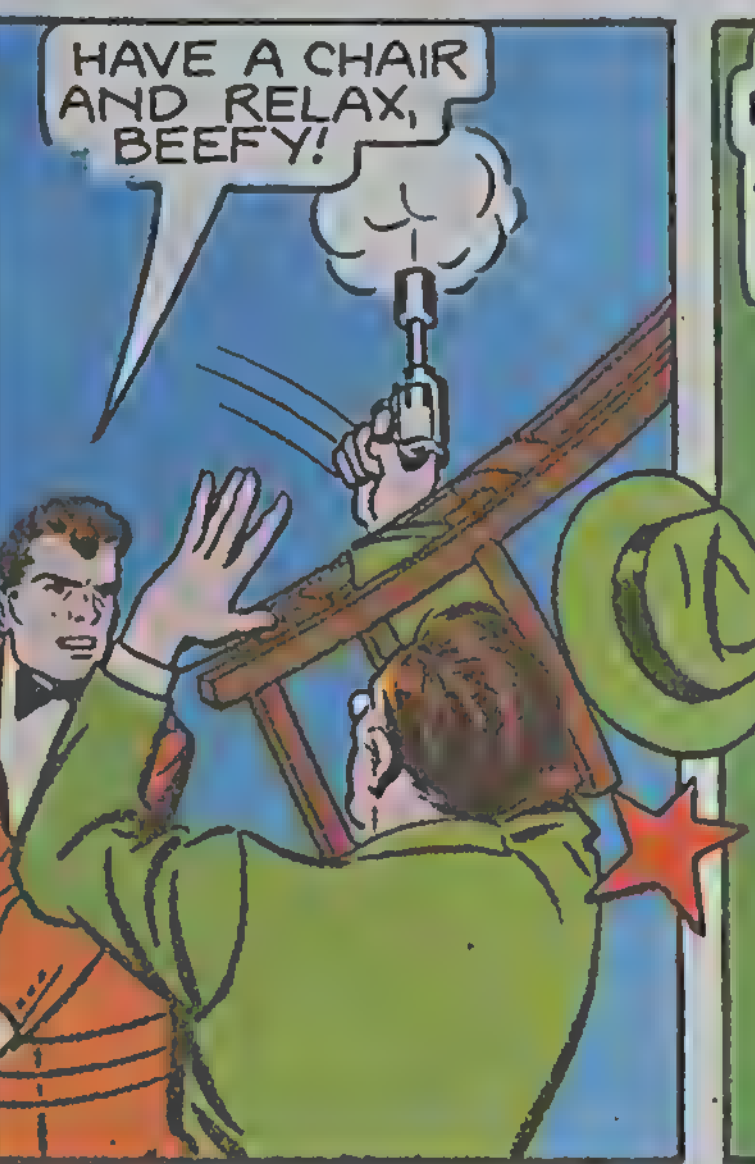
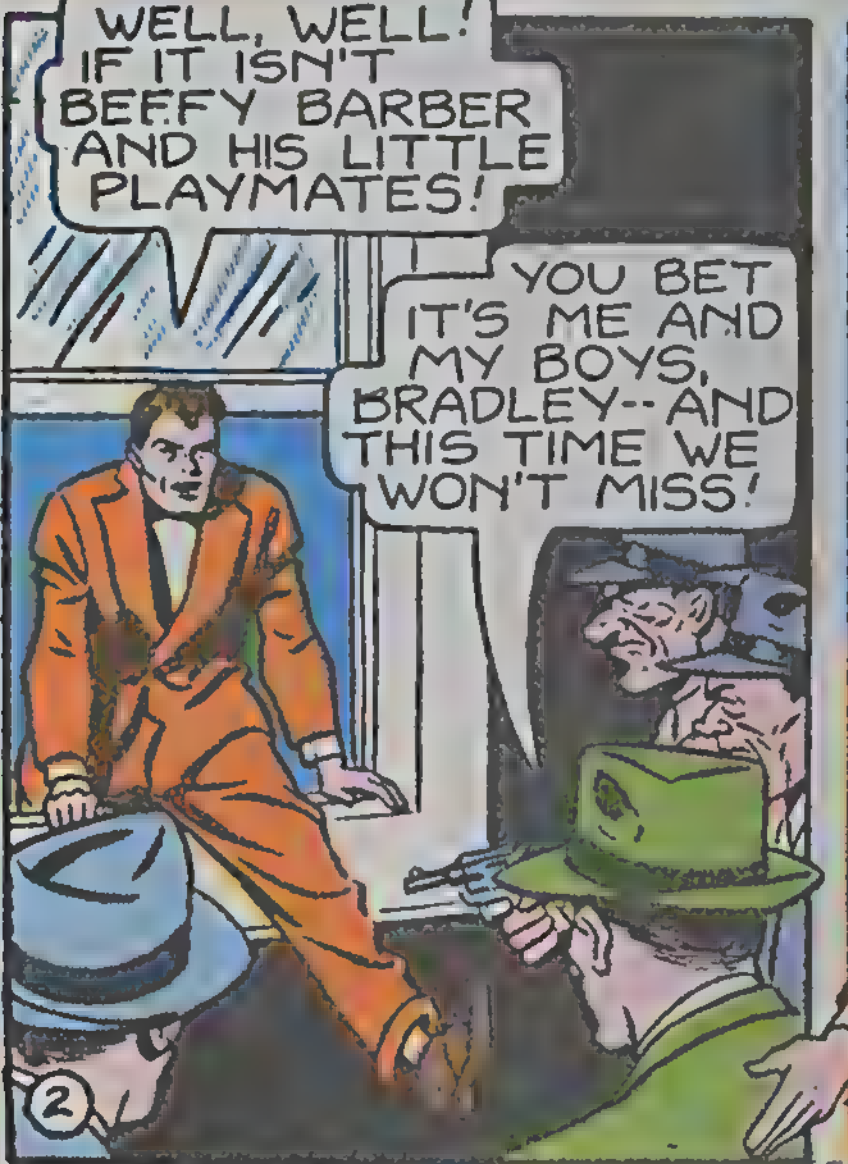
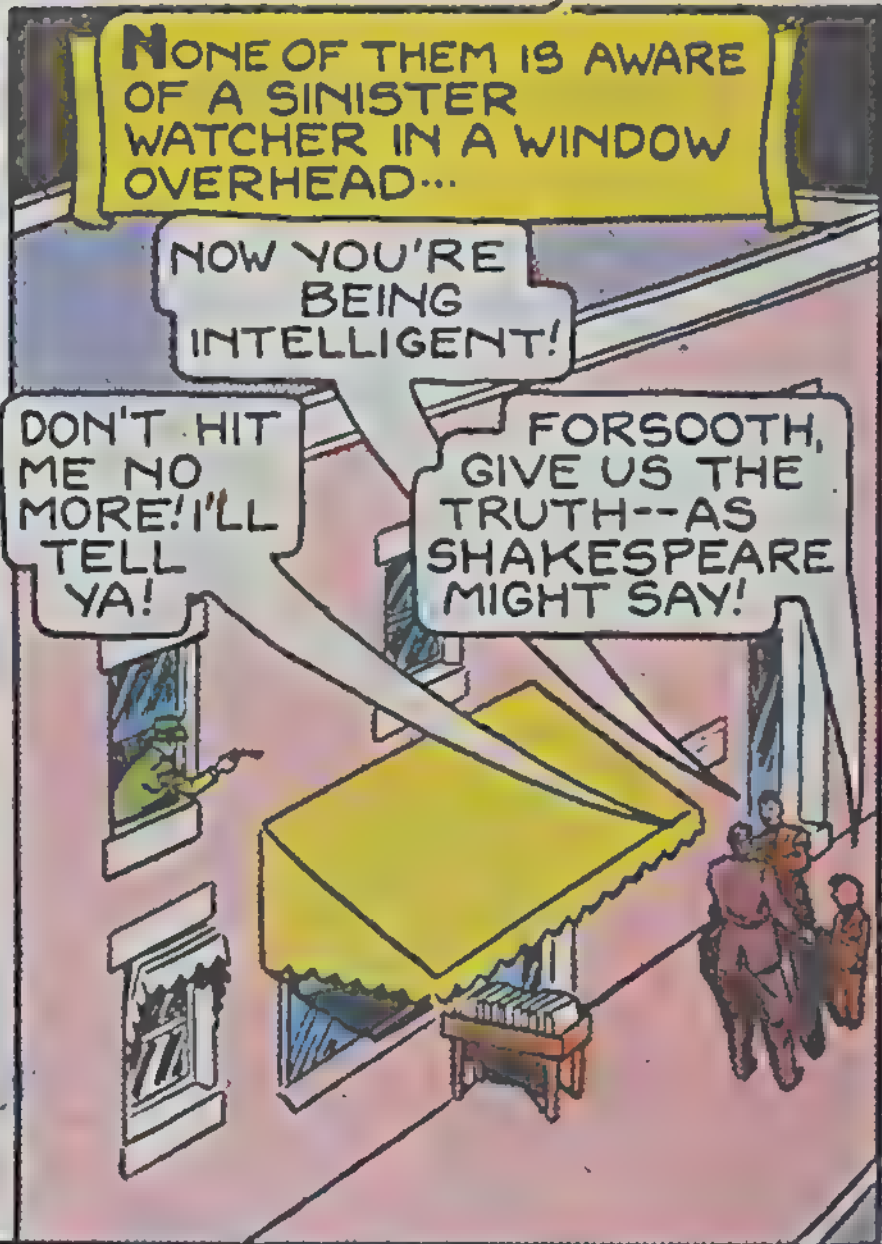
HUH?

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS

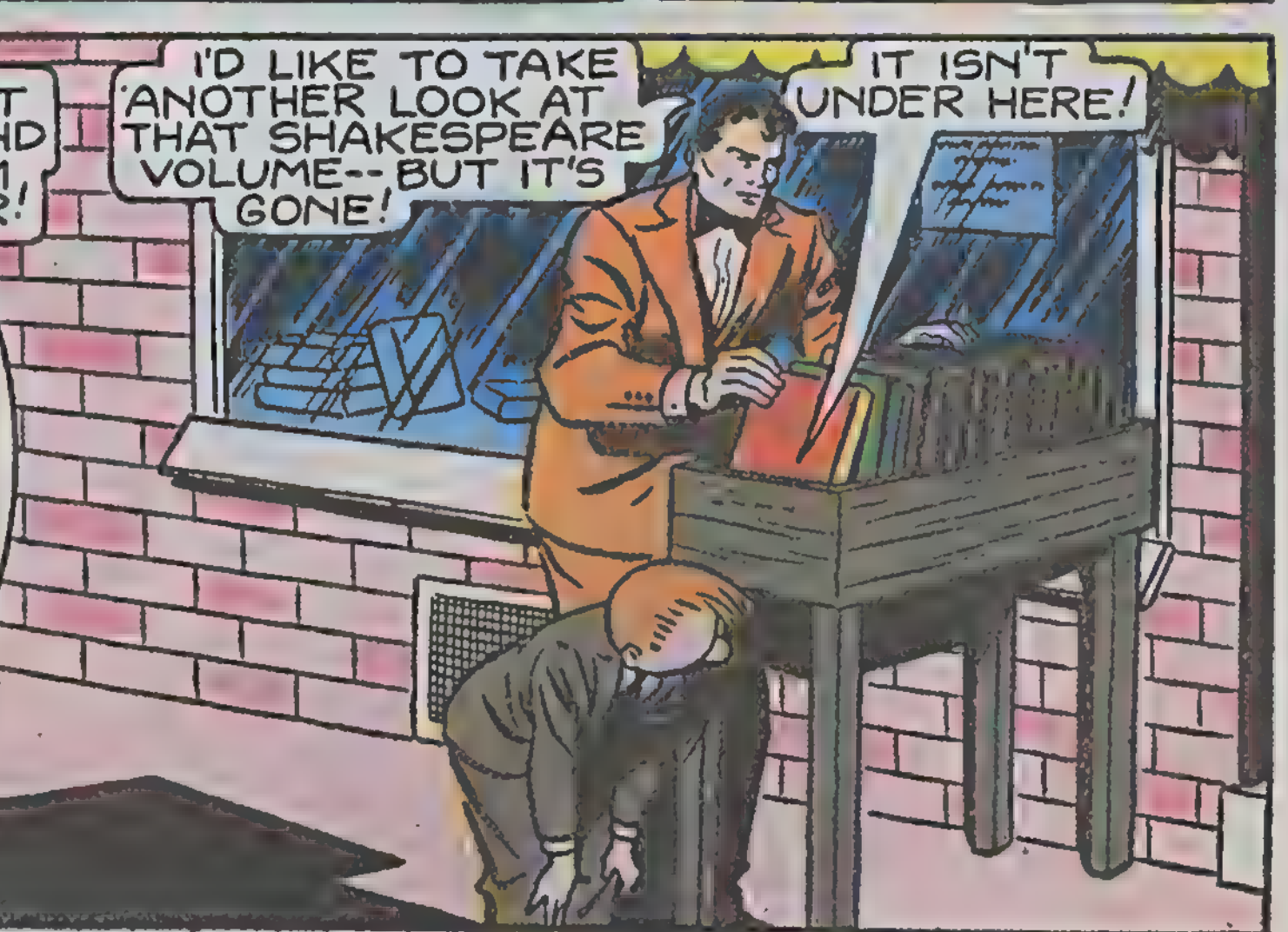
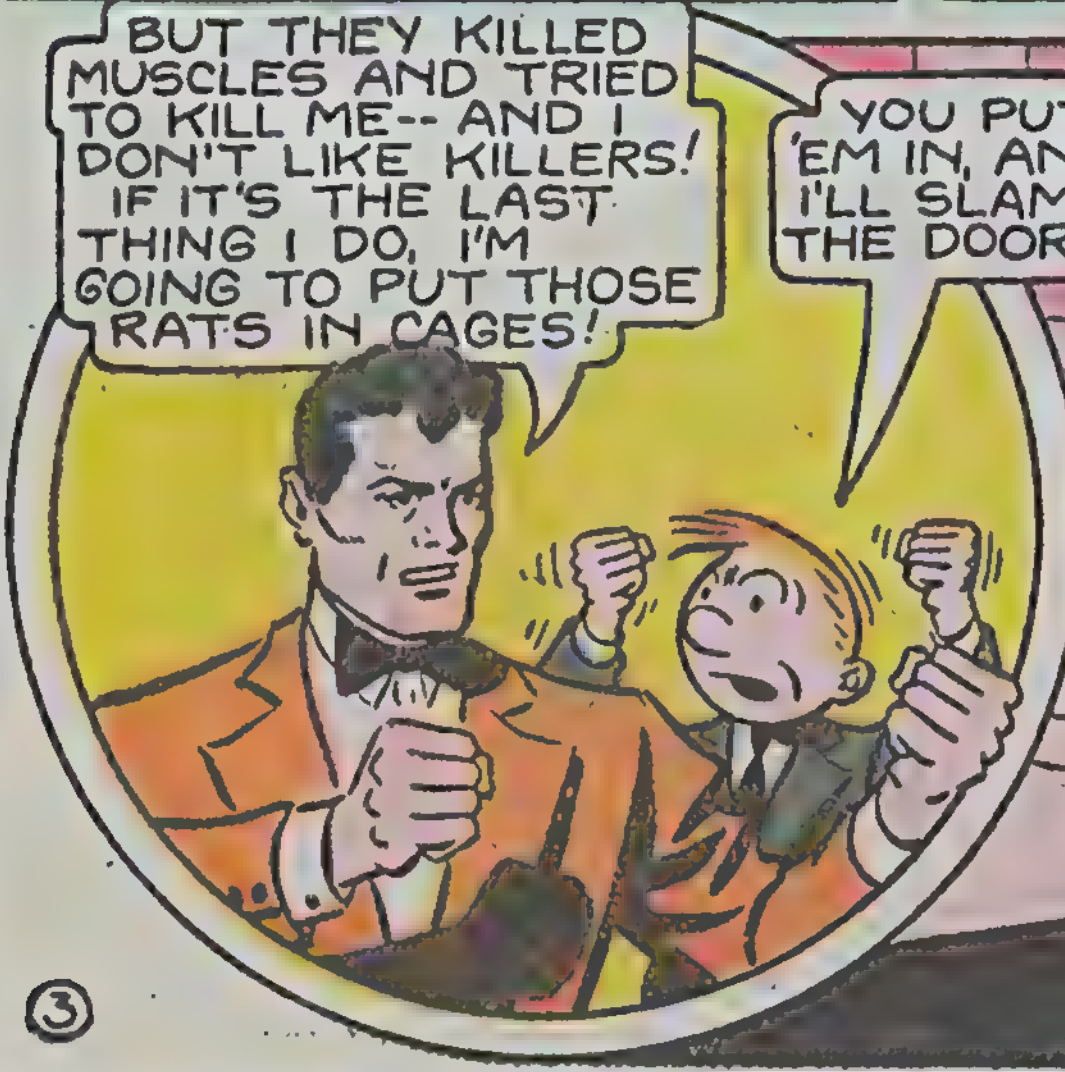
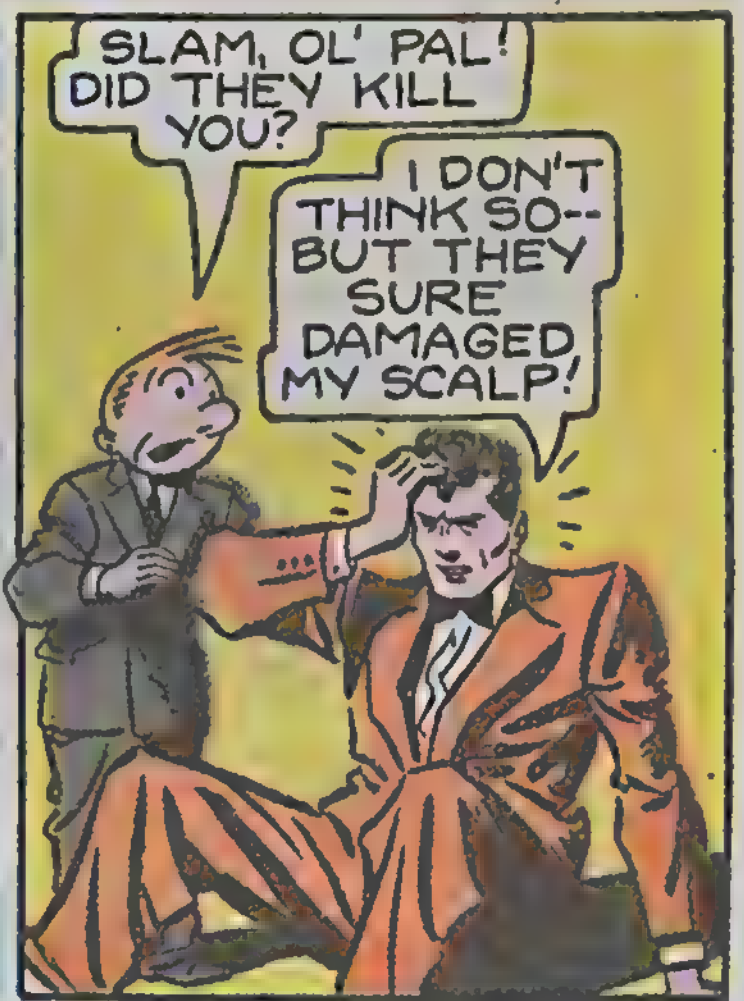
Everything set for 9 tonight.

BE SOLD - I NEED TO REVOC PAR. SIR - AND SIMPL - PERPETUA - SOLD WHATS - LORD. WHY - SOLD. WHATS - PAR. E'EN A SO CROWD - GREATER HE EXCELS HIS - BROTHER FOR A COW - ONE OF THE BEST

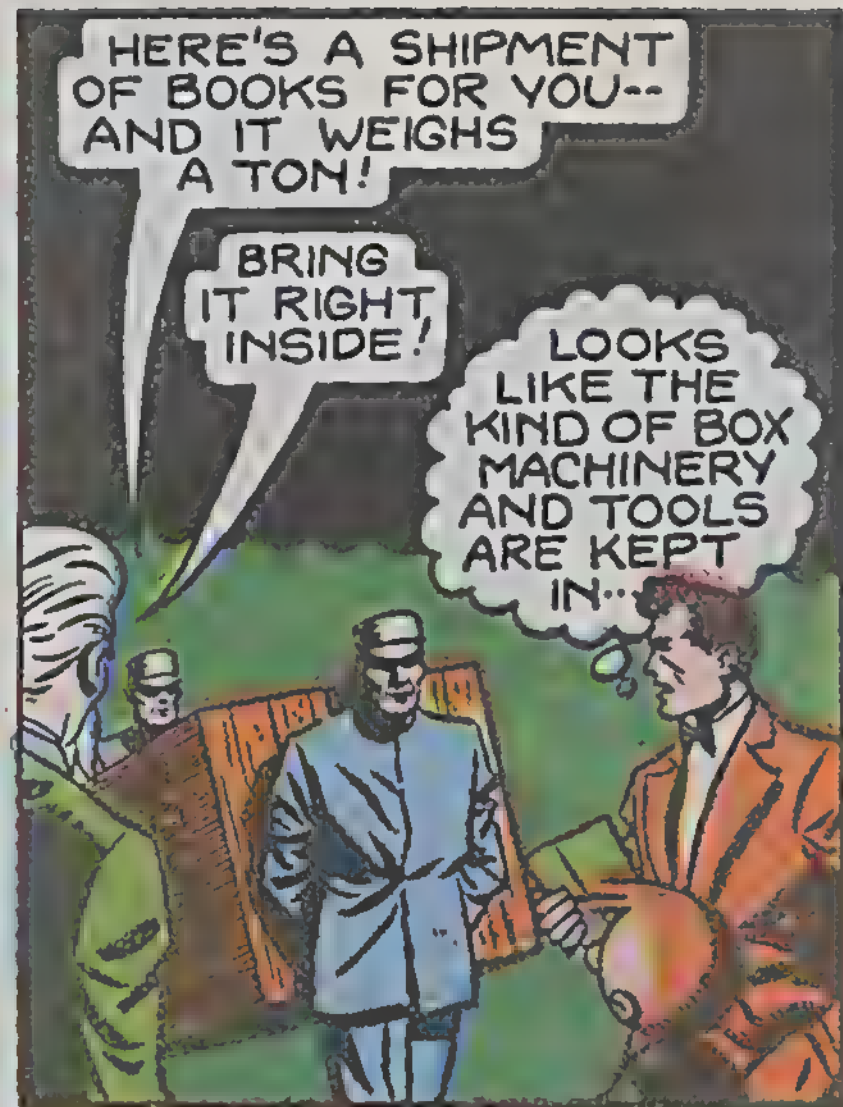




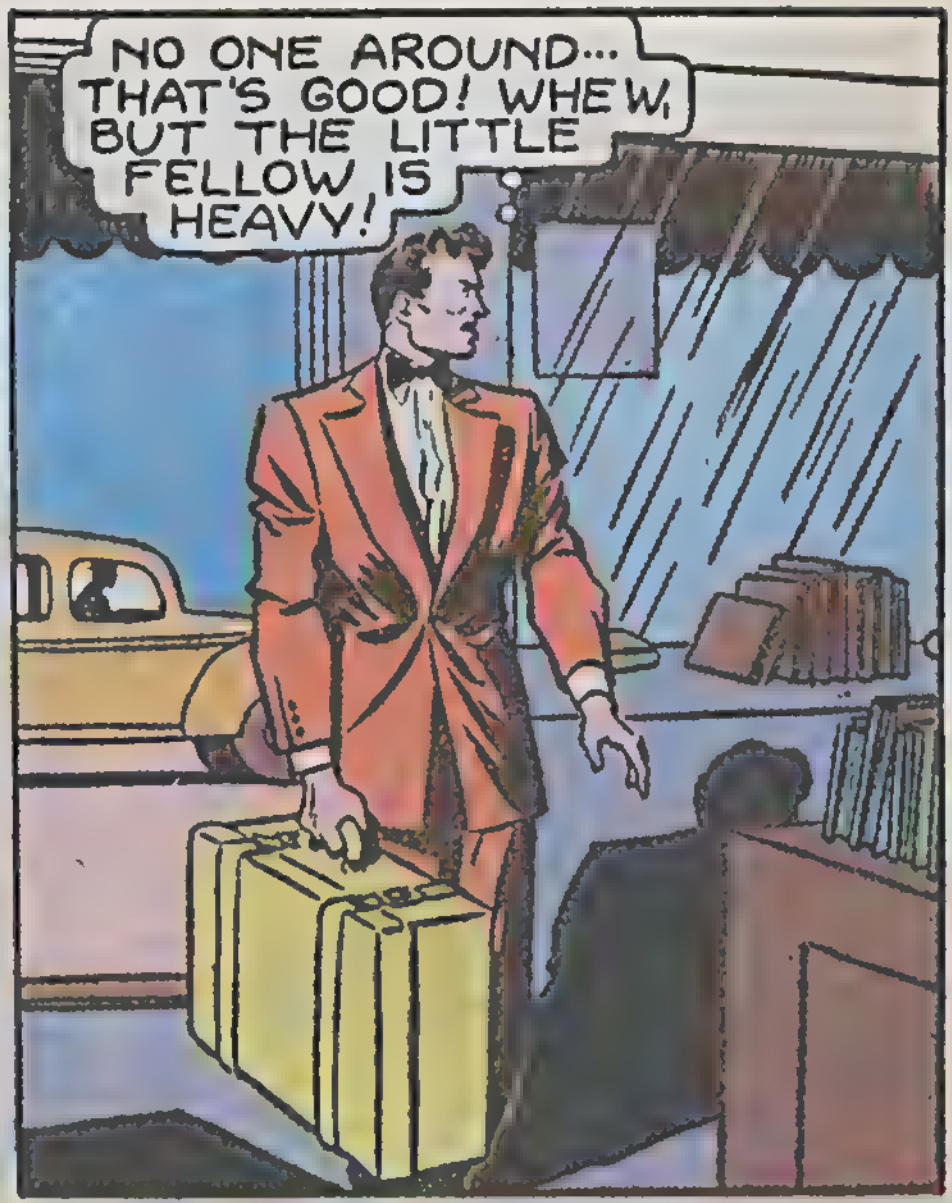




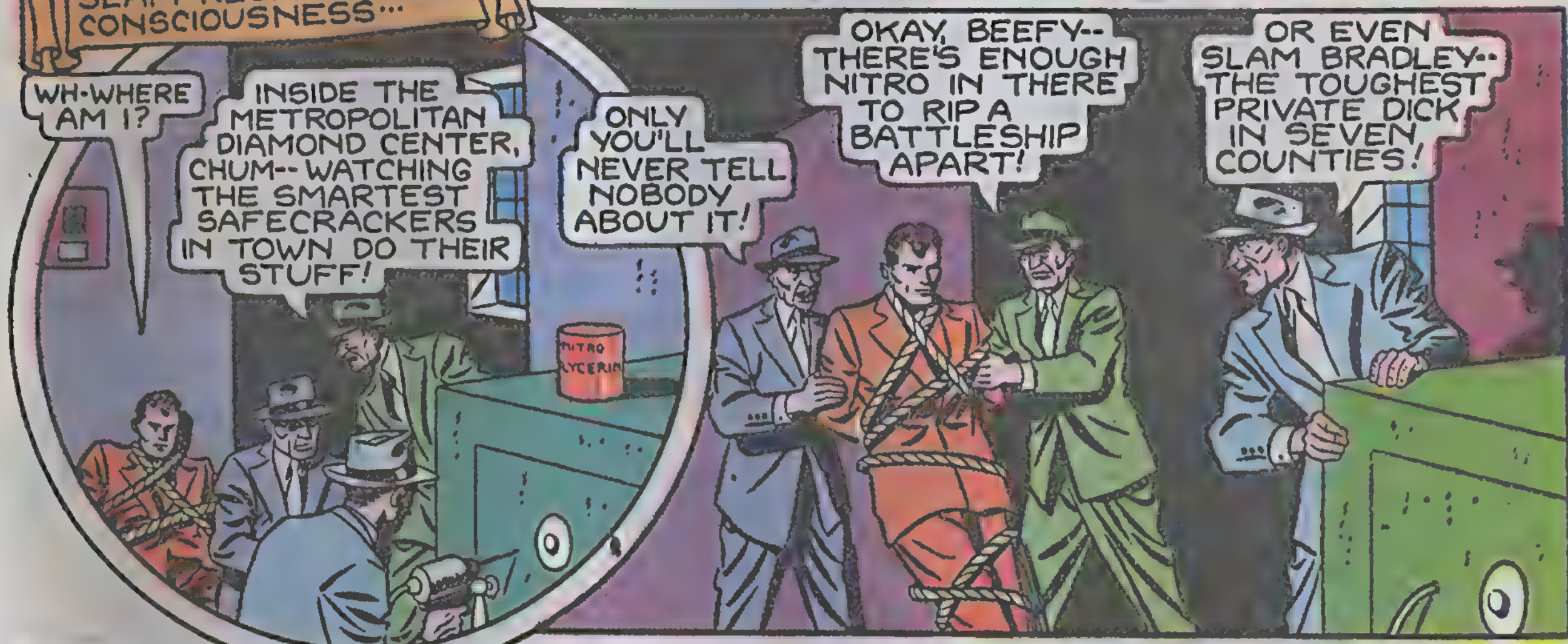




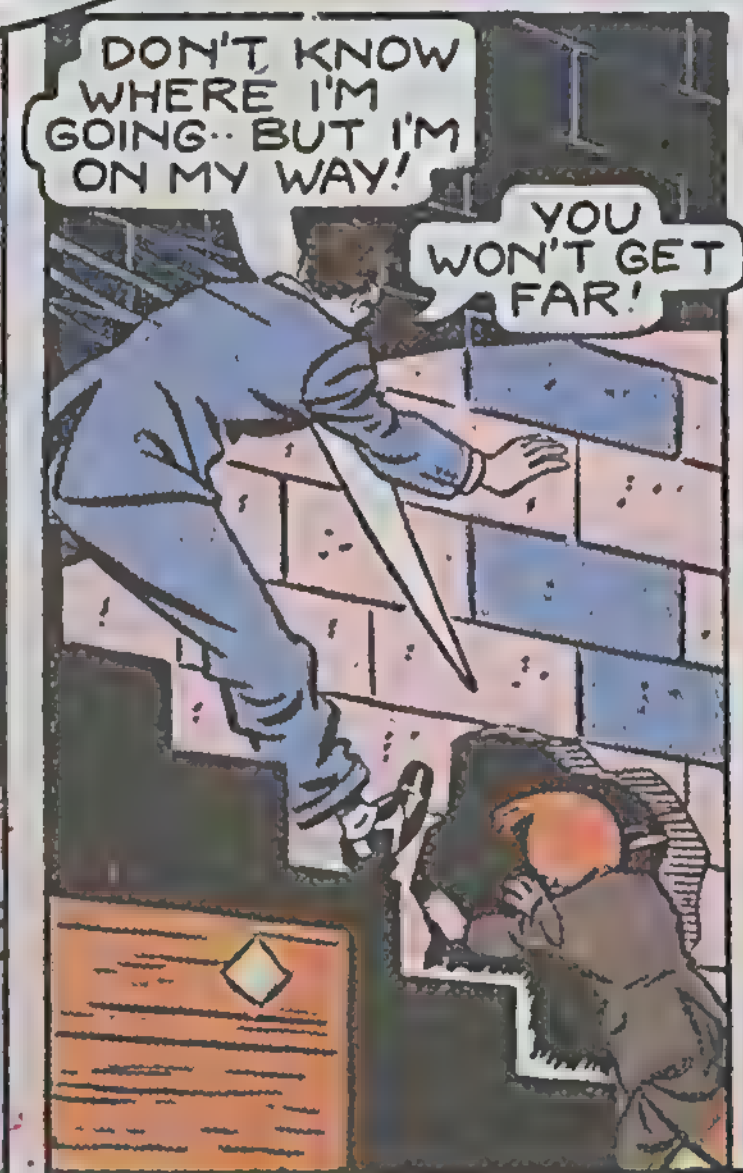
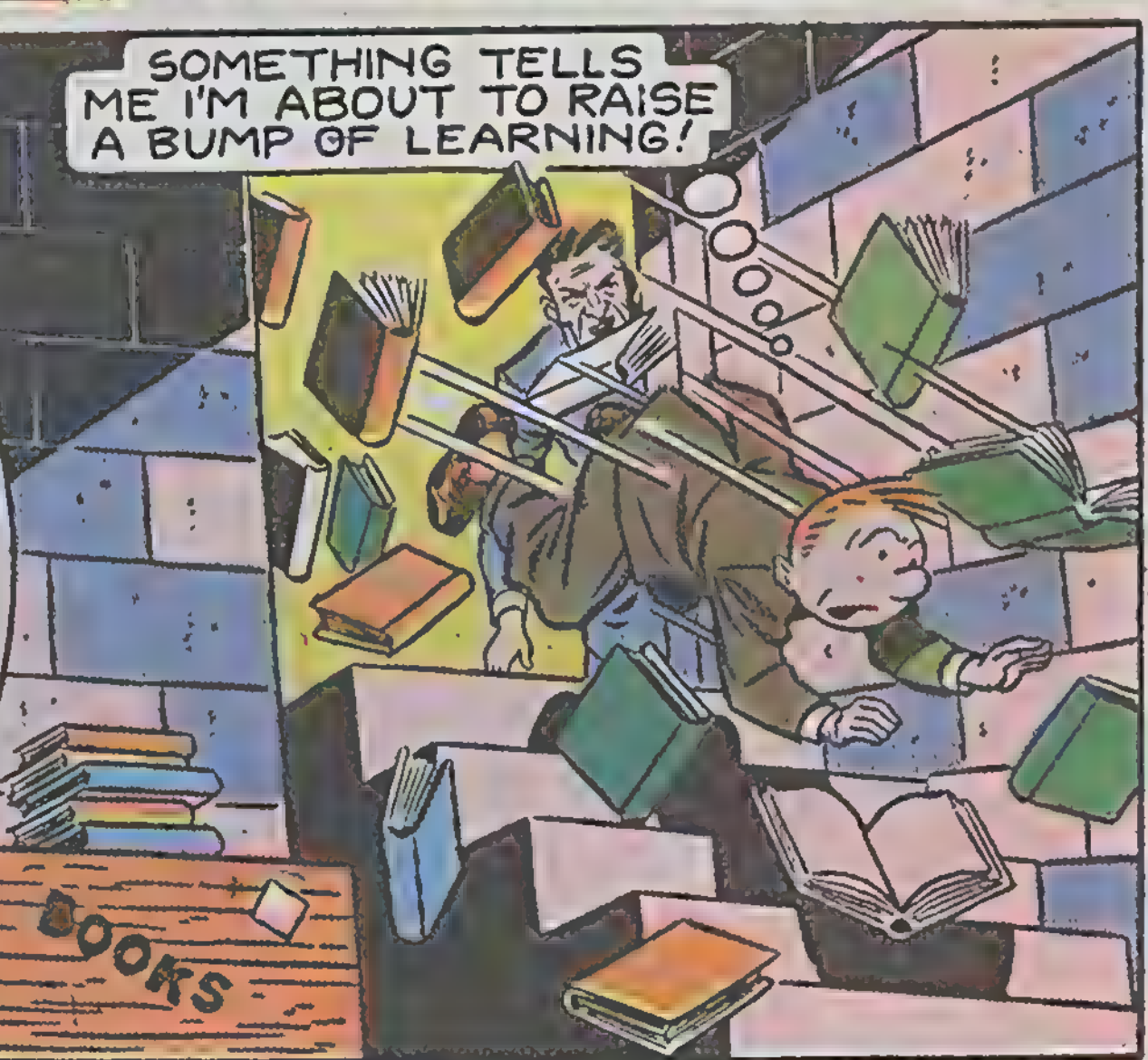
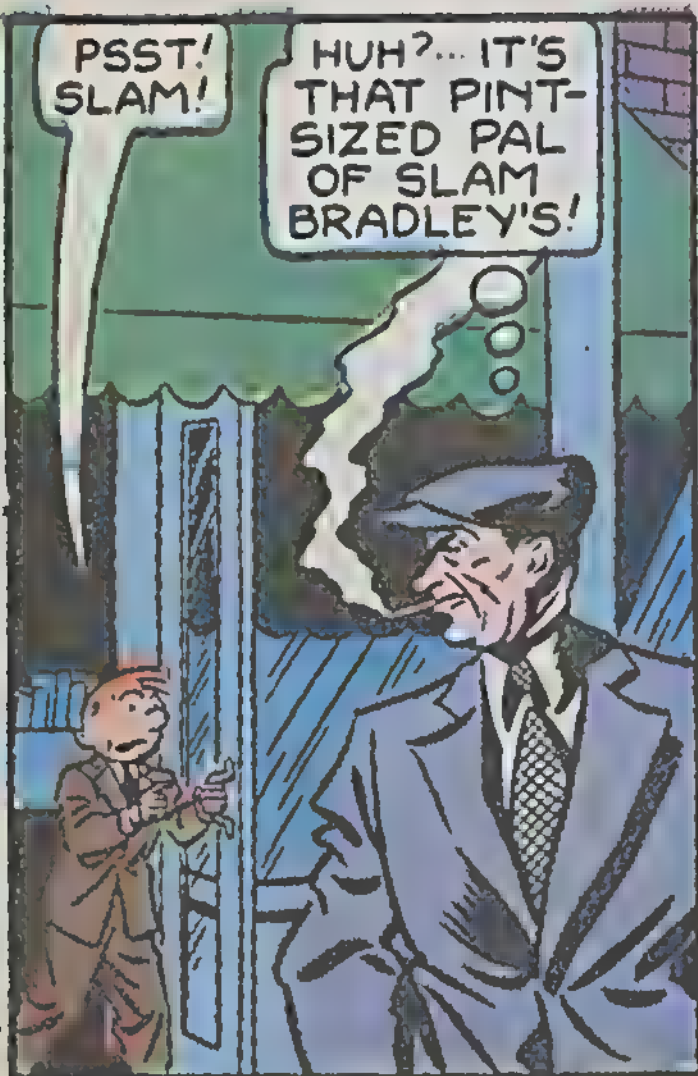




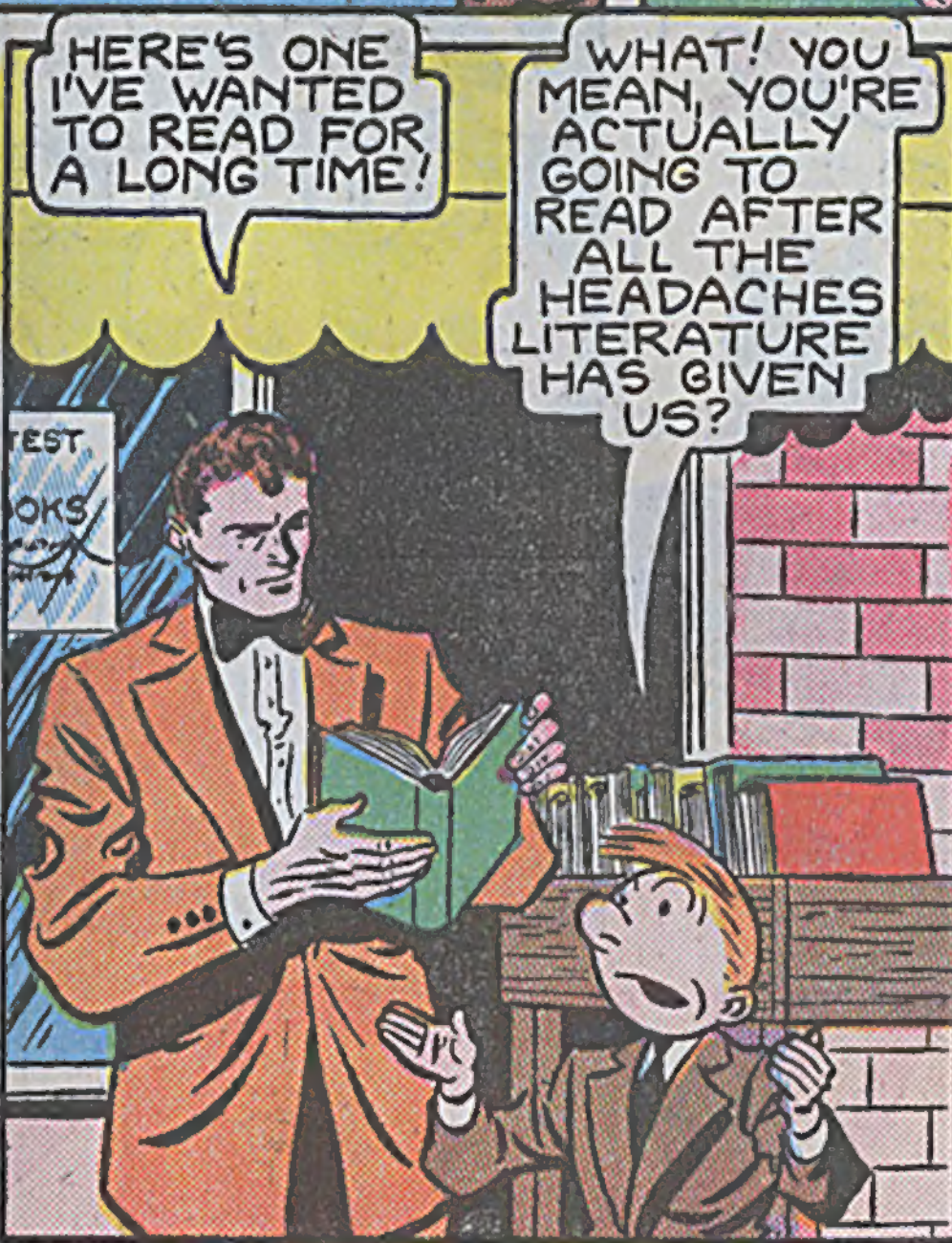
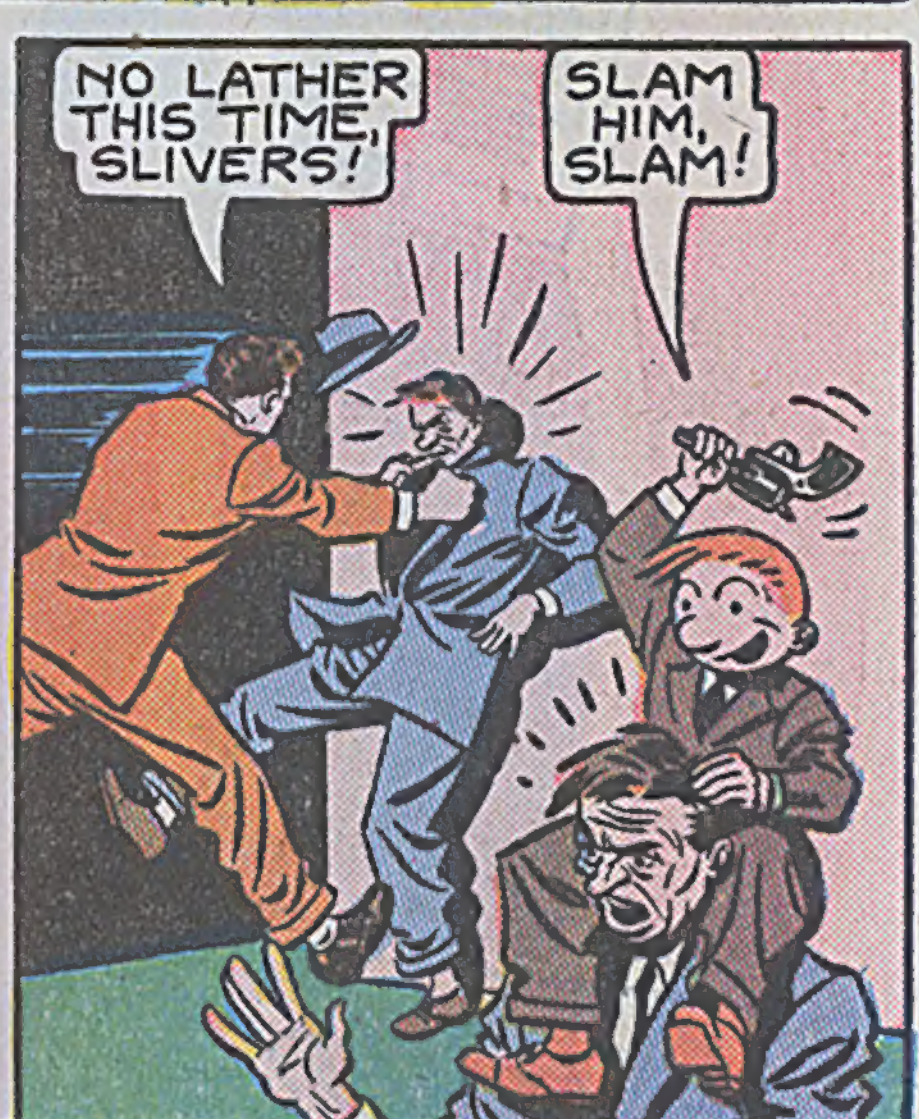








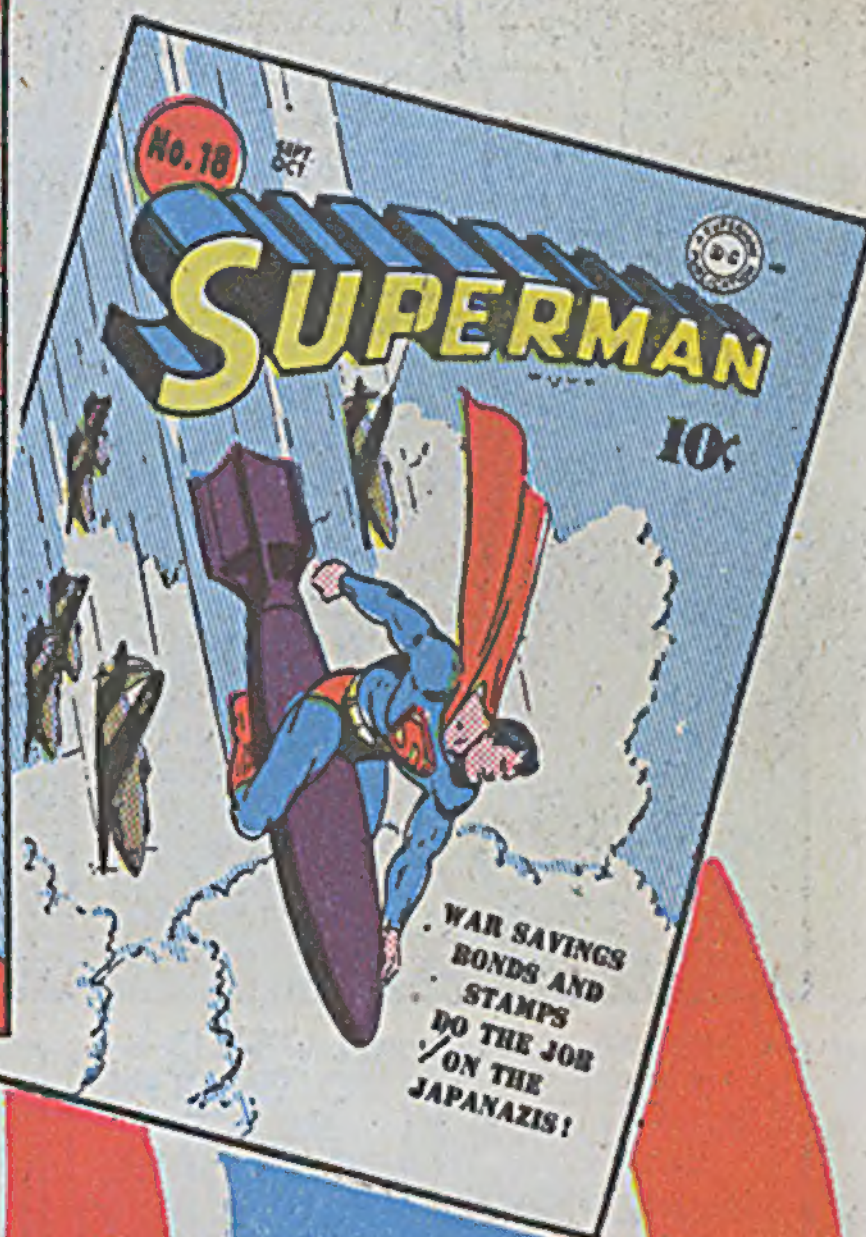




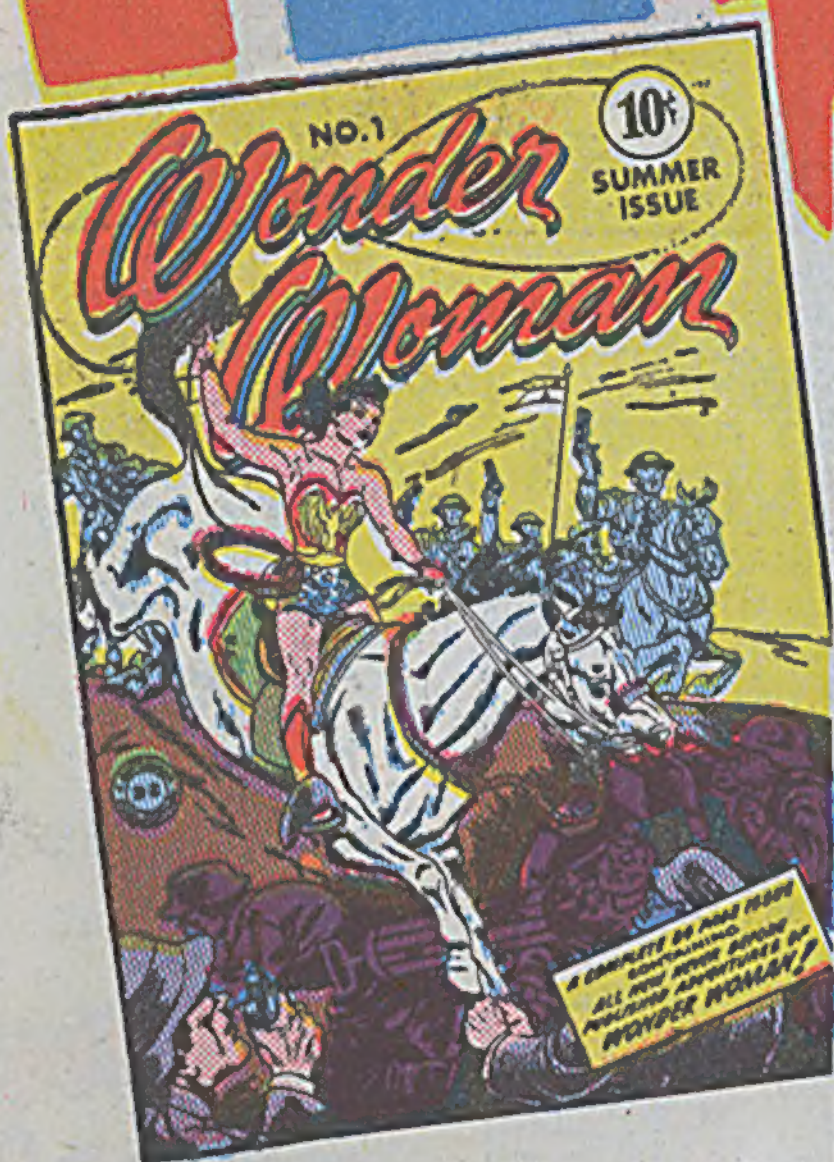
AND THERE ARE MORE HEADACHES COMING! BUT SLAM AND SHORTY KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO ABOUT THEM AS THEY SMASH THROUGH BRAND-NEW ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

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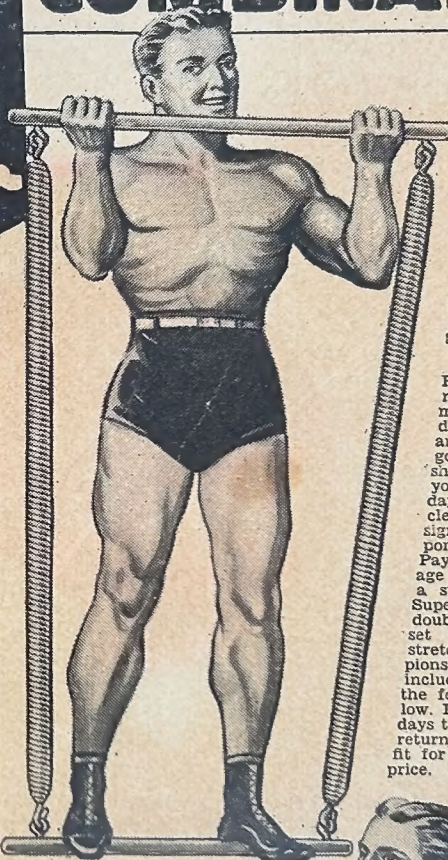
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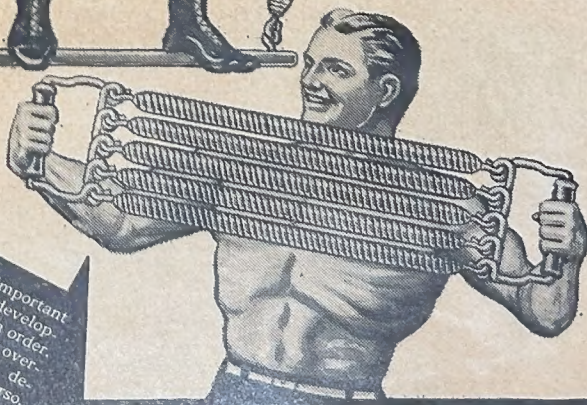
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